



ONWARD

A MAGAZINE
FOR
FAMILY READING,
AND ORGAN OF THE
BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT.



CONTENTS.

Hymn for the New Year	1
Running from Home. Chap. I.	2
A Cry for Help	6
Haul in the Log, Boys	6
Our Young Folks—Puzzles	8
Answers to Puzzles	9
Vaults	9
Music—Round the Spring.....	10
How Alcohol Works in the "Living House".....	12
The Skaters.....	14
True to his Word. Chap. I.....	14
Whispers to those who Wish to Enjoy a Happy Life. Whisper IX.	16
Our Movement—Intelligence	18
Correspondence	19
The Voice of Nature.....	19
Pebbles and Pearls.....	20

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NOTICE.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to G. S. Hall, Secretary, "Onward Office, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street, Manchester.

ALL LITERARY communications and BOOKS for Review should be addressed, EDITOR, "ONWARD," 18, Mount Street, Peter Street, Manchester.

"ONWARD" can be obtained from any bookseller in the kingdom or in the Colonies. Where any difficulty found in obtaining a supply, they can be had direct from the Office in Manchester at the following rates: 2 copies monthly, post-free, 2s. 6d. per year, payable in advance, 4 copies 4s. 6d., 8 copies 8s. 6d.

COMMUNICATIONS received with thanks from:—M. A. Paull, T. H. Evans, A. J. Glasspool, D. Lawton, Bell, G. H. Sutcliffe.—A. Sutcliffe: Many thanks for your good wishes.—M. A. Whitfield.—J. G. Lun: "A Lesson from a Rose" declined.—I. T. E. M.: Declined.—W. A. Eaton.—W. P. W. Buxton.—F. I. We decline your offer.—Robert Louras: We prefer not to give an opinion.—Geo. Moss: Send stamps for amount.—Fanny: Write to the secretary, or, better still, see him and explain all.—M. Arkell: Be firm and respectful.—J. D. Hamilton: Declined with thanks.—A. C. Page, Music declined.—T. Hyde: Declined.

TO OUR READERS.

It gives us great pleasure to acknowledge the warm-hearted letters and kind wishes we have received from many of our friends, and, better still, the promises of help to increase our circulation; our labours are entirely gratuitous, the best payment we can receive being the good wishes and kind support of our numerous friends, to whom we again appeal. When each does a *little*, a large work can easily be accomplished, so let *each reader* try to obtain at least one more; our circulation will then be doubled, and this is what we long for.

Wishing you all "A HAPPY NEW YEAR," we submit our

SYLLABUS FOR 1878,

MISS M. A. PAULL will contribute a Serial Tale, entitled, "Running from Home; or, Life in the Cassiterides." DR. F. R. LEES, F.L.S., a Series of Articles on "The Work of Alcohol in the Living House." F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., &c., will continue his Article on "The Alcohol Group." REV. B. SMITH will continue his "Whispers to those who wish to enjoy a Happy Life." T. H. EVANS, a Series of Short Tales and Sketches. MRS. ELLEN ROSS ("Nelsie Brook"), a Short Story, entitled, "A Cry in the Night." A. J. GLASSPOOL, Story in four chapters, "True to his Word," &c., &c. W. HOYLE, Author of "Hymns and Songs for Bands of Hope," DAVID LAWTON, W. A. EATON, and others contribute from time to time. In addition to which we shall put before our readers Music in both notation, Puzzles, Definitions, PRIZE COMPETITIONS, &c., &c., &c. To carry out this arrangement considerable additional expense will be entailed, to enable us to bear which, *circulation must be largely increased.*

AWARDS FOR ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

Nov. Dec.		Nov. Dec.		Nov. Dec.	
C. D. Chambers	6 .. 4	Carrie Drake	5 .. 4	I. M. Hepplestone	3 ..
J. J. Cooke	6 .. 4	Marianne Gordon	5 .. 4	T. R. Howarth	3 ..
Ellen M. Dawes	6 .. 4	George C. Higham	5 .. 4	Dyson Walton	3 ..
E. A. Freeman	6 .. 4	Kate Pettet	5 .. 4	J. T. Evans	2 ..
A. Harriss	6 .. 4	Jeanie J. Shannon	5 .. 4	A. Gratton	1 ..
J. L. A. N.	6 ..	G. H. Sutcliffe	5 .. 4	J. G. Lumsden	..
C. K. Locke	6 .. 4	Wm. J. Watson	5 ..	F. W. Smith	..
S. H. McC.	6 .. 4	E. Winstanley	5 .. 4	J. W. Whewell	..
Robert Mellis	6 .. 4	Emily M. Price	4 ..	J. W. Armitage	..
Wm. Peatfield	6 .. 4	J. S. Varley	4 ..	J. Goldsbrough	..
W. B. Steer	6 .. 4	Samuel Wallis	4 .. 4	A. W. Hibbert	..
M. E. Abbott	6 ..	Ida M. West	4 ..	Ada Horrocks	..
Joseph Ball	5 .. 4	James Whittaker	4 .. 4	No Name	..
George J. Bell	5 .. 4				

N.B.—We shall give the names of those to whom prizes will be awarded for best answers in our next.

LITERARY NOTICE.

The Vivians of Woodiford; or, True Hearts make Happy Homes. A Tale. By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles; or, Tried and True," &c. Price 3s. 6d. (London: T. Nelson and Sons.) It gives us pleasure to speak a word in commendation of this charming story of home life, showing how truly individual influence, conscientiously used for the good of our fellows, improves those with whom we come in contact. The story shows the blessed effects of Sabbath-school work, and graphically portrays the evils of intemperance. The book should at once be placed in every Sabbath-school library.

RECEIVED.—The Temperance Record—The Church of England Temperance Chronicle—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Onward Reciter—The Temperance Advocate—The Dietetic Reformer—The Friendly Companion—The Irish Templar—The Monthly Letter of the English Anti-Tobacco Society and Anti-Narcotic League—The Temperance Worker—The Anti-Tobacco Journal—Methodist Temperance Magazine—The Christian News—The Hull and East Riding Good Templar—The Midland Temperance Chronicle—The Scribbler Magazine—The Crusade.

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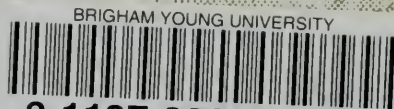
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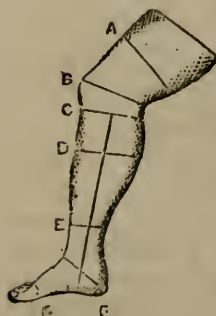
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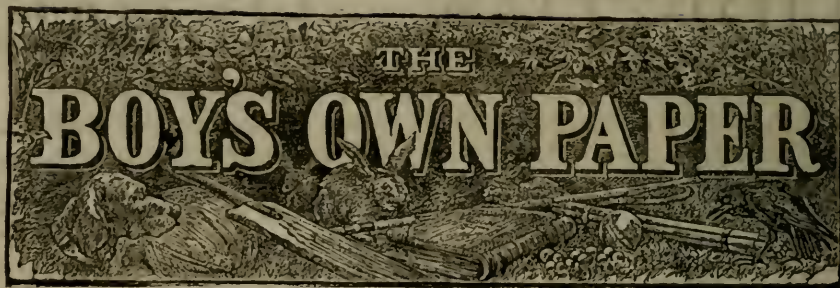
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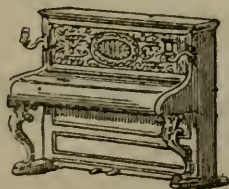
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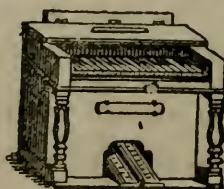
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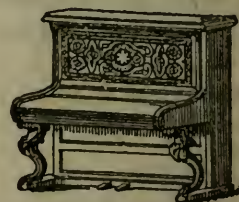
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A STRANGE WAY TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS.

If a man about to introduce a new article to the public were to announce an intention to place small lots of same, of £1 and upwards in value, in the hands of parties, entire strangers to him, trusting to their word of honour alone to pay for the goods when sold, he would be deemed a fool. If in addition he were to authorise local agents to refund the purchase money for the first package to those who made the simple statement that they were dissatisfied with its operation, *relying upon the purchaser's word alone* upon this point, he would be called a lunatic.

Strange as it may at first sight appear, both the courses named above have been pursued in Great Britain, and the success attendant on their operation has been most marvellous, as the reader will see. Little more than one year ago an American started business in London, from whence he sent to all parts of the kingdom parcels of his article on the terms previously described, together with the following announcement to his agents and the public:—

"BEING A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND,

I do not wish the people to feel that I have the least disposition to take advantage of them. I feel that I have a remedy that will cure disease, and I have so much confidence in it that I authorise my agents to refund the money for the *first* bottle sold to a party in case they do not derive benefit therefrom. I want no one's money unless they receive their money's worth. While I place such confidence in the people as to take their statements upon this subject, I hope they will not take advantage of my liberality in this respect."

The wonderful success which has attended this new disposition in the conduct of business proves that either the English people are more honest as a race than any other on the face of the globe, or that the American's remedy possesses most remarkable powers. In all likelihood both suppositions are true, for upon no other theory can the fact of the enormous sale which the article now commands be accounted for. That an idea may be formed of the immense demand for the article, a few letters received from chemists and others who have been acting as agents are appended;—

Mr. CALEB WEEKS, Chemist, 83, Lower Union, Torquay, writes: "From September 28th, 1878, to June 4th, 1879, I have sold at retail 1,074 bottles of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup."

It is asked, Could such a man, holding a most respectable position, sell such a large quantity of this medicine did it not possess the highest merit, for otherwise he would have been ruined in his business, and driven from the town in which it is carried on.

The executors of the late H. W. Mackereth, Market Place, Ulverston, write: "We have sold since August 21st, 1878, over the counter, 297 bottles of the Syrup. We find that, once ordered, the order is generally repeated, through its beneficial effects."

Mr. CHARLES DIEB, Hesse, near Hull, writes: "I never sold a medicine with so much success as I have yours. It has been a blessing to the people in the district where I live. You will see from your edger that my orders have been large; my next order will be for a £50 box."

Mr. W. DIXON, Cottingham, near Hull, writes: "I have sold more of the Curative Syrup and Pil's in this short time than any medicine I ever sold."

Mr. PICKERING, Chemist, John St. Over, near Winsford, writes: "The Syrup is certainly the most wonderful medicine I ever introduced, every one who has tried it being satisfied with its effects."

Messrs. FARNHAM and PADFIELD, Coleford, near Bath, say: "Please send immediately, as although we have other medicines (being patent medicine vendors), the people set them aside and inquire only for Seigel's Curative Syrup."

These are a few extracts culled haphazard from the many hundred letters received containing similar testimony. Pages could be filled, but space will not permit the insertion of more.

Would it have been possible that Mr. A. J. White, of 21, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., the proprietor of the Syrup, could sell twenty-four hundred bottles daily, on an average, as is now the case, without the article possessed real merit? Mr. White has certainly achieved the greatest success ever accomplished in Great Britain, and he claims it to be almost entirely due to the quality of Seigel's Curative Syrup, which he also maintains is a cure for dyspepsia and its manifold developments, and he is ever ready to furnish testimony, upon application being made to him, of the efficacy of the medicine in numbers of diversified cases.

People wonder that a remedy for the cure of dyspepsia should have such a large sale, for it is not generally supposed that the disease is so prevalent as to require so much medicine. The fact is, many people are suffering from the disease without being aware that their digestive organs are at fault. If any of the following symptoms are present, the reader will know that the disease is fastening its grasp upon the vital organs.

Patients have pains in the chest and side, sometimes in the back; they feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a disagreeable taste, especially in the morning; a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth, making the breath offensive to others. The appetite is poor, and there is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes an "all-gone" sensation at the pit of the stomach which food will not satisfy. The eyes are sunken; the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy—a sort of cold sweat, in fact. The patient feels tired all the while, and sleep fails to afford rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and his mind filled with sad forebodings. There is a giddiness—a species of whirling in the head—when rising up suddenly; the bowels become costive, and the skin dry and hot at times. The blood is now thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; there is a frequent spitting up of the food, oftentimes with a sour taste in the mouth, at others with a sweetish taste. These symptoms are frequently attended with palpitation of the heart, so that the patient suspects he may have heart disease. The vision becomes impaired with mibs or spots before the eyes, and there is great prostration and weakness. After a while, a cough sets in, at first dry, but attended, after a few months, with a greenish-coloured expectoration. All these symptoms are not necessarily prevalent at one time, but they are in turn, one after another, and generally many of them at one time,

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

JUBILEE FÊTE

AT THE

CRYSTAL PALACE,

TUESDAY, 2nd SEPTEMBER, 1879.

PALACE AND GROUNDS OPEN AT NINE A.M.

- 11.0 a.m. CONFERENCE in the OPERA THEATRE. Papers by the Rev. Canon Ellison, Rev. Dawson Burns, Rev. Dr. Valpy French, Captain H. D. Grant, C.B., Dr. Norman Kerr, and Mr. Michael Young.
- 11.30 a.m. CRICKET MATCH between the LONDON TEMPERANCE ELEVEN (C.E.T.S.) and the BRIGHTON TEMPERANCE CRICKET CLUB.
- 12.30 p.m. INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT in CONCERT-ROOM by the COMPANY'S ORCHESTRAL BAND. Conductor—Mr. Manns.
- 1.15 p.m. GREAT MEETING in the CENTRAL TRANSEPT. Chairman—Samuel Bowly, Esq. Speakers—John B. Gough, Esq., A. M. Sullivan Esq., M.P., James Barlow, Esq., J.P., and others.
- 1.30 p.m. JUVENILE ATHLETIC SPORTS at the SPORTS' GROUNDS.
- 2.0 p.m. SPECIAL PERFORMANCE on the GREAT ORGAN, by Mr. C. S. Jekyll, Organist to Her Majesty's Chapels Royal.
- 3.0 p.m. CONCERT on HANDEL ORCHESTRA by ADULT TEMPERANCE CHOIR of 3,000 VOICES. Conductor—Mr. J. A. Birch, Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal.
- 5.0 p.m. BALLOON ASCENT by Mr. T. Wright.
- 5.30 p.m. DISPLAY OF ALL THE GREAT FOUNTAINS, WATER TEMPLES, &c.
- 5.30 p.m. ENTERTAINMENT in the OPERA THEATRE by the ROYAL (Poland-street) HAND-BELL RINGERS. Conductor—Mr. D. S. Miller. Also a SKETCHING ENTERTAINMENT, "Chalk and Chatter on Funny Folks," by Mr. Benn, of the Royal Polytechnic Institution.
- 6.0 p.m. OPEN-AIR MEETINGS on the UPPER TERRACE. Addresses by Delegates and well-known Advocates.
- 6.30 p.m. EVENING CONCERT by the TEMPERANCE CHORAL SOCIETY. Principal Vocalists—Miss Mary Davies, Miss Bessie Webber, Mr. Charles Abercrombie, Mr. T. W. Hanson, Mr. Fred. Bevan. Conductor—Mr. J. A. Birch. Organist and Pianist—Mr. Jekyll.
- 8.0 p.m. TEMPERANCE MEETING in the OPERA THEATRE. Addresses by Representatives of the principal Temperance Organisations.
- 9.30 p.m. CLOSING PERFORMANCE on the FESTIVAL ORGAN. By Mr. Coward.

The Palace will be lighted up for Promenade till Ten p.m.

NO ALCOHOLIC LIQUOR WILL BE SUPPLIED WITHIN THE PALACE OR IN THE GROUNDS.

Admission, One Shilling. Children, Sixpence.

Railway Tickets from London Stations at the usual Rates.

Excursions by all Railway Lines from different parts of the Country.

Further particulars will be published in the TEMPERANCE RECORD, issued every Thursday, price 1d., by W. Tweedie & Co., 337, Strand, London.

337, Strand, 8th August, 1879.

ROBERT RAE, SECRETARY

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SECRETARIES AND OTHERS.

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The numbers for 1879 will contain twelve powerfully written Illustrated Temperance Tales by the REV. JOHN THOMAS.

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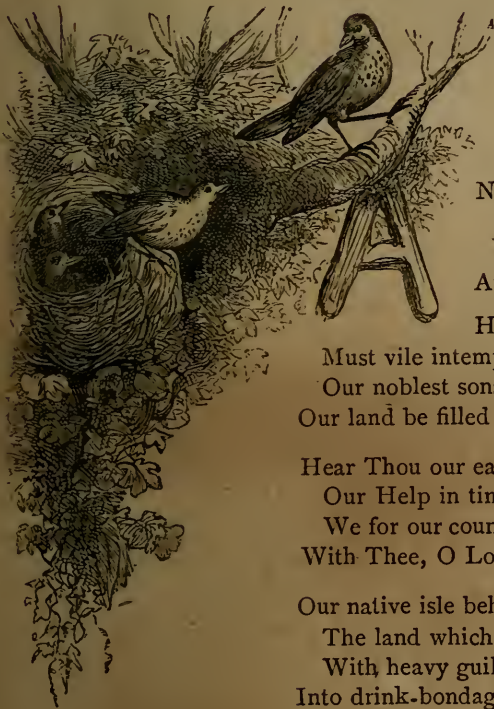
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HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.



NOTHER year has flown,
Begins another year ;
Before Thee we appear,
And kneel in reverence down.

How long, O God ! how long
Must vile intemperance reign ?
Our noblest sons be slain ?
Our land be filled with wrong ?

Hear Thou our earnest cry,
Our Help in time of need ;
We for our country plead
With Thee, O Lord Most High !

Our native isle behold,
The land which Thou hast blest,
With heavy guilt oppress—
Into drink-bondage sold.

See how intemperance mars
And fills our homes with sin ;
Its victims worn and thin,
In number like the stars.

Arise, O God, arise,
Hear, answer, deign to bless ;
Our weakness we confess ;
Look down with pitying eyes.

Thy mighty arm make bare,
And scatter sin and woe ;
Lay the dark drink-curse low ;
Thy Gospel's way prepare.

Then come Thy kingdom soon,
When earth shall all be Thine,
In sinless glory shine,
Bright with eternal noon.

DAVID LAWTON



RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

OUR HARRY!

I AM quite sure there never before was such a darling as our Harry. He is such a splendid little fellow, with his rich curly golden hair, and his bright laughing face, and sweet merry eyes as blue as forget-me-nots. Mamma laughs at me when I go into ecstasies over him; but though she does that, and, moreover, says that I spoil him, yet I know she thinks just as I do all the same.

Our other children are all of them very healthy and pleasant looking, and I love them all dearly, but they are not to be compared to our Harry for beauty; so it is no wonder that we all admire him. And he says such queer pretty things, I love to think over his dear little sayings. Once when we were going up to Morning Point in the beautiful spring time, when the early flowers are just peeping from the hedgerows, and Harry had been told the names of some of these, we saw a pale yellow butterfly flitting over the bracken, and he exclaimed, in his pretty voice, "Dorie dear, see, there's a primrose on the wing."

Mamma even acknowledged that that was a poetic fancy for such a tiny. Another time the children were blowing soap bubbles, and he said, as he watched the glassy look of the bubbles rising into the air, "Ma, they've got spectacles on." When grandmamma Trevan came to us from Penzance, Harry watched her attentively as she was tying her cap under her chin; then he said, gravely, "Grandma does it to tie her brains in."

Oh! I am quite sure there never was such a funny wise little pet as Harry.

And this is how I came to be writing all this about him. I said to mamma yesterday, how sorry I should be to forget all his sayings, and she said, "If you want to remember them, Dora, you had better write them all down in a book, and I quite expect that you will be interested both in doing so and in reading it over at some future time. And if you do keep this record there will be no danger,"—and then mamma began to laugh merrily.

"Danger! what of, mamma?"

"I beg your pardon, dear," she said, "for seeming rude, but the funny story came into my mind that is told of our forefathers here on the lonely isles of Scilly

in bygone years. About a century and a half ago it is said that the whole library our islands possessed consisted of two books, the Bible and Dr. Faustus. The island was populous, and the western peasants being generally able to read, the conjuror's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments or his catastrophe was left legible. On this alarming conjuncture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal was made and unanimously approved, that as soon as the season permitted any intercourse with Cornwall, a supply of books should be sent for. A debate now began in order to ascertain what those books should be, and the result was, that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller at Penzance, for him to send them *another Dr. Faustus*. There Dora, that I read in the 'Penny Magazine.' "

Of course I could not help laughing too; but I said, rather hotly, "I don't believe that story is true, mamma; for if nearly all the people could read, *one* book would not satisfy them; do you believe it would?"

"I think," she answered, "that it sounds very much like a joke at our expense; but we are a prudent folk, Dora, and don't believe in buying two copies where one will suffice, or in purchasing what we can borrow from a neighbour. But I was thinking," and here mamma looked at me roguishly, "if all the eldest sisters in the islands take to writing accounts of the sayings and doings of their little pet brothers, we could never again be at such a loss for books to read."

"Naughty mamma!" I said, kissing her, and joining in her mirth. "Still, I think I *shall* write about my boy Harry, because I feel sure St. Mary's will never produce such a bonny child again."

"Dear, silly daughter Dora," said mamma, "what are you going to write about first? Shall I supply you with a large manuscript book? I think I have one which I am never likely to fill. I used to be fond of scribbling myself when I was your age, and for a few years after; but now I have too many frocks, and jackets, and stockings, and socks to make and mend, for my pen to be busy."

Whereupon dear mamma went to the cupboard by the fire, and took out this thick book, neatly ruled and with marble covers, in which I am writing, and presented it to me. I don't suppose I shall ever quite fill it, even with Harry for my subject; so I think it will be more interesting and connected, as I have plenty of room, if I just write a little bit about who we are, and our dear beautiful home on these grandly rocky islands, before I begin about my pet brother.

Papa likes the old Greek name of these Scilly Islands, as we read it in the ancient atlases, Cassiterides, meaning the tin islands; and sometimes he writes letters and puzzles people by dating them like this—

"St. Mary's,
Cassiterides,
Atlantic Ocean."

I hope I shall never live away from here, but lest I ever should, I will just write a few words about the islands themselves on which I was born and on which my happy lot has hitherto been cast. We are about thirty miles from the Land's End, though, as we live on land, that sounds rather Irish; and about forty-two miles from Penzance, our nearest English town. We lie scattered on the ocean—I mean the Cassiterides do—to the number, they say, of one hundred and forty-five islands and islets, but I don't know who counted them. So we form in number, at any rate, a by no means inconsiderable archipelago.

Papa is Dr. Trevan, and everybody loves him: he has such a nice manner with

everybody ; all the little children look up at him for him to notice them, and he is friends with all, children and parents. We live in the main street of Hugh Town, on the island of St. Mary, at one end of it, just opposite to the steep street where you go up to the dear old garrison, built in the shape of a star in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which always seems to make one realise the Armada stories and the dread people had of the Spaniards all those years ago, that they should so strongly fortify this far away outpost of old England.

Our house is such a nice square house with a large garden behind, where we grow all the vegetables and fruits we want, and where the children play to their hearts' content. We have also several palms growing in our garden, and a number of rare and curious foreign plants—at least they would be called foreign in England, but it is quite common to see palms growing in Scilly ; and the ice-plants grow almost wild on Tresco. Tresco is the name of the island on which our "Lord of the Isles" lives, built upon the site of the abbey of the old monks, some of the ruins of which are in his grounds.

St. Mary's, however, is the largest island : it is ten miles in extent, and Hugh Town is the largest town. The other, across on the opposite side of the bay, is Old Town. It used to be the most important of the two ; but now nobody even goes to the church there, for it is in too poor a condition, though the churchyard is still used.

And oh ! I do so like that churchyard by the sea : it seems so quiet and sweet and solemn to sit there and look at the great rocks round to Peninnis Head, and the far spreading sea, always beautiful and grand in sunshine or in storm, and watch the shags and gulls flying to and fro between the quaintly-shaped rocks of St. Mary's and their homes on the rocky islets that they have all to themselves, and of which, as papa says, they are the sole colonists.*

He smiles sometimes at the names Hugh Town and Old Town, and says anywhere but in the Cassiterides they would be only villages ; but when uncle Frank is here, he takes my part, and we stand up indignantly for the honour of our island home. Beyond Old Town is Porthhellick, where Sir Cloudesly Shovel was brought to be buried when his fleet was wrecked on the Gilstone Rock outside, and the old legend says that the grass will not grow upon his grave "because of the curses of a sailor whom he hanged for predicting the sad catastrophe."

It is rather awful, I think, to feel that an unkind act which we commit may have an existence of centuries beyond ourselves in the memories of man. As Shakespeare says in the play of Julius Cæsar, which papa read to us :

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

But I remember how mamma said that though this was true, yet the reverse was truer still, because good has more life in it than evil ; that the good we are enabled by God's grace to accomplish is *immortal*.

But while I am writing about doing good, I am forgetting to do it. The sun has come out beautifully after the shower, and makes the creeper outside my window shine as if diamonds had been scattered over its glossy leaves. My pet Harry and the girls must have a walk. Hark ! I hear them coming up to be clothed in their outdoor garments, and there is Harry's dear little voice calling, "Dorie, Dorie, please, I want to come in."

(To be continued.)



"DORIE, DEAR, SEE, THERE'S A PRIMROSE ON THE WING."—Page 2.

A CRY FOR HELP.

COME, brothers, help us in our labours,

Your aid and sympathies, O give !
Come, help to save the weak and fallen,
And teach them how aright to live :
Thus aiding, loving, seeking, burning,
How happy will your labour be,
If you but quench some sinful craving,
Or break some chain of misery.

Why should you shun our Christian calling,

That we may work and pray alone ?
The cares of drink obstruct our progress ;

Come, help to roll away the stone.
Your smile may heal some wound of sorrow,

And snap in twain some thread of strife :

Come, rouse some fallen soul to gladness,

And fit it for a better life.

We need your help, your kindly counsel,

That we may grapple with our foe ;
Come, share with us our noble toiling,
And lighten labour as we go.

Then sweet will be the work, my brothers,

If we but soothe some common grief,
Or cheer some soul with floods of blessing,

And give some weary heart relief.

Away, then, with your slothful feeling !
Awake to set the captive free !

Work till the day of life is over,
Then bright the victor's crown shall be.

Come, brothers, help us in our labours,
That soon our world may wiser grow
—That homes of sin with joy may sparkle,

And hearts once sad forget their woe
W. P. W. BUXTON.

HAUL IN THE LOG, BOYS.

'HAUL in the log, boys ! Haul in the log.' Well, we turned in for two hours' sleep at eleven, and as we were supposed to pass Ailsa Craig at about one, we determined not to miss the sight of this tremendous mountain rising midst the sea, and it was a sight not to be easily forgotten as we silently passed her, whilst the moonbeams threw her dark shadows across the sea.

Just as we passed her we noticed several sailors moving quickly about, and in reply to our inquiry we found they were about to haul in the log, and so we determined to watch the process.

The log they were hauling was a three-cornered piece of wood, with a small rope through each corner, these being attached to a long rope containing a considerable number of knots. Now this log had to be cast before hauling, and a sailor stood holding the large bobbin containing the rope with knots, whilst another threw out the log, and immediately this struck the water a third sailor reversed a sand-glass and keenly watched it by the aid of a lamp, till all the sand had fallen, when he called out, "Now !" The sailor instantly stopped the rope upon which in passing through his hands he had counted a certain number of knots, thus indicating the pace at which the ship was going. This was but the second voyage of the "Princess Royal," and the sailors were highly delighted with her speed.

But now came the hauling in part, and rare fun we had. Five of us laid hold of the rope, and with a He-he-he-he-he-ha-hoy we pulled with might and main, when the log rising above the waves sent us all spinning along the deck ; but with a con-

siderable quantity more of He-he-he-he-he-ha-hoys, we boarded him safe and sound.

See, there's a lad there, with all the influence of godly parents, of the Sunday-school, and the Band of Hope bringing out the honesty and industry of the lad, and in consequence he is promoted and rises to place of honour and trust in the warehouse, but alas ! he listens to the wily tempter, and refuses not the glass of wine, the cigar, and the invitation to the theatre or music-hall. Ah ! he has launched his barque upon a terribly deceptive stream, one in which there runs a rapid fatal undercurrent. Oh ! tell him by all means to haul in the log, for he will find it hard work to diminish speed in years to come.

How many young girls this holiday season will have been led away by the festive glass so temptingly held out to them—ah ! possibly by their dearest friends ; and after the merry dance or jovial party, with an increasing thirst, the compunctions of conscience gone; they give way to an ever-increasing and self-creating appetite for strong drink. Oh ! let us tell them to haul in the log ; and let us tell them by our fidelity to God and sobriety, that we disapprove of customs at once so debasing and injurious to the youth of our land.

Fellow-workers, I appeal to you. Many of our societies are dying out for want of fuel and power. Haul in the log, and by all means increase your speed, and the old cry "Our children will not come," "The Committee don't care," will soon cease when they see you doing your best, and giving the children something worth coming for.

The young are sinking day by day
In deepest sin, and wretchedness ;
In anguish wild to you they pray,
To help them in their sore distress.
They cry aloud, they cry to you—
The strong, the wise, the pure, the good—
You, who such sorrows never knew,
And in such danger ne'er have stood.

And now, dear boys, there are thousands all round us who hardly dare think of their position. Were they to do so, how terrified they would be to find how far they have drifted from God and right. So fearfully deceptive is the sin of bad companionship and drunkenness.

Two young men were in a small boat a considerable distance off Douglas Head, and when passing a fishing smack the men on board cried out, "Where are you going? You had better turn back." Their reply was, "Oh, we're all right, it's so jolly rowing here." Another smack was passed with similar warning and reply. After a time, they came to a third, when the fishermen cried out, "Wherever are you going? young men, turn back." "Oh, we're all right, thanks ; it's so jolly out here, and there's no danger." The reply was, "Young men turn NOW or you *never will*." This brought them to their senses, and they tried to turn, but all in vain. How like life ! Men do not feel the force of the current of sin that carries them so swiftly along till they turn to face it, and try to reform, and apart from the help of God they never will. These young men had tried and tried again, till they were almost in despair—when a providential turn in the wave gave them an advantage, which, after a hard struggle, brought them to land. How bitterly they repented their foolhardiness in placing themselves in such peril ! Let us listen to the warning voice at all times, and haul in the log !

HENRY BEALES.



SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE shall continue to award prizes for best Answers to Puzzles, &c., by competitors under 20 years of age, in addition to which we shall give one or two *special prizes each month*.

WE OFFER A PRIZE IN BOOKS, VALUE 5s., for the best Map (coloured) of England and Wales, size not to exceed 12 by 10 inches.

ALSO, A PRIZE IN BOOKS, VALUE 5s., for the best account of a Christmas Party, showing how a happy evening was spent without the use of intoxicating drinks; not to exceed 500 words. Conditions: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; maps and compositions to be solely their own productions, and to be sent not later than Feb. 1st; writing to be on one side of the paper only. Unsuccessful competitors wishing their maps and papers returned, must enclose stamped wrapper.

We wish to introduce a new feature in these pages—viz., Definitions. "Our Young Folks" who have had no experience in them, will gather an idea from pages 120, 140, and 160 of last volume. We give this month the following

WORDS FOR DEFINITION. HABIT. HOME.

I.—CHARADE.

Bright lads who read these pages
Earnest my *first* begin;
Records of bygone ages
Show this the way to win.

Soiled dress no degradation,
Hard toil-worn hands no shame:
Value worth more than station,
And character than fame.

When you become my *second*,
And stand in life's fierce fight,
Oh, boys, be ever reckoned
Among the true and right.

My *whole* a nation's glory,
Her wealth and strength are seen,
And these the great in story
With mind or hand have been.

2.—CHARADE.

My *first* is of a ruddy hue,
And noble in our kings;
My *second* keeps your coals for you,
Or wood, or other things.
My *total* tells of death and pain
Upon the fatal battle-plain.

G. J. BELL.

3.—LOGOGRIPH.

Transpose a piece of fertile land,
And you will quickly understand
If you have done it right.
A bird well known to you and me,
And which at Christmas time we see,
Will then appear in sight.

Transpose again, and you will find
It very soon will bring to mind
Both peril, loss, and pain;
But if you will remove its head,
You'll quickly find you've made instead
What you should never gain.

Come shake the letters well about,
And you will quickly sally out,
And in the forest rove.
Now take the tail, the rest will tell
What Tommy did to Johnson's bell,
Residing in the grove.

Now if you give the tail a blow,
The residue will quickly show
What naughty Tommy did.
An artist Royal it will imply,
Or else the Royal Artillery,
When of the final rid.

J. G. LUMSDEN.

4.—CHARADE.

My *first* in Latin times was known
 On many a human face ;
 My *second* add to Nature's throne
 A feature full of grace.
 My *whole* of negro slavery tells,
 Of sugar-canes and sunny dells.

G. J. BELL.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

1. A place for debtors in distress ;
2. A very troublesome disease ;
3. A kind of stratagem, I guess ;
4. An animal whose actions please.

G. J. BELL.

6.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My *first* a consonant is, I say ;
 My *second* you did yesterday.
 My *third* a female Christian name,
 My *fourth* the Bible names will claim.
 My *fifth* for "ONWARD" I decree ;
 My *sixth* a large town by the sea.
 My *seventh* you do it will be seen,
 My *eighth* is worn by England's queen.
 My *ninth* (to solve this funny riddle)
 In Peter stands just in the middle.
 The *centrals* downward read by you,
 An English town will bring to view ;
 When read across you're sure to find
 Another town they'll bring to mind.

A. SUTCLIFFE.

7.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

An ancient sea-port noted in Scripture.
 Part of a plant.
 A man's name.
 An amphibious animal.
 A river in Peru.
 Exercise of which most boys are fond.
 A wild animal found in Africa.
 The primals and finals give a noted Temperance
 Advocate, and the country in which he lives.

L. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGE 229.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------|
| 1. Christmas. | 2. A |
| | A M y |
| | Qu E en |
| | Spa R row |
| | Part R idge |
| | Murra Y shire |
| | Pronun C iation |
| | A merry c H ristmas |
| | Staffo R dshire |
| | Melch I zedek |
| | Wolf S bane |
| | Glu T ton |
| | Le M on |
| | B A t |
| | S |
| 3. Windmill. | 4. O-x tongue |
| | N-ovember |
| | W-hitsuntide |
| | A-rtic |
| | R-aven |
| | D-ilemma, |

VAULTS.

I CANNOT remember in what street I saw what I now describe. Unfortunately, things of this kind are to be met with in almost every street ! A large plate-glass window, behind the broad panes of which were rows of bottles—some small and flat-shaped, with small tickets affixed to the corks ; others larger, and round in shape. People going in and out of the door, which I noticed had a way of snapping to like a steel trap when any one had got inside. Within was heard the hum of voices, the jingling of glasses, and the clink of money ; and over the door, in large letters, was a most suggestive word—*vaults*.

What could it mean ? I had been used to the word in connection with grave-diggers, graves, and coffins, and it need not excite wonder that I should, on returning home, consult my "Standard Dictionary," and find, as I rather expected, that vault meant "A cave ; a repository for the dead."

Do the men who call their places vaults mean that they are engaged in the burial trade ? Ah ! I have it ! Do people, indeed, who frequent these places, pay money to bury their manhood and womanhood, in many cases their happiness and peace, their prospects ? There's many a wreck of a man could point to the "vaults" where his health had been buried ; many a poor woman could take you to the house where her home-happiness was buried. The lesson of all is, if you want your manhood to live, keep outside the *vaults* !

I. E. PAGE.

ROUND THE SPRING.

Words by MRS. H. E. BROWN.

Music by H. P. MAIN.

Allegretto.

1. Round the spring laugh and sing, Wa - ter makes us mer - ry,

KEY F.

d : d . r m :	m : m . f s :	d' : s s : m s : f f :
2. Round the spring	laugh and sing,	Wa - ter makes us dar - - ing,
d : d d :	d : d . r m :	m : m m : d m : r' r :
3. Round the spring	laugh and sing,	Wa - ter makes us no - - ble,
m : m . f s :	s : s d' :	s : s d' : s s : - s :
4. Round the spring	laugh and sing,	Here our force we'll ral - - ly,
d : d d :	d : d d :	d : d d : d s ₁ : - s ₁ :

Wa - ter makes our lips and cheeks Red as rip - est cher - ry,

r : - . r m : f	s : l s : -	fe : s t : l l : - s :
Self - de - ny - ing,	strong, and brave,	For life's bur - den - bear - - ing;
t ₁ : - . t ₁ d : t ₁	d : d d : -	d : t ₁ r : d d : - t ₁ :
Mean - est vi - ces	it will cure,	Ev - 'ry vir - tue dou - - ble;
s : - . s s : s	m : f m : -	r : r r : fe fe : - s :
Raise the flag and	bat - tle - cry	O - ver hill and val - ley;
s : - . f m : r	d : d d : -	l ₁ : s ₁ r : r r : - s ₁ :

Wakes the sun - light in our eyes, Fills our mouth with glad - ness, -

f : - . m r : m	f : s m :	s : - . m f : l	s : - . m :
Tem - p'rance boys and	girl's can work	For themselves and	o - - thers, -
r : - . d t ₁ : d	r : t d :	d : - . d d : d	d : - . d :
Tem - p'rance chil - dren	s' eak the truth,	Non - est are, and	ci - vil, -
s : - . s s : s	s : s s : s	m : - . s l : f	m : - . s :
Pledge our hands and	heart and strength,	Ev - 'ry son and	daugh - ter,
s ₁ : - . s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ d :	d : - . d d : d	d : - . d :

ROUND THE SPRING—(continued.)

Al - co - hol we'll ne - ver touch, That brings pain and sad - ness.

d :-r m :f s :l s :	d :d m :-r r :-d :-
Al - co-hol we'll ne - ver touch,	That all cou - rage smo - thers.
d :-r m :f s :l s :	d :d d :-t, t, :-d :-
Al - co-hol we'll ne - ver touch,	That is full of e - vil.
d :-r m :f s :l s :	m :fe s :-f f :-m :-
E - ver more 'gainst al - co - hol,	E - ver more for wa - ter.
d :-r m :f s :l s :	d :l, s, :-s, s, :-d :-

Round the spring laugh and sing, Ev - 'ry son and daugh - ter;

d :d r m :	m :m f s :	d' :s s :m m :-r :-
d :d d :	d :d r m :	m :m m :d d :-t, :-
Round the spring	laugh and sing,	Ev - 'ry son and daugh - ter;
m :m f s :	s :s d' :	s :s d' :s s :-s :-
d :d d :	d :d d :	d :d d :d s, :-s, :-

Al - co - hol we'll ne'er ex - tol, Give us clear cold wa - ter.

d :-r m :f s :l s :-	d :d m :-r r :-d :-
d :-r m :f s :l s :-	d :d d :-t, t, :-d :-
Al - co-hol we'll ne'er ex - tol,	Give us clear cold wa - t r.
d :-r m :f s :l s :-	m :fe s :-f f :-m :-
d :-r m :f s :l s :-	d :l, s, :-s, s, :-d :-

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

BY DR. F. R. LEES.

I.

IN former volumes of ONWARD I have explained what the Body is, what work it does, and with what tools. In the last volume it was shown how ALCOHOL, the chief article in drinks which makes them intoxicating, or poisonous, comes into being by the process of fermentation on the substance sugar. We have now to show *what* it does in the body, *how* it does it, and *why* it does it. It acts upon the body as a *poison* (Latin, *toxicum*). You know what that is. When stung with a nettle you take a docken-leaf, rub it on the part, saying, "Docken go in, *venom* come out." Nobody was ever killed, perhaps, by a nettle-sting, but it is a disturbing thing, and the *pain* is God's voice in nature telling the child that the thing is bad or poisonous. So when some berries, and some mushrooms, are eaten by persons carelessly—persons who don't know the right from the wrong kinds—they become sick, and sometimes die. Such berries are called "poison-berries," and such mushrooms "poisonous." Now doctors, who have to find out not only what are matters-of-food, wholesome things, fitted for people in health, but also matters-of-physic, things which act differently, and *disturb* the body somehow, because they think such agents may be useful when people are poorly—one evil being supposed to destroy another—the doctors, I say, have classed all these sort of things as *Materia Medica*, i.e. stuff used in medical treatment of sick persons. All the great writers on *Toxicology*—that is, Science of Poisons—

divide these substances into three sorts, as follows * :—

I. IRRITANT POISONS.

Their characteristic operation is to excite *inflammation* [i.e. burning and redness]. To this class belong the three mineral acids [*aqua fortis*, etc.], oxalic acid [nettle venom], arsenic, iodine jalap, etc., cantharides [the blistering fly], etc.

II. NARCOTIC POISONS.

These operate [work] in a peculiar manner upon the Nerves and Brain, and include opium, hydrocyanic [prussic] acid, nitric oxide gas, chloroform, etc.

III. NARCOTICO-ACRID POISONS.

These possess a *double* action, being both local irritants like those of the first class, and producing an effect on the Nervous system like those of the second. To this class belong [deadly] nightshade, hemlock, foxglove, nux vomica, camphor, *tobacco*, *alcohol*, ether, etc.

But you may ask, *why* these things are followed by such various and opposite results? and it will be a very sensible question indeed. For want of asking it, and having it answered, a great deal of nonsense has been talked by both doctors and temperance advocates. What is meant by saying, "Produce a thing"? Now *one* thing never produces anything. You must have *two* concerned in that. *Action* means always *re-action*—one thing and

* From Professor Christison's *Treatise on Poisons*.

another thing acting together, each according to its own nature—a father and a mother. A drop of alcohol will *inflamm*e the eye, will *redden* the skin, will *dead*en a tooth-nerve, but dropped upon my boots, or book back, will be followed by none of those “effects.” “Cause,” then, is always compound, made up of two or more forces, and “effect” is always a state made up of the balance, or over-balance, of those same forces. Two equal marbles tawed in a straight line against each other with equal force, meet and *stop*, are balanced. One larger than the other, or one equal to the other sent with greater force, meeting, drives the lesser back or aside. It loses its own motion, and the other takes it up.

Just so with these poisons, and the organs they touch. The one are full of certain *chemical forces*, the other of certain *chemico-vital forces*. The food we eat, the water we drink, have their forces harmonised with those of the organs they feed and keep alive: they are absorbed and balanced *for a time*, until they get into the brain and nerves, and then they explode in magnetic currents of thought and feeling, sometimes in angry and destructive passions. But the *poisons* are like gunpowder, and dynamite, and fireworks, and carry their own sparks and matches with them—they explode every where that *life* is, and produce disturbing reactions.

I may here revive a definition of *poison* given thirty-six years ago in my “History of Alcohol” :—

A substance which, by virtue of its specific affinities or repulsions, deranges the normal organism, and [so] disturbs the natural FUNCTIONS of the Living Body.

The fact of killing is not what makes a “poison”—but the tendency to derange, or disturb. No poison kills unless you take enough of it. If

killing made a poison, then stones and bullets, lances, swords and knives would be poisons. A poison is a substance that is physiologically bad—in other words, no matter what its strength or degree of power, it is poisonous in proportion to its *hurtfulness*, from the “simples” of the field to the most powerful drugs of the apothecary’s shelf.

You will observe, that no “function,” or work of an organ, can be deranged until you first *alter* the state of the organism. In other words, until the structure is injured—has received a *blow* of evil-force (has been struck by some “foreign body”)—it will and can manifest no re-action. Our *inner* force cannot act without some *outer* force: one action excites another. Action cannot come from nothing, anymore than a gun can pull its own trigger, or a bow draw its own string.

ALCOHOL, as a poison, may have a double name: it may be really a *goad*, that is, a STIMULUS—or a *knock-down*, that is, a NARCOTIC. It all depends on the conditions and the quantities. If the vital force of the organism be great, a little of the poison will excite violent *re-action*, will “stimulate”; if the vital force be little, and the poison great in quantity, the contrary will happen—vitality will be *knocked-down*. In the one case alcohol acts like a “blister,” in the other like chloroform, which makes people *insensible* either to pleasure or pain; and its power to get rid, for the time, of feelings of pain, of trouble, of care and care, is that property of it that makes “wine a mocker” and a “deceiver,” as Solomon calls it: which will induce all the wise Youth of our land to look upon it with dread and suspicion, as an agent fatal to morals, to intellectual improvement, to purity of character, because fatal to Self-government.

(To be continued),

THE SKATERS.



SEE the busy skaters go
Merrily the ice along,
O'er the tracts of frozen snow,
With a joyful shout and song ;
Though the snow is falling fast,
Fear they not the wintry blast.

Now the moon behind the hill
Rises like an orb of fire ;
Every sound is hushed and still
Save the chime from distant spire,
Or the merry shout and song
Where the skaters glide along.

Nature, in her winding-sheet,
Marks the season of repose ;
Insect, bird, and flower retreat,
While the freezing north wind blows,
Howling wild across the moor,
Bearing suffering to the poor.

Summer brings the song of birds,
Valleys decked with leaf and flower,
Hills adorned with flocks and herds,
Beauties in each vale and bower—
Winter, with relentless hand,
Waste and barren makes the land.

Seasons roll and ages pass,
Nations sink into decay ;
Like the leaf and tender grass,
Brief is but their longest stay ;
Death is monarch over all,
Kings beneath his sceptre fall.

W. HOYLE.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

BY A. J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER I.—RICHARD AT THE ORPHANAGE.

"DUST to dust, ashes to ashes," said the solemn voice of the clergyman on a dull November afternoon in a cemetery situated not five miles from St. Paul's Cathedral. The poor dead body over which these words were said was that of a lovely widow woman who had passed away from the world only a few days before. Mrs. Williamson had for some years struggled to keep herself and

her only son Richard from the workhouse ; but now the messenger of death had called her to that land where there are no paupers, no sorrow, and no death.

It was just at the close of the Christmas holidays, when Richard was preparing himself to return to school, that he received the joyful news from his aunt, with whom he had been staying since his mother's death, that a home had been found for him at an Asylum for Fatherless Boys, a few miles from town, and that he was to go so soon as proper arrangements could be made. Richard did not much like leaving his friends ; but kindly assured that at least once a year he would be able to pay them a visit, he dried his tears and went away as cheerfully as a little lad of ten could be expected to do.

The Orphanage was quite a little city in itself. When you enter the grounds through the swinging gate, immediately in front is the drinking fountain, at which in the hot weather you will always find a group of merry boys. Close alongside is the church, a pretty building, with a sweetly-toned organ, comfortable seats, and everything to make the boys feel quite at home. Walk along the gravel path and you will see on the right the beautiful house in which the superintendent, Mr. Johnson, and his wife reside, and where the Committee of the Orphanage sometimes meet to arrange business. Farther on, to the right and the left, are a number of large and really beautiful houses, all having different names given by the kind friends who have given large sums of money towards building them. You will find "Rose Cottage," "May's Cottage," and eight others besides, for there are ten in all. It is in these happy homes that the poor fatherless boys are taken care of, and trained up till they are able to go out into the world and earn their own living.

When Richard reached the Orphanage, he and his aunt were directed to Mr. Johnson's office. At first Richard was rather frightened, for there was such a bustle to and fro ; some of the boys were engaged in bringing milk and butter from the dairy, and others bringing messages from the various homes. Richard was so alarmed at this activity that he could not help letting fall a few vain tears on his aunt's cheek as she bid him good-bye and told him to cheer up.

"Well, my little friend," said Mr. Johnson, "so you have come to live with us?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Richard, as his eyes filled again with tears, and he looked down on the ground.

"Dry up your tears, my little man, and I will take you to see your new father and mother, who will take you under their care, and you will be a good little son o them, won't you?"

"Yes, I will be very good, sir."

Richard was soon introduced to his new home. Follow me, little reader, and you shall see all over the house.

Do not wait till your knock at the door is answered by "walk in," for the doors are never locked in the daytime. Mrs. Fredericks, the mother, gives us a smiling welcome, and shows us into a pretty little parlour, where father and mother spend a few moments quietness, when they have the good fortune to see all the boys quietly asleep. Now come along this passage into the kitchen. Everything is white and clean. There stands the "houseboy," who is engaged in cleaning the knives, for all the elder boys have to do their share of housework. On the left is the play-room, in which the boys can sit and read, or romp and make a noise on wet days when they cannot go out into the garden. Upstairs you will find three bed-rooms ; there are ten beds in each, all made by the boys

themselves, and ready for the evening. Thirty boys in one house ! What a lot of noisy young never-be-quiets ! How often their tongues are heard, and how many times the kind mother has to scold and call them to order !

Richard was very kindly received by Mrs. Fredericks. She soon discovered that he was a boy of superior intelligence to the others. Sometimes she invited him into the parlour and told him stories from the Bible about Moses, Daniel and the Saviour, at the same time showing him some fine pictures in her old family Bible.

(To be continua).

WHISPERS TO THOSE WHO WISH TO ENJOY A HAPPY LIFE.

By REV. BENJAMIN SMITH, Author of "Sunshine in the Kitchen,"
"Gems Reset," &c.

WHISPER IX.—ENSURE THE DIVINE FAVOUR.

MEN have always been ready to believe in charms. This has arisen largely from the great need experienced of something which would avert evil and ensure prosperity. Among learned people amulets were worn as long as it was possible to think that any advantage could arise from doing so. Among the degraded tribes of the earth there has generally been found some sort of gregree, fetish, or other form of charm. In fable, half believed by some, we have ring, lamp, or other talisman, by which invisible beings of unlimited power and resources could be summoned to aid the unfortunate and enrich the poor. Such charms never had potency, and have now lost credit. But human need is the same. We daily feel the necessity of something which can shield us from evil, and impart needful good. Happily we are not left unsupplied. Amid the increasing intelligence of our race, and among the most enlightened people in the world, there is an ever-increasing number of witnesses that God's favour will ensure that all which will truly and permanently bless its possessor shall be given, and that nothing which will really and finally injure him shall be allowed to happen. We read : "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee." "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Tens of thousands of worthy and truth-loving people, who are also noted for their clear headedness, will attest the truth of Scriptural teaching on this subject. This is the genuine talisman ; and we shall not have done the best for ourselves if we are content to live without it. Make sure of this heavenly charm.

Obtain God's Favour. The Lord Jesus says to all of us, "Enter ye in at the strait gate." Each one of us is welcome so to do. There is no toll to pay at the gate, and no letter of recommendation is needed. Most around will acknowledge that the road itself is sunnier and smoother than the broad road. Besides, they know that the narrow way leads to the best of homes and the broad road to the worst of prisons ; yet crowds of people fail to enter in at the strait gate. The fact is that, though no price is demanded for entrance, much must be left behind. Some have unjust methods of acquiring money, and others have selfishly luxurious modes of spending money, and others have an idolatrous determination to hoard

money. These evils they will not part with, and so they turn away from the entrance to the narrow way, and press along in their downward career. There are various other causes why men thus stumble along in the awful gloom, when they might be walking in the sunlight. But the most common reason of all is the taste for strong drink. Unhappy drunkards often look longingly towards the upward way, but few of these ever enter in at the gate, and fewer still persevere in the way! Whatever you have to leave behind, be sure you enter.

Retain God's Favour. A confidential clerk, with a bag containing bank-notes and gold to an immense amount, stood at a bank counter, waiting his turn to be served. A well dressed man near him, who seemed to be similarly detained, said in a courteous manner, "Have you not dropped a slip of paper, sir?" The clerk glanced towards his feet, and perceived something lying there. He stooped to pick it up, and found that it was of no value. He looked towards where his polite informant had stood, intending to observe that the memorandum seemed worthless. The man was gone; and so also was the treasure with which the clerk had been intrusted! The clerk instantly gave the alarm, and frantically rushed into the street, but no trace of the cunning thief could be discerned. Men often lose the treasure of God's loving kindness by stooping down to pick up what they speedily discover to be of no value whatever. There are, however, places very repulsive and vile where, most likely, true religion is never lost; because the excellent treasure is never taken there. There are, for instance, low drinking saloons, and dram shops, and casinos, where possibly no one enjoying God's favour has ever entered, except with a tract, or on other errand of mercy, during the last ten years. Such places are a sort of suburbs of the infernal regions. But beware of houses which are regarded as respectable, but in which the youthful are being trained to delight in drinking, smoking, and bad company! When you have secured God's favour, do not go where you will be likely to lose the inestimable riches.

Cherish God's Favour. The assurance of the Lord's approval is to the heart what a lamp is to a room which otherwise would be dark. But some lamps shine much more brightly than others. The radiance depends greatly on the trimming. It is possible to allow the light to become so dim that for practical purposes it is useless, although not absolutely extinct. No one can see to read by such a lamp. Thus it is possible for our religion to become so feeble that we cannot, with any degree of distinctness, read our title clear to mansion in the skies. Let us often trim our lamps for our own comfort. But a lamp, especially if burning brightly, may be of service to a neighbour. The beams may shine through the window and so become a beacon to some benighted one; or a friend may be allowed to enter the room and sit down at my hearth, and share the pleasantness of the light. Trim the lamp! Many inducements for the neglect of such constant attention will be presented. Some men who have a competence will miss a prayer-meeting any working day evening to gain a shilling, and others will be absent from week-night service to be present at a pleasure party. Few things, however, make this lamp burn dimly so often as a relish for strong drink. Trim the lamp! Make sure of God's smile!





We purpose opening our pages to correspondence, and shall endeavour to promote a friendly interchange of opinion on the best system of conducting Bands of Hope. We do not bind ourselves to insert any or every letter we receive, and all correspondence must be accompanied with real name and address of the writer.

Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—We have just received the report of the above important and enterprising Union; (as we were going to press at the time, however, some portion of our notice must be deferred for our next issue). We are pleased to observe a strong determination on the part of the committee to cover the two large and populous counties of Lancashire and Cheshire by the establishment of Bands of Hope and Band of Hope Unions in districts hitherto not reached. The representatives of the Union have attended conferences and special meetings at Oldham, Halifax, Macclesfield, Glossop, Bradford, Bollington, Crawshawbooth, Chorley, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Haslingden, Littleborough, Lytham, Lymm, Northwich, Rochdale, Ramsbottom, Stockport, Tyldesley, &c., &c.

A remarkable feature is the energy and enthusiasm which this Union displays in its publication department. Besides the monthly issue of "Onward Reciter," conspicuous for its purity of tone and elevating influence, an abundant supply of superior and popular music books, hymn books, pledge cards, secretary's books, &c., the Union has for twelve years published and sustained at its own risk this monthly magazine, "ONWARD."

During the year the agent, Mr. J. W. Cummins, has given 125 exhibitions of dissolving views, and 55 lectures and addresses. The Secretary, Mr. G. S. Hall, since he entered upon his duties, Sept. 1st, has given 52 lectures, exhibitions, &c.

There are upwards of 200 societies on the plan, visited by about 100 voluntary speakers. The list of Unions affiliated are Accrington, Ashton-under-Lyne, Barrow-in-Furness, Bolton, Chorley, Church and Oswaldtwistle, Colne, Crawshawbooth, Glossop, Heywood, Hindley, Kendal, Macclesfield, Marple, Rochdale Wesleyan, Rochdale U.M.F.C., Stalybridge, Stockport, Todmorden, Winsford and

Over. We very much regret to find that the Union is still burdened with a very heavy debt, which surely the temperance people of these two large counties will not suffer to remain much longer.

Bradford Band of Hope Union.—The annual meeting of this Union was held Nov. 27th. Alderman West presided. Mr. M. Field read the report, which showed the Union had made progress during the year. There were sixty societies in connection with the Union, sixteen of which had joined during the year; two had been withdrawn, and there was a net increase of fourteen. In connection with these societies there were at least 10,500 members, being an increase of 3,000 during the year. There were 3,000 members over sixteen years of age. 1,400 meetings had been held, and £600 had been expended by the societies. The continued prosperity of the society was largely due to the agents. The reports showed that a large amount of work had been done. Prizes had been offered to pupil teachers for the best gallery lessons on one of the following subjects:—(1) A glass of beer; (2) The injurious effects of intoxicating drinks; (3) Total abstinence; also for the best essay on "Should a teacher be a total abstainer? and why?" The balance-sheet, presented by Mr. G. Walker, showed that, including a balance of £302 16s. 3d., the receipts for the last eleven months had amounted to £1,000 10s. 5d. The payments had amounted to £735 6s. 9d., thus leaving a balance of £265 3s. 8d. The meeting was addressed by Revs. J. Guttridge, R. H. Dugdale, W. R. Sunman, Messrs. J. Phillips, B. Wainwright, and others.

Chorley Band of Hope Union.—On Saturday, Nov. 24th, a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the St. George's Street Sunday-school, for the purpose of inaugurating a union for Chorley and district, in connection with the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of

Hope Union. W. Crumblehulme, Esq., the President, occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. R. Brewin, Messrs J. H. Raper, W. Hoyle (Manchester), and others.

Leicestershire Band of Hope Union.—The twelfth Annual Festival of this union was held Nov. 26th, in the Temperance Hall, Leicester, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with the banners of the various societies. The Rev. R. Caven, B.A., presided. A selection of music was sung by a choir of about 500 voices, under the leadership of Mr. T. Palmer, agent of the Union.

To the Editors of "ONWARD."

DEAR SIRS—I was present at a Band of Hope Annual Meeting a short time since where a dialogue was performed. In the piece two characters representing drunken men were most conspicuous. It seemed to me that to caricature drunkenness on a Band of Hope platform does far more harm than good. The children laugh and seem to get the impression that it is a pleasing thing to be drunk. I should like to know the opinion of some of your readers on this point, which I conceive to be of great importance, as it affects the training of our young people.—I am yours, A READER

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

BY F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., &c.

NOT in the glorious stars of heaven alone,

Father, do I behold Thy power abroad,
For everywhere around to me is shown

The hand of God.

The gentle flower that lifts its modest head

In the deep shadow of the valley green,
Utters Thy praise from out its lowly bed
Beside the stream.

The bird that carols forth its joyous lay

In the thick wood or from the morning sky,
In Reason's ear for ever seems to say,
Thou, Lord, art nigh.

The voice of ocean bursting on the shore,

The midnight howling of the winter wind,
These tell of Thee, whose power for evermore
Hath them confined.

The teeming earth, the rolling sea, the air,

Are eloquent alike of Thine and Thee,
The fulness of Thy presence everywhere
I feel to be.

And though all closely hid from human sight

Beneath the veil of dim material things,
I yet shall see Thee in that blessed light
The future brings ;

And meet Thee, eye to eye, and face to face,

And know the mystery here I but discern,
While I the secrets of Thy dwelling-place
For ever learn.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

ONE said that a tavern was a place where madness was sold by the bottle.

THE youth who had a will of his own has, in consequence, been struck out of that of his father.

"PAPA, does the logwood they put in wine give it its red colour?" "Yes, certainly." "Well, papa, is it the logwood wine that makes your nose so red?"

THE individual who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

ANewDISGUISE.—The Duke of Norfolk of Foote's time was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade night he asked Foote what *new character* he should go in. "Go sober!" said Foote.

A LITTLE girl, when her father's table was honoured with an esteemed friend, began talking very earnestly at the first pause in the conversation. Her father checked her rather sharply, saying. "Why is it that you talk so much?" "Tause 'I've dot sometin' to say," was the innocent reply.

"I ALWAYS did love to gaze on the children in their sports," said Potter, as he pensively contemplated a crowd of urchins; "I am carried back to ——" Just then the baseball came over his way and tried to get into his vest pocket and doubled him up. When his breath came back he shouted, "You young ragamuffin, if I catch you playing ball on the street again I'll get the police after you."

WINE and passions are racks of used to extort words from us.

The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.

Friendship of the wine-cup born
Flieth like the draught ere morn.

TRUST not a man who promises with an oath.

THE voice of conscience is so delicate, that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear, that it is impossible to mistake it.

IF a man has any religion worth having, he will do his duty and not make a fuss about it. It is the empty waggon that makes a noise.

ONLY one arm is all-powerful, one heart ever loving, one ear ever open, only one eye never closed; and there are inner depths in our soul where only one voice can be heard.

A MAN who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the dark.

SELF-DENIAL.—There never did, and never will, exist anything permanent, and noble, and excellent, in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

In yonder cottage by the brook
 A comely lesson may we glean,
 If through the lattice-work we look,
 To view the animating scene.

We silent creep beside the wall,
 And give a sly yet truthful peep :
 There's Tommy playing with his ball,
 And infant Arthur fast asleep.

Wee John is making rope and gear
 For boat to sail upon the lake,
 While floating in a basin near
 Another of dear Willy's make.

We gaze upon the easy chair
 To learn if there is ought to see :
 The father of the flock is there,
 With pretty Charley on his knee.

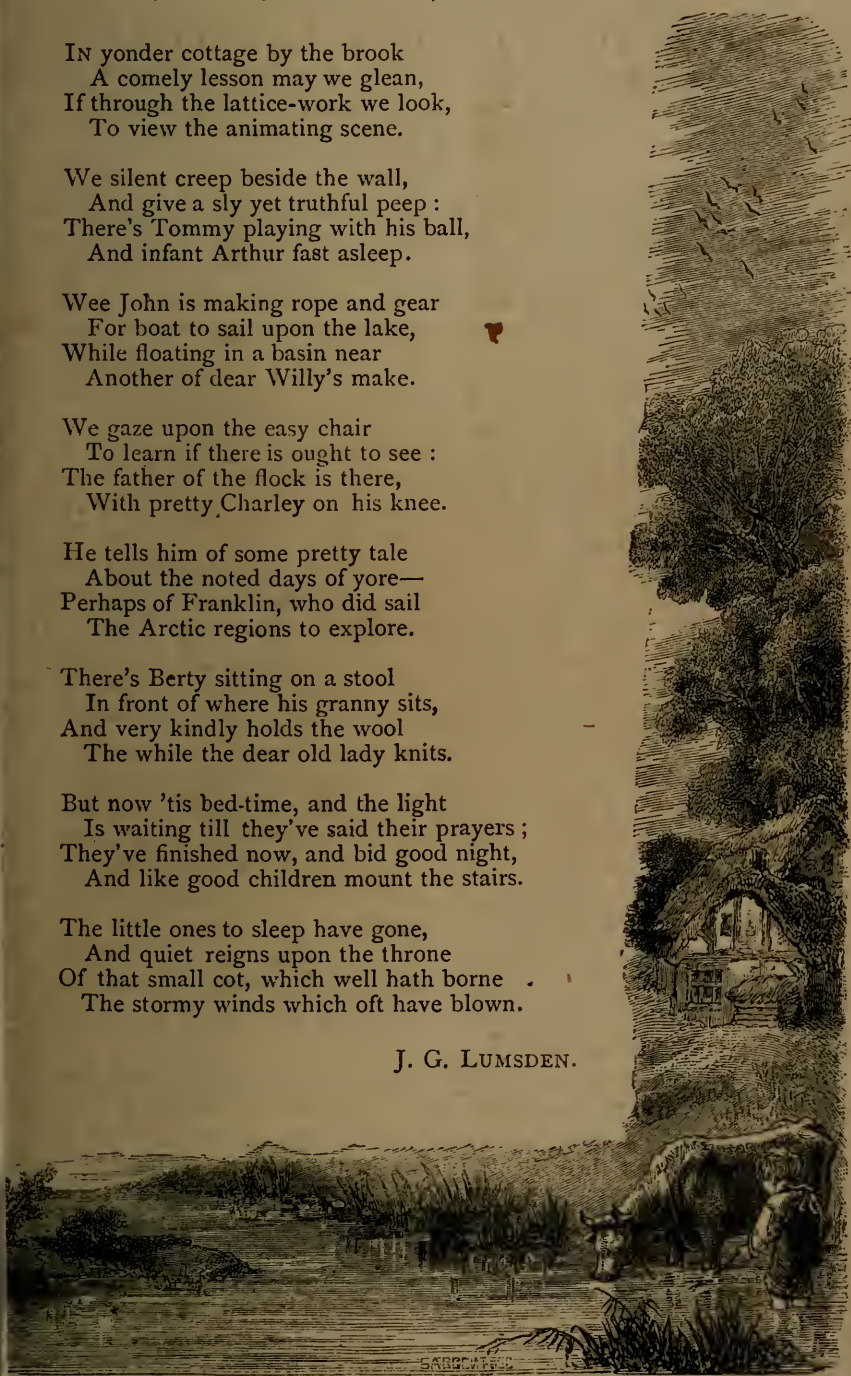
He tells him of some pretty tale
 About the noted days of yore—
 Perhaps of Franklin, who did sail
 The Arctic regions to explore.

There's Bertie sitting on a stool
 In front of where his granny sits,
 And very kindly holds the wool
 The while the dear old lady knits.

But now 'tis bed-time, and the light
 Is waiting till they've said their prayers ;
 They've finished now, and bid good night,
 And like good children mount the stairs.

The little ones to sleep have gone,
 And quiet reigns upon the throne
 Of that small cot, which well hath borne
 The stormy winds which oft have blown.

J. G. LUMSDEN.



RUNNING FROM HOME,

OR

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford," "Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE FRANK.

NO one could stay with either of us children many hours without learning that we had an Uncle Frank. He is captain now of a beautiful schooner called "The Wings of the Morning." He used to be her second mate, then her chief mate, and now he has gone on his first voyage as commander. He is such a fine fellow, and so merry and kind to us children, although he teases us dreadfully. Papa says he spoils us all whenever he comes home. Harry is his pet, and Harry is quite devoted to Uncle Frank; I believe he thinks anything right if Uncle Frank does it.

It is not only with all of us that he is a favourite, but with everybody. If he could have taken three times the number of sailors in his crew he would still have had hard work to choose his men, there were so many who offered and wanted to go with him. There is only one thing which makes papa and mamma anxious about dear Uncle Frank, and that is, he takes a glass of grog now and then, and papasays, "Where there's grog there's danger;" then, too, he is rather inclined to laugh at those who don't do as is customary in this respect. Of course, he never has any when with us, for we haven't a drop of anything intoxicating in the house, unless papa has some alcohol as a drug in his surgery. But when Uncle Frank is on shore, he will even go to the public-houses and take a glass and smoke a pipe with the sailors, and papa says his example ought to be all the other way. Papa also often says that though we have a very sober population on these dear beautiful islands, yet we have quite too many public-houses. There are eight in all, on St. Mary's Island alone; and as there are only about two thousand people living on all the inhabited islands, and some of these have drink shops of their own, and very many people here are teetotallers; a number of the rest of the inhabitants must drink too much for their pockets and their health.

It is a rare thing indeed for us to see people reeling about, or to hear the noise of drunken men, unless there are foreign sailors on the island; but still sometimes a man beats his wife, and papa is called in now and then to see men who have made themselves ill with drink.

But when mamma spoke to me about drunken women in England, it made me shudder, for I never saw such, and hope I never shall, here where I was born. Grandpapa, who is a farmer, and lives in St. Agnes, often tells us such interesting stories about these Scilly Islands in the olden times, some of which he remembers, and some of which his father or mother told him. We were not ruled by English law exactly in those old days, and spirits were bought and sold by any one, free of duty, so that the people became disgracefully drunken. I am very glad this is altered now, because of the sin, and because there is nothing in the whole world—perhaps I ought to say on these whole islands—I am so much afraid of as a drunken man. I am quite sure there are none of our islanders would so do anything unkind to me if they were sober, but it is never safe to trust any one who is drunk.

I shall never forget something that happened last summer. Uncle Frank came in one morning and told us that he was going to Tresco with some other young men to play cricket on the cricket-ground belonging to the Abbey. Tresco is the island on which the Governor lives, and his house is called the Abbey, because it is built, or rather restored, on the site and amongst the ruins of the ancient monastery.

The principal church on our islands in the old Catholic days was the Abbey Church of Tresco ; and it was under the rule of the Abbot of Tavistock Abbey in Devonshire, which must, I think, have seemed a very long way off then, only that the palmers and monks were so many of them accustomed to travel about and take long journeys from place to place, that perhaps they made the different religious houses seem nearer together in those old times, when there were no steamers, no penny post, and no railways, than we can exactly understand.

Of course we have no railways here even now, and Uncle Frank is so saucy, he says, to tease me, that if we had a railway, our islands are so small that the trains would run off over the sides and fall into the sea ! But we have the penny post, and three times a week in summer, and twice a week in winter, the steamer comes and goes from St. Mary's to Penzance.

Well, when Uncle Frank said that morning that he was going to Tresco, Harry came over to him coaxingly and said,

"Uncle Frank, will you bring me my little rabbit to-day ? You promised you would soon bring me my little rabbit."

Uncle Frank took him on his knee. "You have the best memory in the world, my dear little man," he said laughing, and kissing him. "If I promised, I must perform, and all being well you shall have your little rabbit to-night. You must put him into the box Ernie gave to you for him, and give him plenty of lettuce and dandelions for his supper and breakfast, and then to-morrow I will bring you some bran for his dinner."

"Will you take me with you to get my little rabbit ?" asked Harry.

"No, no ; that I cannot do, Hal," said Uncle Frank. "I shall have to walk a long way."

"I can walk a *long* way," said Harry, confidently.

"Not to-day, Harry you must stay and take Dorie a walk, and play with your rabbit when I come home." Then with another kiss to his little favourite and a merry goodbye to us all, he left the parlour. Uncle Frank was gone.

At dinner-time papa and mamma spoke of the cricket match, and hoped Uncle Frank's side would win. After the meal was over, I took the children to Old Town, on the opposite side of the bay, to see our dear old nurse, who was on a visit to her married son Robert and his wife, and I found that Robert was also gone to Tresco. We stayed some little time, for Mrs. Tresize had been making cake, and kindly insisted that we should wait and have some, as it was nearly baked, and tell her if we liked her cake as well as nurse's. It was very good indeed, but we could not decide the comparison. As we went back across Buzza Hill, and round by Peninnis Head, the wind blew very strongly, so that we all joined hands, to be able to walk the easier. Looking seawards the sudden squall had made a picture of awful grandeur. The sun was hidden behind a mass of wind-clouds, and the waves at high tide, and lashed to fury, foamed white and wild as they ran booming up the precipitous islets, and poured into the hollow basins of the giant rocks, roaring as they fell.

Glancing over the wide extent of water, I saw with horror that a little boat was struggling with the storm-tossed billows. A little boat ! and about midway between Tresco and St. Mary's ! Terror seized me. It was just at the time that my uncle expected to return. I was unwilling unnecessarily to frighten the children, yet I felt it impossible to take my eyes or my thoughts from that little boat.

Should I seek assistance ? Alas ! I knew too well that before any boat could reach them it too must undergo the same battle for existence or destruction, that probably a few minutes would decide the frightful contest, and that more experienced eyes than mine were most likely even now attentively watching the scene.

"Come here, dears," I said, as I led Harry into the shelter of one of the grand strangely-shaped old rocks that border the coast round Peninnis, "we will sit here a while, and perhaps the wind will lull."

"What's the matter, Dorie ?" asked Rose, lingering behind, and looking at me attentively. "Are you ill ? You are ever so pale." I did not answer her, but my eyes were riveted on the boat, and hers followed mine ; and the dear child's affection told her more quickly than words what I feared.

"Oh ! Dorie, it isn't——" she began, but I pointed to Harry and the others, and laid my finger on my lips. So she was silent, but the big tears gathered in her loving eyes, and she too watched.

Then the sail swung wildly in the wind. What madness to let it go ! There was a desperate attempt to right the boat, but it was in vain. Over it went, and all its occupants were struggling in the water !

Rosie cried out in her horror, and the little ones looked up wonderingly from their play in the sheltered crevice of the rock. My own lips seemed sealed. "They are swimming," whispered my sister, "swimming home. Oh ! Dorie, *can* they swim all that way ?" She was right. Two heads at least were visible above the water. Where were the others ? And now another boat comes bravely from shore to the scene of the disaster. It rescues the two swimmers from their perilous position, and continues its course farther to the spot where the boat had disappeared. Another man had been keeping his head above water by clinging to an oar : he too was saved. But there were other four. We could not bear to think, so I called the children round me again, and we started towards home ; one thought uppermost in Rosie's mind and my own—should we ever see dear Uncle Frank again ?

When we reached home we found the parlour full of people, and, thank God ! Uncle Frank was there. He was, indeed, the centre of an excited group, to whom he was telling the event of the afternoon. He had tried hard to secure the flapping sail, and then to seize the helm and right the boat ; and at last, finding all else impossible, he had determined to swim for the shore.

"I could but be drowned any way : I would not be drowned without a good pull for dear life," he said ; but his voice sounded hoarse and solemn, though his words were cheerful. "My poor Harry, you will be disappointed," he added, as he noticed the dear little fellow's eyes fixed on him, "I could not save your little rabbit, it is drowned ;" and he drew from the inner pocket of his jacket a forlorn little object, a dead wet rabbit ; its soft white fur saturated and hardened with the salt sea waves.

Harry looked at it with quivering lips, then ran hastily to the kind arms of uncle Frank, hid his face on his shoulder, and burst into tears. Poor little

Harry's tears were alas ! not the bitterest that were shed on our islands that night. There were weeping and wailing in many a household, for our people are so much related to each other that the calamity of one is almost necessarily the sorrow of all. Poor Robert Tresize never returned to the home where his old mother and good-natured wife awaited his home-coming, with the cakes kept hot upon the hearth. And three other homes had lost from their midst some one who made their heart sunshine and provided their support.

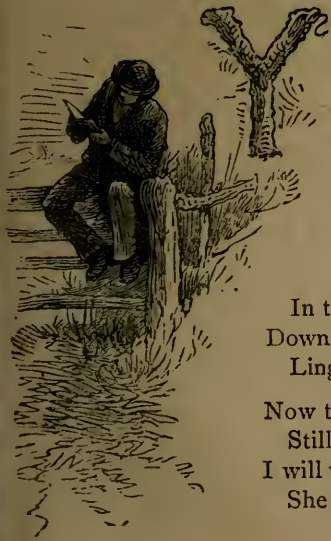
There was a large collection made for the widows and orphans : all gave liberally, according to their means, and kept the hand of poverty from pressing its cold fingers on any of the homesteads. But money cannot restore to children the glad incoming of the welcome father, nor the tender presence of the kindly son to his widowed mother, nor bring again the good true husband to the lonely young wife. The cloud that had so suddenly swept over the sea rested on the land when the storm wind had passed by. For many months it seemed as if the islands were in mourning ; so sadly, so grievously people looked at each other when they met, even when skies were blue and the sun was shining.

Uncle Frank admitted that he had treated his companions to some drink at Tresco, but he would not admit that the hands and head which should have shifted the sail at the precise moment of danger were less steady than that critical moment required.

There is no need to press this subject ; if teetotalism is right for any one man more than another, surely it must be to keep the eye bright, and the hand firm, and the intellect quick of those who "do business in great waters," where a moment's delay, a shaking hand, a dull eye, may be only so many synonyms for swift destruction.

(To be continued.)

MY VALENTINE.



YES, I loved her in my boyhood,
And I called her ever mine ;
Oh ! 'Tis sweet to think upon her
On this morn of Valentine.

I've the fondest recollection
Of the last time that we met ;
How the silver moon was shining,
And the grass with dew was wet :

How we wandered in the twilight,
In that silent evening hour,
Down the lanes and through the meadows ;
Lingering by the old church tower.

Now there's many a mile between us ;
Still I long to make her mine ;
I will write to-day, and tell her
She is still my Valentine.

W. HOYLE.

THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

BY F. H. BOWMA N, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &c.

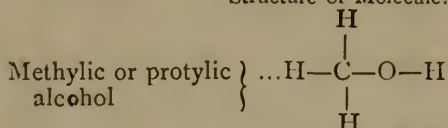
ARTICLE VII.

LET us now look at the members of the Normal Alcohol series separately.

METHYLIC OR PROTYLIC ALCOHOL.

This alcohol, which is the first of the series, is also known under the name of wood, or pyroxylic spirit, because it was first obtained by the destructive distillation of wood. We have already seen that it is composed of one atom of carbon, four atoms of hydrogen, and one atom of oxygen; and that its molecular structure is the same as a molecule of marsh gas where one atom of hydrogen is replaced by a semi-molecule of hydroxyl, or of a molecule of water where one of the hydrogen atoms is replaced by a base or radical called methyl or protylen. We may therefore represent its structure by the formula CH_3HO , and by a graphic representation thus:—

Structure of Molecule.



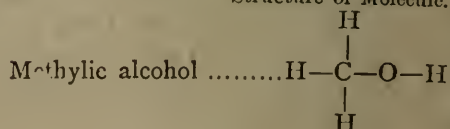
Its molecular weight is 32, and its molecule occupies, at the same temperature and pressure, the same space as a molecule of hydrogen. It weighs when in the state of a gas, 16 times heavier than hydrogen. When in a liquid state, which it assumes at ordinary temperatures, it is a transparent, limpid and spirituous fluid, with a rather pleasant aromatic smell, and is exceedingly volatile, so that it requires to be kept in a well corked, or glass stoppered bottle, or it will all evaporate. It is much lighter than water, with which however it readily mixes, an equal volume weighing 810 where water weighs 1,000. It boils at 140° Fahr., while water does not boil until raised to 212° Fahr.

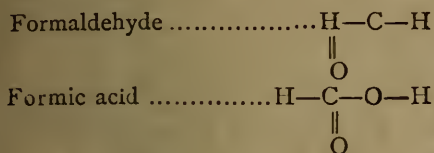
When methylic alcohol is acted upon by chlorine, the semi-molecule of hydroxyl is replaced by an atom of chlorine, and a new substance is formed whose composition is represented by the formula CH_3Cl . This substance is also formed by the action of chlorine upon marsh gas, and we can therefore produce methylic alcohol without the distillation of wood, by causing the chlorine and marsh gas to re-act upon each other, and then treating the resultant with potassic hydrate, which is composed of an atom of potassium united with a semi-molecule of hydroxyl, when the chlorine atom and the hydroxyl change places, and from methylic alcohol and potassic chloride. It also forms along with iodine a compound similar to the chloride, in which the hydroxyl is replaced by an atom of iodine, and whose composition may be represented by the formula CH_3I .

When acted upon by nitrous acid it forms a characteristic nitrate, where the hydroxyl is replaced by an atom of nitrogen and two atoms of oxygen, and its composition may be expressed by the formula CH_3NO_2 .

By oxidation, methylic alcohol yields formaldehyde, a substance which exactly corresponds to the aldehyde obtained by the oxidation of common alcohol, and by a further process of oxidation, formic acid, which has a composition expressed by the formula CH_2O_2 , where the two atoms of hydrogen in the carbon nucleus are replaced by an atom of oxygen—thus:

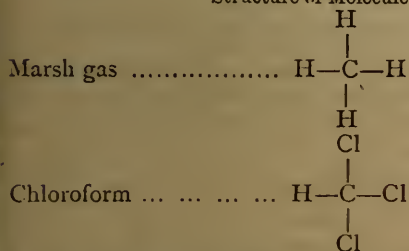
Structure of Molecule.





When methylic alcohol is distilled along with chloride of lime (calcic chloro-hypochlorite) and water, it yields a peculiar substance, chloroform, which has the composition CHCl_3 , where three of the hydrogen atoms in a marsh gas molecule are replaced by three atoms of chlorine—thus :—

Structure of Molecule.



This substance has a particular interest, from the fact that its vapour has the peculiar property of producing complete temporary insensibility to pain in any person who breathes it. On this account it is extensively used in surgical operations, and has been the means of alleviating a large amount of human suffering. It has indeed almost been as great a blessing to mankind, as alcohol has proved a curse.

When heated along with sulphuric acid, methylic alcohol yields an ether which has the composition $\text{C}_2\text{H}_6\text{O}$, and which corresponds in the double character of its molecule, united by

the oxygen atom, to the ether produced from common alcohol.

On account of the low boiling point and high volatility of methylic alcohol, it is much used in the arts for making varnishes, and is also mixed along with common alcohol, when it is sold under the name of methylated spirit at a much lower price, as a less excise duty is charged upon it than pure spirits of wine. Its physiological action is similar to that of ordinary alcohol, except that it is more rapid both in the effect which it produces and the rapidity with which its influence passes away. On this account it is really the most harmless of the whole series, since it requires a less expenditure of vital force to eliminate it from the system into which it may have been introduced. Like common alcohol, it first stimulates, and then correspondingly depresses the whole vital action, and lowers the temperature of the body ; and if the vital energy is not sufficient to expel the intruder through the lungs, skin, and secretions, death is the ultimate result.

There can be little doubt that if methylic alcohol was used in the same manner as the common alcohol, it would in the long run produce similar changes and diseases in the human subject to those which are occasioned by the excessive use of ardent spirits, and indeed its action is almost intermediate between that of common alcohol and ether or chloroform.

(To be Continued)

BE PATIENT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.—Let neither their slow understanding, nor their occasional pertness offend you to provoke the sharp reproof. Remember, the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp with their unripened intellect the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength, through years of experience ; and it ill becomes you to fret at a child who fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently, as God teaches you, “line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.” Cheer him on in his conflict of mind ; in after years his ripe, rich thought shall rise and call you blessed.



PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

WE OFFER A PRIZE IN BOOKS, VALUE 5s., for the best set of Six Puzzles—preference will be given to new varieties.

ALSO, A PRIZE IN BOOKS, VALUE 5s., for the best Temperance Dialogue for not more than five characters. Length not to exceed four pages of "Onward Reciter."

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; composition to be solely their own production, and to be sent to the Editor not later than March 17th; writing to be on one side of the paper only. The Editor to have the right to use any of the puzzles sent, whether successful or not.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION. PRIDE. ADVERSITY.

1.—AN X PUZZLE.

Initials and finals read diagonally downwards give two countries of Europe.

- 1st. One of the Society Islands.
- 2nd. A vegetable.
- 3rd. A limb.
- 4th. Fifty.
- 5th. A girl's name.
- 6th. A borough of Scotland.
- 7th. A precious stone.

MARIE.

2.—CIPHER.

Nis ot dna niur ot
Htlaets yb nwod nem sdael ylno hcihw,
Eniw eht ekat ohw yeht naht
Htlaew dna htlaeh ni af rechir er'uoy
Ees ll'uoy dne eht ta dna,
Raey eht tuohguorht raelc retaw knird:
Eb tsum uoy sreniatsba,
Esir dluow uoy fi, syob dna slrig raed.

FRANCES.

3.—BIBLICAL MENTAL PICTURE.

The officers return alone, and seek
The presence of those grave and stately men—
Those stern-faced elders, holding mighty
power—
Almost of life and death—within their hands.
"Where is the prisoner?—have ye let him go?
Why doth your errand thus remain unsped?"
And then the messengers make answer low:
"We found the One for whom you sent us
forth;

We listened to His words, and could not lay
Violent hands upon a Man who spake
As we have never heard man speak before."
Then words of bitter and contemptuous scorn
Were hurled by many of that learned throng;
The majesty of law was overthrown,
The dignity of age forgotten there.
Then uprose one of noble, earnest mien,
And quietness prevailed to hear him speak:
"And do our laws condemn a man unheard?"
Then fiercer grew the storm of scornful rage;
All was confusion in that council-hall;
So angry and dismayed each sought his home,
To spend the quiet hours of night in sleep,
Or in devising vengeance for the morn.
With brow serenely calm, and tranquil eye,
The One they hated passed in quietness
Away from every dwelling-place of man;
And while no sound the midnight silence broke,
Save the soft murmuring of Kedron's brook,
Or gentle swaying of the olive-trees,
He spent His night in solitude and prayer.

IVY.

4.—DECAPITATION.

Complete, you'll find me useful
Your counting-house to guard.
Behead, I am a monarch
Of whom you may have heard.
Behead again, you'll meet with me
In middle of the night;
Yet I am very near the source
And centre of all light.

EDITH R. BELL.

5.—CHARADE.

My *first* was known in olden time,
 As sacred writings say,
 Connected with a dragon's tail;
 Consult Apocrypha.
 My *second* is a lady fair,
 Respectable or old;
 My *total* has an evil tongue—
 An Amazon, a scold.—G. J. BELL.

6.—CHARADE.

Some people talk of quarter-decks,
 My *first* has full three-quarters;
 My *next*, made plural, held the wrecks
 Of many Smithfield martyrs.
 My *whole* is certain to appear
 And vanish with the closing year.
 G. J. BELL.

7.—ENIGMA.

I'm something, I'm nothing; 'tis just as I'm
 taken;
 I'm sometimes despised, but I am never for-
 saken;
 The pledge I am oft of the folly of fears—
 Often given by falsehood, often taken with
 tears.
 I am eagerly courted, I am spurned with dis-
 dain;
 I add to your pleasure, and I soothe you
 in pain.
 Sometimes I am used the hard heart to move;
 I'm the sign of the traitor and the token of
 love.
 They dearly love me who treat me with scorn.
 Whether honoured with friendship, or alone
 and forlorn,
 I am friendship's best cement, though oft
 yielded with strife;
 Still, true friends without me are fast friends
 for life.
 The daring to win me will brave fire and
 sword;
 I'm the tribute to beauty, and I'm valour's
 reward.

As soon as you know me you will want me, I
 trow,
 And the lady who wins me shall wear me, I
 vow.
 UNCLE WILLIAM.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 8 & 9.

1. Work-men. 2. Blood-shed. 3. Garden
 —gander—danger—anger—range—rang—ran
 R-A. 4. Barba-does. 5. W A R D
 A G U E
 R U S E
 D E E R.

6. Cancelled. Through a misprint, this was
 unintelligible.

7. JoppA, Blossom, George, OtteR,
 U cayall, GymnastiC, HyenA—J. B. Gough
 —America.

DEFINITIONS.

HABIT.

Habit is second nature which often entirely
 obliterates the first. A custom or action
 whether good or bad will, if persisted in, grow
 upon us until it is part of our nature, and
 becomes so strong we cannot break it off.

M. WESTCAR.

The inveterate custom acquired by the
 frequent repetition of "just this once."—AGNES
 HARRISS.

Habit is said to be *second nature*, but, in
 many instances, puts *nature second*.—S. H.
 MCC.

HOME.

Home is, generally speaking, our place of
 abode, but most people think of home as the
 place where rest and happiness are found. Our
 earliest impressions and influences were
 formed at home. Home is the place from
 which all family ties emanate. Much of our
 after life depends on our early home training.

M. WESTCAR.

The place where a husband should spend his
 evenings in preference to the public-house.—
 AGNES HARRISS.

LITTLE FEET.

Little feet upon the floor
 Come to meet me at the door;
 Little eyes with gladness shine;
 Little lips are pressed to mine.

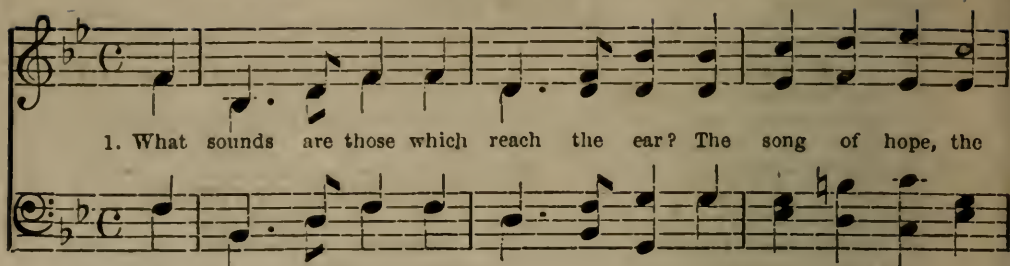
Little prattlers on my knee,
 Telling wondrous tales to me;
 Loving hands my food prepare,
 Serve it with a wifely care.

When our evening meal is o'er,
 Little feet are heard once more,
 Pattering up and down awhile,
 With fond task and loving smile.

Oh! how dear those tiny feet,
 Making music passing sweet;
 Teaching me to know in part
 Something of God's loving heart.

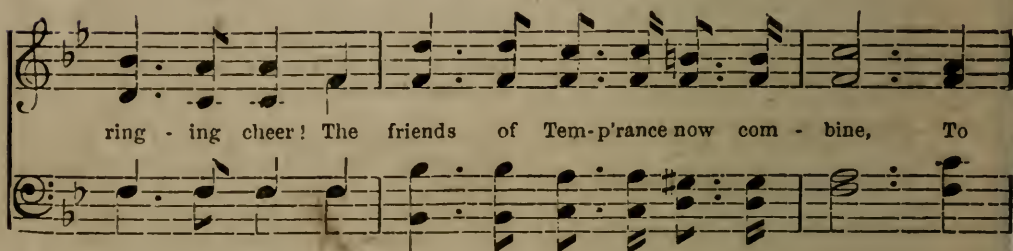
DAVID LAWTON.

DEAR FATHERLAND.

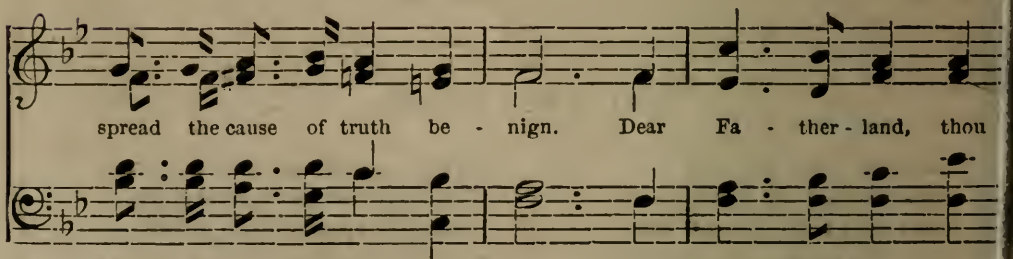


KEY B $\flat$,

{	:s ₁	d ₁ :- .m ₁ s ₁ :s ₁	m ₁ :- .s ₁ d ₁ :d ₁	r :m	f :r
	2. Thy	shield no more the	blot shall show, The	bit - ter	brand of
	:s ₁	d ₁ :- .m ₁ s ₁ :s ₁	m ₁ :- .m ₁ m ₁ :m ₁	f ₁ :s ₁	f ₁ :f ₁
	3. No	more shall law its	li - cense lend, No	more the	Church strong
	:s ₁	d ₁ :- .m ₁ s ₁ :s ₁	m ₁ :- .s ₁ l ₁ :l ₁	l ₁ :de	r :l ₁
4. The	homes of drunk - en	ness de-based, The	wives a -	bus'd, op -	
:s ₁	d ₁ :- .m ₁ s ₁ :s ₁	m ₁ :- .d ₁ l ₂ :l ₁	f ₁ :m ₁	r ₁ :f ₁	
5. No	more shall chil - dren	weep and die, Or,	sunk in	sin and	

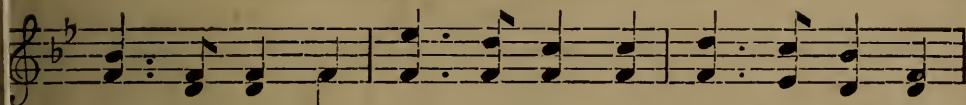


{	d :- .t ₁ t ₁ :s ₁	m :- .m r :r :de ,de	r :- - :t ₁
	shame and woe, But	bright as bur-nish'd gold shall	shine Thy
	m ₁ :- .r ₁ r ₁ :s ₁	s ₁ :- .s ₁ s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	s ₁ :- - :s ₁
	drink de-fend; The	cur - sed trade shall waste a -	way, As
	s ₁ :- .s ₁ s ₁ :s ₁	d :- .d t ₁ :t ₁ :le ,le	t ₁ :- - :r
press'd, dis-grac'd, A	new and bright-er day shall	see, When	
s ₁ :- .s ₁ s ₁ :s ₁	d ₁ :- .d ₁ r ₁ :r ₁ :m ₁ :m ₁	s ₁ :- - :s ₁	
squa - lor, lie, But	kind - ly nur-tur'd they shall	rise Thro'	

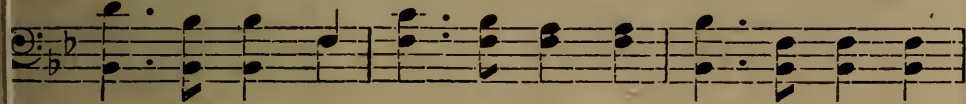


{	l ₁ :l ₁ :t ₁ :d t ₁ :l ₁	s ₁ :- - :s ₁	r :- .d t ₁ :t ₁
	seutecheon fair, O coun - try	mine!	
	s ₁ :s ₁ :se ₁ :l ₁ s ₁ :fe ₁	s ₁ :- - :s ₁	f ₁ :- .m ₁ s ₁ :s ₁
	truth and right their pow'r dis -	play. Dear	Fa - ther - land, thou
	m ₁ :m ₁ :m ₁ :m ₁ r :d	t ₁ :- - :s ₁	t ₁ :- .d r :f
Eng-land gains her vic - to -	ry.		
d :d :t ₁ :l ₁ r :r ₁	s ₁ :- - :s ₁	s ₁ :- .s ₁ s ₁ :s ₁	
paths of vir - tue to the	skies.		

DEAR FATHERLAND—(continued).

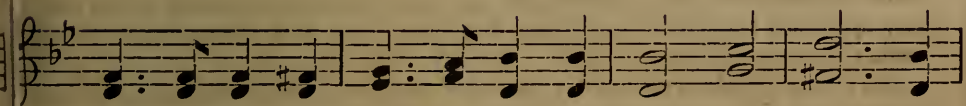


yet shall be From drink's de - spot - ic rule set free; And

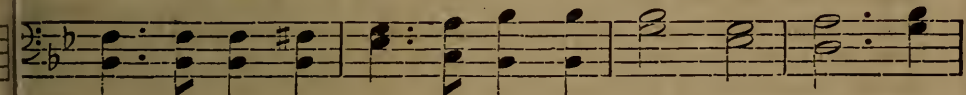


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m	:-	.d		d	:	s ₁		r	:-	.d		t ₁	:	t ₁		d	:-	.s ₁		s ₁	:	s ₁
d ₁	:-	.d ₁		d ₁	:	s ₁		s ₁	:-	.s ₁		s ₁	:	s ₁		d ₁	:-	.d ₁		d ₁	:	d ₁

yet shall be From drink's de-spot - ic rule set free; And

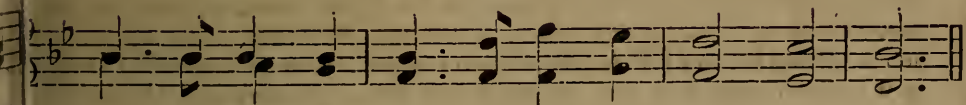


on the Tem-p'rance cause shall shine The smile Di - vine, And

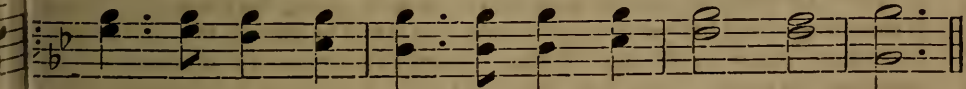


s ₁	:-	.s ₁		s ₁	:	se ₁		l ₁	:-	.t ₁	:	d	:	d		d	:-	r	:	m	:	:-	:-	:l
m ₁	:-	.m ₁		m ₁	:	m ₁		f ₁	:-	.s ₁	:	m ₁	:	m ₁		m ₁	:-	l ₁	:	se ₁	:	:-	:-	:m
s ₁	:-	.s ₁		s ₁	:	se ₁		l ₁	:-	.t ₁	:	d	:	d		d	:-	l ₁	:	t ₁	:	:-	:-	:d
d ₁	:-	.d ₁		d ₁	:	d ₁		f ₁	:-	.r ₁	:	d ₁	:	d ₁		l ₁	:-	f ₁	:	m ₁	:	:-	:-	:l ₁

on the Tem-p'rance cause shall shine The smile Di - vine, And



on the Tem-p'rance cause shall shine The smile Di - vine.



d	:-	.d		d	:	d		d	:-	.m		s	:	f		m	:-	r	:	d	:-	:-	:-
d	:-	.d		t ₁	:	l ₁		s ₁	:-	.s ₁		s ₁	:	l ₁		s ₁	:-	f ₁	:	m ₁	:	:-	:-
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on the Tem - p'rance cause shall shine The smile Di - vine.



"JUST FOR A LARK."

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"HURRAH! Hurrah! our school has broken up for the holidays, and here come some of the pieces!" shouted Dick Martin, rushing into the room, followed by his two brothers, and up went three caps spinning to the ceiling, and when they were caught, up they went again with another shout which made the room ring again.

But let me introduce you to the parents of these wild young mad-caps, who are thorough English boys to the very backbone—light-hearted, open-hearted, kindly disposed, and generous, yet free and impulsive to a degree. While they are putting away their caps and books, and settling themselves down to the tea-table, at which father and mother are already seated, suppose I tell you the secret of all the comfort and happiness that gladden the hearts of all within this pretty cottage home. There sits Richard in his flannel jacket; little Mary, on his knee, looking at a picture-book, his wife meanwhile busying herself with those pleasure-giving little duties, known as "getting the tea."

There is something very wifely and womanly about this particular phase of woman's daily life. There is something so sweetly satisfying in this particular hour of the day called "tea-time," especially in the winter season. The toil of the day is over, and he who earns the bread of that happy family is once more nestling in his haven of rest—home. The curtains are drawn. The table, with its snowy cloth, invitingly spread with the usual plain and wholesome etceteras of a working man's meal: everything wears an air of quiet joy. The cat in front of the fire, admiring the reflection of herself in the bright fender, is purring out the happiness of her heart in her own peculiar way. While even the kettle on the hob is singing for very joy, as ever and anon it bubbles with ill-concealed mirth, as if ready to burst forth with its mouth-like lid into a merry peal of laughter. But the sweetest picture of all in this domestic scene is Richard's wife, Annie, who in her neat evening dress is, as we before remarked, getting the tea ready. There is something about her gentle quiet manner that seems to pervade the whole room, imparting a charm to all she touches. Everything appears to be better in some way from her hands having been connected with it. She is one of those quiet, tender, womanly souls, who are able to make their presence felt wherever they go. But I promised to tell you the secret concerning this happy family, and in a few words as possible I will keep my promise. Richard was a cabinetmaker, one of the most skilful of his class, and five years before our story opens, if you had asked me to show you the most wretched hovel in the village of Strawgate, I

should have said, "Come along, then, and I'll take you to see Richard Martin." Of course, the cause of all this could be found without searching far. Go to the public-house nearest Dick's hovel, and there you are face to face with the one great temptation that proved more than a match for poor Richard; consequently, he had to succumb, and soon became one of the most inveterate drunkards for miles round.

No one could get him to sign the pledge. Others in the village signed from time to time, and became sober men, but no one had ever been able to make any impression upon Richard. Now Richard, I must tell you, was such a clever workman in the higher and finer branches of the cabinetmaker's art, that the master for whom he worked would have given almost anything if he could have induced him to become a reformed character. All the early part of the week he spent in drinking; then, during the two or three days left, he would keep sober, and earn as much as his shopmates who had worked all the week.

Amongst Richard's fellow-workmen there was a shrewd, steady-going teetotaler, called Tom Foster, who had been instrumental in saving many from the demon Drink, and, as may be imagined, had tried every plan he could devise to rescue Richard, but without success. One day Mr. Shaw—Tom's master—a man with a heart full of kindly feeling and consideration for others, said to Tom, "Foster, you have done a good work here amongst your fellow-workmen, for there is many a happy home now in Strawgate that owes all its comforts to you. Now, can't you persuade Martin to be a teetotaler? I have just had to refuse a very lucrative job (work of a kind that I could not entrust to any one but Martin) because I knew that, through his drinking habits, it would never be done by the time wanted. Now look, Tom, it wants a month to Christmas, and if you can get Richard to sign the pledge, and keep it till New Year's Day, I'll make your wife a present of a silk dress."

"I have had many a try, sir," said Tom, "and I'll try again harder than ever, not so much for the sake of the dress, but for the sake of Richard and his poor family, who would often starve but for us." And Tom left his master's office, and wended his way home, trying, as he walked along, to devise some plan by which he could induce his companion to sign the pledge. He had not proceeded far on his way before he met Richard.

"Good evening, Dick," said Tom; "you are just the very man I want."

"Am I?" stammered out Dick, trying to pass on, for he was always a bit ashamed to face his teetotal shopmate.

"Stop, stop!" said Tom, detaining him by the arm. "Now, listen to me a moment. You have it in your power to do me a great kindness, and I know you are not the man to refuse, for you have said many times that if you could ever do me a good turn, you would."

"Ah! and I will too," said Dick, earnestly; "for you and your missis have been good friends to me and mine many a time. But I can't make out in what way such a worthless fellow as I can be of service to you, for I'm no good to myself, nor any one belonging to me. But no matter, I'll do it, if it's in my power," said Dick, with emphasis, not dreaming for one moment what was required of him.

"I knew you would, for you are a thoroughly good-hearted fellow, in spite of all your imperfections," said Tom. "Just come in here," he continued, leading the way into a coffee-shop, which happened to be near, "and I'll tell you all about it."

Tom called for two cups of coffee, and when it was brought, said, as he pushed one of them towards Dick,

"Drink that, lad, and listen to me. I have been married seven years next month, and during all that time one of the ambitious desires of my wife has been to have a black silk dress."

"Yes—well, what then?" said Dick, blowing his coffee with a puzzled look; for what on earth any such matter could have to do with him he could not imagine; moreover, it made him uneasy, for he could not help remarking to himself, "My Mary has nothing better to wear than rags, and barely enough of them."

"What then?" repeated Tom. "Why, now comes the grand secret. My wife wants a black silk dress, and it is in your power to give her one, and I want you to do it."

"Me!" said Dick, looking all the astonishment he felt. "Why, my own wife hasn't a decent garment to put on her back. This looks very much like a joke at my expense; if it is, it's a very cruel one," and turning uneasily in his seat, he commenced tapping the table with his fingers, as if out of all patience with the remarks his companion had made.

"Dick," said Tom, in a thoughtful tone, "I never was more serious in all my life. You know me too well to think I would purposely hurt your feelings. But let me explain."

"I wish you would," replied Dick; and pushing aside his empty cup, he planted both elbows on the table, and, supporting his face in his hands, prepared to listen.

"Less than half-an-hour ago, Mr. Shaw and I were talking about you. Master was saying what a clever fellow you were at your trade, and that if you would only give up drinking it would please him so much he would give almost anything in reason—in fact he went so far as to say, 'Tom, if you can get Dick to sign the pledge, I'll give your wife a new black silk dress for New Year's Day.' There! now the secret's out; you can't refuse that, so here's the book," he continued, taking it from his jacket pocket; "down with your name at once," and without waiting for a reply, he pushed the pen and ink, which happened to be on the table, towards him as he spoke.

"Done," said Dick. "Dash my buttons if I don't do it—just for a lark."

Nothing more was said on either side, so for a few moments the awkward scratching of Dick's pen was the only sound that broke the silence. The next minute Dick's name and address were sprawled across the paper in large, clumsily-formed letters that might have been read from the opposite end of the room.

"There," said Dick, throwing down the pen with the air of a man who had done something desperate; "but it's only for a time, mind—just for a lark!"

"Thanks," said Tom. "I knew you would do it to oblige me," and, closing the book, he rose to depart. "You are just the good sort of fellow I always took you to be. And on New Year's Day you shall come to my house to dinner, bring the missis, and all the children, and we'll have a jolly, happy day together; and you shall see my wife in her new silk dress—*your present*. Good-bye." And shaking Dick heartily by the hand, he departed, leaving his shopmate almost stunned with astonishment; for it had all happened so suddenly, he could hardly believe it was true.

(To be Continued.)



BE IN EARNEST,

BE in earnest, boys, be earnest,
Learn to labour while you can :
There is metal in the poorest
To produce a noble man.

Ne'er despise the meanest labour,
For by labour all must rise :
He who gains the golden summit
Is the man who nobly tries.

Many a son within a mansion,
Nurtured like a tender plant,
Often grows to be a spendthrift,
Ends his days in grief and want.

Though your lot be hard and toilsome,
Never crave for sordid gain :
Aim to fill a place of honour,
And you will not live in vain.

Step by step along life's pathway
Mark the footprints of the great :
He who now is but a shoeblack
Soon may help to guide the State.

Look to Him who sends the sunshine,
Richest blessings free to all :
He will not despise the lowly,
For He marks the sparrow's fall.

If He see but in the meanest
 Yearnings after truth and right,
 He will open out a pathway
 Strewed with flowers of love and light.

Hearken not to those who linger
 In the paths of sin and shame :
 There's no time for acts of folly
 If you'd win a noble name.

Heart and hand and head must labour ;
 Every day must have its task :
 What you are in truth appearing,
 Honesty requires no mask.

Though your names may never cluster
 Like the stars on history's page,
 You may waken songs of gladness
 In this sorrow-stricken age.

You may live to weave a garland
 Fairer than the warrior's fame,
 And the few who live around you
 Yet may rise to bless your name.

Be in earnest, boys, be earnest,
 Work with willing voice and pen ;
 There is much that wants improving,
 Room for earnest noble men.

W. HOYLE.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

BY A. J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER II.—RICHARD FINDS A FRIEND.

EVERY Sunday the boys at the Orphanage went in procession to the church. It was a pretty sight to see them all dressed in their Sunday clothes ; thirty children from each house, all marching along so quiet and orderly, every one carrying a Bible and Hymn Book in one hand, while he clasped the hand of his companion with the other.

The services were generally conducted by gentlemen from London, who came down on Saturday and returned on Monday. Some of the gentlemen were very kind to the boys, visiting the home on Sunday afternoons, and often leaving behind some pretty books as a memorial of their visit. There was one gentleman, a Mr. Fountain, who was a great favourite with the boys. He always had his pockets full of nice things. Some of the boys declare that he even dropped sweet-stuff into their hands, and one boy has shown with pride to all the other boys a pocket-knife which he says Mr. Fountain slipped into his hand without saying a word about it. It was now spring-time, and Richard had become quite at home. How he loved the bracing air, so different from the close atmosphere of the court he had been accustomed to live in ! How happy he felt in the school-room, with its pretty pictures and its kind teachers ! And he felt every night when he knelt down to pray, that he ought indeed to be grateful to God for all His good gifts.

Mr. Fountain always came down to the Home at spring-time. He loved to get up early in the morning, and go out gathering the spring violets and primroses ; and never did he go without taking one of the boys who could show him the best spot to gather his favourite wild flowers.

After the evening service Mr. Fountain begged Mr. Johnson that he would have a boy in readiness to show him on the morrow morning where he could gather the flowers.

"Send for Williamson," said Mr. Johnson, and in response Richard presented himself before Mr. Fountain.

"Do you know where to find the violets and the primroses?" said Mr. Fountain.

"Yes, sir; down in the valley, by the wood."

"Can you knock at my door at half-past five o'clock, and go with me before breakfast?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; hurry home, get to bed early, and mind you are not late in the morning."

It was indeed a lovely morning. The sun was streaming forth its golden rays on all the country round, and the dewdrops sparkled on the young and bright green leaves of the trees.

"Good morning, my boy," said Mr. Fountain, cheerfully.

"Good morning, sir," replied Richard, taking off his cap at the same time.

They walked outside the gate, down a narrow path; then along a country lane till they came to the wood; and there, in a quiet and shady valley, were the sweet-smelling violets and the yellow primroses.

Mr. Fountain was always pleased to put questions to the boys he met; so on their way back, with their hands full of flowers, he tried to find out a little of his companion's history.

"How came you to find a home down here, my boy?"

"My mother died about six months ago, sir, and I was brought here by my Aunt at the beginning of the year."

"And when did your father die?"

"I hardly remember him, sir. I have often heard mother say that she was once well off, and had plenty of money, but that father spent it in the drink."

"Then you are another sufferer from the drink? How many boys there are in the Orphanage who have been brought to this condition through the drink! I hope you never taste the drink: do you?"

"No, sir. My mother always told me never to touch the drink, and I never will, sir—no, never, as long as I live."

"I am glad to hear you talk like that. Can you give me any good reasons why you should not touch the drink?"

"All I know, sir, is that the drink takes away people's senses, and makes them do very silly things, and I know that it made my father very miserable, and my mother poor; so I am determined to have nothing to do with that which has done so much harm."

In a few minutes the two friends had to part. Mr. Fountain put out his hand to bid his friend good-bye, and as he did so he said in a solemn voice to him,

"Promise me you will never taste the intoxicating cup."

"Yes, sir; I promise you."

"Good bye, and may God help you to keep your promise!"

(To be continued.)





We have received several letters from friends which we cannot publish, not being of sufficient general interest, letters for insertion in our pages should be short and pointed, and must be accompanied with real name and address of the writer.

Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—The annual meeting of the above Union was held on Saturday, Dec. 15th, at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Manchester. In the absence of the President, R. Whitworth, Esq., through indisposition, the chair was occupied by Jacob Earnshaw, Esq. After the reading of the report (a summary of which we gave in our last), the meeting proceeded to revise the constitution of the Union. Considerable time was necessarily spent in business so important, but we are glad to report that the Council at length unanimously decided upon a new and revised constitution, which will render this very enterprising and extensive Union more thoroughly adapted to fulfil its mission as a county union, and enable it more efficiently to extend its operations throughout the populous towns and districts of Lancashire and Cheshire.

United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.—Last month this Union issued the first No. of a quarterly magazine, entitled "The Band of Hope Chronicle." It proposes to supply papers on the movement, music, model addresses, facts and materials for Band of Hope workers. The Committee are offering a prize of £100 for the best, and a prize of £50 for the second best temperance tale, illustrative of, and adapted to promote, total abstinence among the young.

Liverpool Wesleyan Band of Hope Union.—The eighth annual meeting of this Union was held in Brunswick Chapel, Moss Street, Liverpool, on Dec. 3rd, under the presidency of the Rev. Charles Garrett. There was a very large attendance. Mr. J. Brown, the Secretary, read the report. There had been two conferences of workers. The Union had supplied to their societies 8,000 temperance publications at wholesale prices. Another Band of Hope had been added to the Union, which now comprised twenty-one Bands of Hope, together with a staff of upwards of forty advocates, and four visitors. The Committee

were also glad to add that the Rev. Charles Garrett still retained the presidentship, and that nearly all the Wesleyan ministers in the Liverpool circuits were vice-presidents. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Charles Onions, the Rev. George Scott, the Rev. J. Rippon, the Rev. W. E. Codling, and the Rev. James Yeames. During the evening a choir of Band of Hope members, numbering 150, sang an appropriate selection of melodies, under the direction of Mr. G. Quail, jun. A collection was made, which realised the sum of £16 10s. 9d. One noticeable feature in connection with this meeting was the supplying the audience with a copy of the hymns with a pledge form attached, and towards the close of the meeting, after a powerful appeal had been made, an interval was afforded for signing the pledges, when upwards of eighty persons signed and handed in their pledges. The meeting was a great success.

Chelsea and Westminster Band of Hope Union.—On Saturday, Dec. 29, a tea-meeting and conference, in connection with this Union, were held at the St. Andrew's Schoolroom, Westminster. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Shaw, M.A. After a number of short reports from the secretaries of the various Bands of Hope connected with the Union, some of which were of a very encouraging character, a very useful and suggestive paper was read by Mr. J. Bonner, Honorary Secretary of the Essex Band of Hope Union, on "How to improve our Bands of Hope." This paper, which was illustrated by diagrams and specimens of accessories to Band of Hope management, gave rise to an interesting discussion.

Dewsbury. Primitive Methodist Band of Hope, Wellington Road.—Our friends here are doing a good work, they have a flourishing "Publication Department." At the annual meeting held Dec. 8, the committee presented 178 volumes of books, many of which were very handsome, to the twenty

canvassers who, during the year had sold 13,500 periodicals. We should be pleased to know how many copies of "ONWARD" were included in this number.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "ONWARD."

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your correspondent, signed "A Reader," allow me to say that, as a Band of Hope secretary, I find it just as impossible to please everybody as the

proverbial old man who had a donkey did. A programme arranged so as to please "A Reader" would be pronounced dull and uninteresting by others. I fail altogether to see that any harm can result when drunkenness is caricatured in a dialogue. The Spartans, we are told, made their slaves drunk in order to create in the minds of the young a disgust for the habit. Children can never get the impression that it is a pleasing thing to be drunk, but rather must be led to abhor the condition.

Yours, A SECRETARY.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

IN the autumn fields oft turning,
Yet in vain, a form to see,
There a father's heart is yearning—
O my son, come back to me!

Ere the vintage grapes are gather'd
And the servants bear them home;
Ere the golden sheaves are garner'd,
Still his heart is crying—Come!

Still his patience is untiring,
Robe and shoes are ready set:
O to see that son desiring,
Surely he will wear them yet.

Ah, my son! the household members
May have ceased to watch with me,
But thy father still remembers
And his heart still waits for thee.

When a helpless child, I guided,
Guarded thee through all thy years:
I for all thy wants provided,
Raised thee, falling, dried thy tears.

Though thou hast far from me wandered
Still thou art a child beloved;
Though my gifts may all be squandered,
Come, and let my love be proved.

Do not fear I shall upbraid thee
When within my arms I hold
Thee, my lost one—loss hath made thee
Dearer even than of old.

Has all gone, and is it trouble
And remorse that make thee roam?
Come, for all thou shalt have double;
Only come and dwell at home.

Lost and found! Behold the greeting!
Folded to his father's heart!
All forgot save joy of meeting—
Meeting never more to part.

Love's best gifts the father giveth,
Fear by perfect love outcast;
He was dead, again he liveth,
Knows his father's heart at last.

Lost ones! 'tis a land of famine,
Far from God where ye abide:
Look within, your hearts examine;
Are you happy, satisfied?

Satisfied with husks? Ah! never
Full content and rest of heart
Can you know, and know for ever,
Whilst you dwell from Him apart.

Hear His message and receive it;
All the enmity's your own,
All the love is His—believe it,
On the cross in Christ made known.

Christ He gave, His one best treasure—
Yes, of all below, above,
Gave his *best*—ah! who can measure,
Who can sound such depth of love?

MARY AMELIA WHITFIELD.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WINE, dice and deceit, make wealth small and want great.

MANY young men are so extravagant that they cannot keep anything but late hours.

WHEN can a blacksmith make a disturbance in the alphabet?—When he makes a poke r and shove L.

WHAT is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child?—One pours with rain, and the other roars with pain.

A HATTER advertises that "Watts on the Mind" is of great importance, but declares that what's on the head is of greater.

A CERTAIN dissatisfied wife says that her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try a new boot or shoe without putting his foot into it.

He who drinks when he's hot

To keep himself cool,

Adds the vice of the sot

To the deed of a fool!

He who drinks when he's cool

To keep himself hot,

Adds the deed of a fool

To the vice of a sot.

AN inebriate was coming down an avenue of trees by moonlight, and stumbled against one of them. Being polite, though drunk, he raised his hat, apologised, and stumbled on. Then he stumbled against another tree, begged pardon, muttered something about his own side of the road, which he couldn't keep, and staggered forward. Then he stumbled against another tree, and apologised again. "This won't do," he murmured; "too many people coming this way. I will just sit down till *this procession* has passed by."

DRUNKENNESS is an egg from which all vices are hatched.

THE man who minds his business has a good, steady employment.

EXPERIENCE is the pocket compass that few think of consulting till they have lost their way.

TO TEACHERS.—A loss of nearly 80 per cent. of our elder scholars is due to drinking habits.—*Convocation of York Report.*

LET us give the helping hand, and not the downward push; so may the angels reach their hands toward us when we stand in need.

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity, a good life is the best philosophy, a clear conscience the best law, honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

LAZY BOYS.

A LAZY boy makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a swift vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

IN vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colours.—*Horace Mann.*

RUNNING FROM HOME,

OR

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford," "Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE KELP-BURNERS.

MARY Tresize, our dear old nurse, is, mamma often says, a beautiful specimen of a Scillonian. She has a pleasant intelligent face, is delightfully neat and orderly, and her whole life is influenced by the Christianity she professes. She is a member of the Bible Christian sect, and worships in their pretty chapel, which is situated in the main street of Hugh Town. Some of us children always go with her for company when her son Fred is away. Papa has a seat in the church, but he goes to chapel sometimes. He says he has no sympathy whatever with the feeling that makes it seem wrong to persons of one sect to worship God with those of another. He believes there is nothing to show that our Lord Jesus Christ instituted sectarianism, but quite the contrary. His teachings were like a broad and beautiful plain, whereon there is room for all to stand who love God, and come to Him through our Saviour, who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life." I have written down this because papa's conduct is so good and Christ-like that every word he says is well worth remembering by us his children. As mamma sometimes says, "Dora, love, you may not quite understand now the necessity of all I am saying to you, but there will come a time when you may remember and be helped by it. Fathers and mothers have to think of the future as well as of the present, in the loving advice they give to their dear children." But how I have wandered away from Nursie! We do love her so. She has been with mamma, and helped her to take care of us, whenever there has come a new little baby to our home; and if mamma wants to leave us for a day, or to go anywhere and take me with her, she can always feel quite comfortable to do so, for Nursie comes to stay, and takes care that nothing wrong is done.

All the other islanders call nurse "Auntie Tresize," and come to her to get her opinion when they are in sickness or trouble. She lives in one of a row of pretty little cottages overlooking the harbour, perched on the hill-side, at quite the other end of Hugh Town from our house. You may know these houses by their white appearance—"Auntie Tresize," the neighbours will tell you, "believes greatly in the healthfulness of whitewash"—and hers in particular, also by the shells and pieces of white coral in the garden, and the little ornaments which grace the steps and portals of the door.

Nursie's fuchsias and myrtles are quite a show in their season, when full of bloom, when the crimson pendants of the one flower are in lovely contrast with the soft creamy, feathery whiteness of the other.

Fred Tresize is a pilot, and a boatman now. He has been a sailor, and has sailed to nearly every part of the world. Almost all the men of our islands have been sailors at some time or other. When I said so to Ernest, he said gravely, "They are bound to be, Dora; don't you remember what it says in the Latin grammar exercise, *Incolæ insularum sunt nautæ?*"

Fred is such a fine fellow, and so good to us children.

Papa has a boat of his own: of course a doctor could not do without one in St. Mary's, where boats are as necessary as gondolas in Venice, if you would hold any intercourse with the neighbouring islands. Fred generally goes with papa in his boat. I think I shall like to remember how Fred Tresize looks when I think of our happy days going out in the boat with papa and him; so I will try if I can describe him.

He is rather short, but well proportioned, muscular, and firmly knit; he seems so strong and powerful, as if he could do anything he tried to do. He walks very fast, and yet he does not look as if he tried to walk fast, but did it because it was pleasant. He has a well-shaped head, a rather bronzed and thin face, well cut features, and quick bright eyes, blue grey in colour, with a roguish twinkle in them sometimes; a light coloured moustache, and directly under his chin a small pointed beard; a healthy colour on his cheeks, a very merry smile, a pleasant voice, and a quick bright energetic way of doing things, as if life permeated every fibre and muscle of his being. Nursie says while other men *think* of doing things, Fred *does* them. I should like to see Fred Tresize piloting a ship: I know just how he would look standing at the wheel, with his eyes scanning and comprehending all around him, yet never moving from the immediate duty in hand, with his glance grave and keen, his lips firmly set under his moustache, his colour a trifle heightened, and his lithe form erect and manly. I think he would make a fine subject for a picture of "Embodied Duty."

To Nursie's unspeakable comfort, Fred became a teetotaler some years ago, and though he does not make much profession of religion, yet he is kind and good to his dear old mother, and goes with her to chapel whenever he is able, and is willing to put his money into the collection box for the different purposes to which he is asked to contribute. Fred always dresses so neatly, even in his work he looks well, with his navy blue guernsey frock, beautifully knit by Nurse, and dark trousers; and the cap jauntily surmounting his pleasant face and light hair; but if you see him in the evenings and on Sundays, when work is rested from, you would say he looks quite smart and gentlemanly in his dark clothes with his white shirt-front and low collar, and tie of bright ribbon round his neck, knotted loosely at his throat.

Nurse laughs and says all the girls in St. Mary's are in love with Fred, but he says oracularly, "There are girls *and* girls. When I see the girl that equals my mother, I'll make up to her. And then, maybe, the one that suits me I may not suit." And so he still remains unmarried, and is invited to almost every party and merry-making on the islands, and is never in the way, wherever he may go.

We have had so many happy holidays going in papa's boat with Fred Tresize to see the kelp-burners at work. A cousin of papa's, who came from Penzance, and went with us one summer, was so interested about the kelp manufacture on our islands, and said so much of the novelty of the scene, that I think it must be worth writing about in my book. A Mr. Nance, grandpapa says, introduced this trade to the islands about two hundred years ago. He came from Cornwall, and settled on St. Martin's, and taught the people how to prepare kelp. It is an alkali much used in making glass, and soap, and alum, and some of the best to be had is what we send from the Scilly Islands to Bristol and other places.

Kelp is made from the oar-weed—*Alga marina* papa says is the botanical name—which clings to our rocks, and stretches out in some places under the water yards and yards in length, pale golden brown in colour, like the golden locks of the

mermaids, or like ripe corn, so that it looks as if there were a harvest under the sea waiting the reapers' sickles, as indeed is partly true, for our oar-weed supplies one of the main industries of our archipelago. The time for burning kelp is in summer. The boats go to the distant ledges, where it is most abundant, when the tide is high ; wait for it to subside, get out and cut the oar-weed from the rocks, and fill their boats, which float again when the tide again rises. They then return to convenient sheltered coves and creeks in the islands, such as old and new Grimsby harbours in Tresco, or to St. Martin's, or the rocks of St. Agnes and the Gugh, which latter is sometimes an island, but at low water only a peninsula of St. Agnes. Here they empty their cargoes and spread the weed broadcast to dry in the sun and wind, where it is left for some days ; and if the weather is damp, it is put up in cocks like hay. Then a kelp pit is made, a wide deep place dug out seven or eight feet wide, and three or four deep, and lined with stones to prevent sand or earth mixing with the kelp, into which they throw a bunch of lighted furze, and on



it a heap of the dried oar-weed ; more and more is piled up, till the pit is full of a smouldering mass ; this remains burning till the once golden and brown sea-weed is changed into a black lump of potash at the bottom of the pit. While it is burning it makes a great fire, and the men stir it with iron rakes. It is a curious sight on a hot summer's day to see the rocks crowded with men, women, and even the children of the kelp burners, for all come to help ; and there are laughter and talking and running hither and thither, and in the midst the pits and the glowing kelp which does not smell nicely as it burns ; and this is the great drawback to the pleasure.

The children are engaged to bring more weed to the men at the pits as the fires reduce the bulk of what is burning. You may see little children no bigger than our Harry carrying bundles of the dried weed almost as large as themselves, and more than their tiny hands can well hold. Fred Tresize is as much at home at kelp-burning as at anything else ; and Ernie and George like nothing better than

to help to feed the fires. Papa says Ernie works well in the surgery, for he is going to be a doctor, and is already apprenticed to papa, but George is not very industrious at school. I wonder how it is that some boys who are idle in their proper every-day work will toil really hard at hay-making or kelp-burning. I suppose it must be because they fancy it is a sort of holiday after all.

Grandpapa always invites George to St. Agnes for hay-making and harvesting. He laughingly declares George does more than half a man's work, so it is quite worth while to give him his food ; and he comes back to us almost as brown as a berry.

We have had a splendid season for kelp this year : the long continuance of glorious golden sunshine and a drying wind through May and June enabled the men to cut the weed early, and it dried almost as soon as it was spread upon the rocks. We had many kelp holidays, for papa believes in sunshine and fresh air for his children, and only says we must work with double diligence in school when the weather is wet.

Amongst the kelp-burners is always to be seen "Honest Joe," earning a trifle as well as he can towards his maintenance. His poor withered arms are just able to grasp and hold the bundles of oar-weed and carry them to the fires. Our parents regard Honest Joe as a true hero ; his home is at Old Town, and before he was stricken, he was in comfortable, even easy circumstances. Joe cannot help being poor now, for though many friends are kind to him, and I know papa would not take any money for attendance on him during his long illness, yet it must make a terrible difference to a man who has been able to earn by his skillful toil amply sufficient for his simple wants and those of his good old mother ; when, through disease, he can hardly earn as many pence as he formerly gained shillings.

But he is so splendidly brave and patient, you never hear him murmur, and he is never idle unless pain obliges him to be so. He is often to be met with in the old churchyard by the sea at Old Town, where his father lies buried. He has always taken a pride in keeping the grave neat ; and even now that it is as much as ever his poor hands can do to hold the shears, he manages to cut the grass and keep the turf smooth over that dear resting-place. Mamma says that nothing so much consecrates a graveyard as the tender affection which remembers the dead and seeks to render some office for them, whether by building a costly monument, or planting and watering a simple flower. She says Honest Joe does honour to his manhood when by painful effort he lays the offering of loving toil upon his father's grave.

Joe is quite an authority about Old Town church and churchyard : he knows almost every grave in it, and its story ; and, indeed, he is well furnished with many interesting particulars of the history of our islands. He has read a good deal, and noticed a good deal more, and is very wise about the sea birds and their habits : the boys all go to him when they are at fault.

"I'll make one of the party to-day, children," announced dear mamma at breakfast on one of our kelp holidays.

"Joy, joy ! mamma's going too," shouted Harry.

"That will be splendid," said Ernie ; "I may row mother, may I not ?" and he turned to papa.

"You may take your turn, my son ; I have no doubt we shall be glad of your help."

Oh! the bright delicious freshness of that glorious morning on the sparkling waters of the bay, with the sky an unclouded blue dome above us, and the sands of all the inlets and caves around in the various islands sparkling, some like gold and some like silver, under that brilliant sun-light. And such a merry party in our boat, which with its white sails outspread skims like a beautiful bird over the shining sea; its keel kissing as it goes, with a soft gurgling sound, every little wavelet that rises to meet it. The wind is favourable and soon brings our boat, "The Shag," to Tresco beach, in New Grimsby Harbour. Here we land and make our way over the rocks to where the kelp-burners are already busy. It is hot work by the fires in the pits, and the faces of the men who stand over them raking the weed are bronzed with the heat and covered with little beads of perspiration under the scorching sun, and very often they turn aside to drink.

There are great cans of cold tea and coffee, and jugs and pitchers of thin oatmeal, which have been brought here early in the morning. There is hardly any beer, for a great number of the more respectable of our islanders are thorough-going teetotallers who would not dream of tasting any intoxicating liquors. Our appearance as we join the women and children is kindly hailed. Everybody knows us, and we know everybody on Scilly: it is so nice to be neighbours to all the inhabitants of the islands. Mamma has a great deal to hear from the mothers about their children; while papa, with Ernest and George, and Fred Tresize carrying little Harry, visit the fires; and the little girls and myself play on the rocks with some of the dear little cottage children.

How hungry the pure sweet sea-breezes make us even on this hot day, and what a merry dinner-party we have, with delicious meat and fruit pasties, and cream and blanchmange, and iced water. All that is left mamma gives to us for a feast amongst the little children of our poorer neighbours, and it is great fun to see their astonishment at the blanchmange, and their appreciation of it when once they are convinced that it is something very good to eat.

And then early in the evening there is the pleasant sail back to St. Mary's, with soft violet shadows creeping over the grand old rocks, and the sky a tenderer paler blue; and the fair crescent moon just visible in the east.

(To be continued.)

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

By DR. F. R. LEES.

II.

THE first reaction which follows the putting of alcohol in contact with parts of the body containing blood-vessels, is *inflammation*, or topical irritation. A blister is a good example of this. A mild blister of mustard, meal, and water is seen to redden the skin:

a stronger one, if kept on, causes the skin to rise, watery serum to be drawn from the blood, and lastly a *sore or rupture* to be set up. Such would be the effect of long contact of alcohol with *any* tissue or part, of the kind named, whether inside or outside of the body.

Blood-vessels are pipes: some of them at the surface are *capillary*—that is, hair-like in fineness—and the strength or tone of their muscular coats depends on nerve-carrying force; and when this force is lessened, they are apt to stretch or swell out, so as to become *visibly* blood-shot, as in the dangerous disease called erysipelas. Now, alcohol when touching them, first excites to violent resistance or re-action; nervous force is drawn away or lost, and then follows congestion—that is, blood in greater quantity remains in the flabby vessels, which do not contract as strongly as before, nor send on the blood as fast. After a while it will *darken* (melanosis) in the vessel, and become less and less vital. There is a second reason why alcohol *promotes* special inflammation when set up. The experiments of Professor BINNZ, of Bonn, made in the year 1868, clearly show that when alcohol is swallowed it excites the heart and permeates the whole system, and its effect is to *dilate the blood-vessels*, those of the head especially, and this it never fails to do. Its general and its topical effect, therefore, coincide—they agree in inducing inflammation.

Another re-action from alcohol in tissues and vital juices is a chemical one. It *coagulates* semi-fluids, particularly the wonderful “protoplasm,” and it *hardens* (that is, tans or astringes) muscular and other solids.

Alcohol induces or aggravates inflammation for still another reason. The various parts of the body are all repaired by the *protoplasm* of the blood, and alcohol injures this protoplasm, and so makes the recovery of inflamed parts slower. This food of the tissues being thickened, or rendered less living, does not do its work so readily and so well. Alcohol thus strikes a blow at the life and growth of the body *in the very germs* (or molecules) of the structure, in the bricks and mortar of the living-house. It

has been found that alcohol, in the form of gin, mixed with the milk given to young dogs, stops their growth; and what is true of the building up of pups will hold concerning that of puppies. To this chiefly, as well as to after starvation, the small and dwarfed condition of many children of drinking parents is to be traced. In fact, the action of alcohol upon the *vital juices* of the body is exactly like that of hot water upon an egg. A little heat *thickens* the albumen within the egg, and a little more hardens it. So alcohol, as a chemical agent, draws water from the tissues, and thickens the juices. It tends to that effect in all cases according to its power—that is, so far as it acts *at all*, it acts *so*. Hence the work of “healing,” after a cut, as well as of repair, is hindered by the use of alcohol in any shape or guise.

The same relation of alcohol to albumen explains the thickening or tanning effect of drink upon the lining membrane of the stomach and other parts.

A very singular proof of all this was providentially given many years back; and since the year 1835 I have always used the case as the foundation of my own physiological arguments. A young Canadian, in the year 1824, received the contents of a gun loaded with duck-shot, which was accidentally let off within a yard of his shoulder. The shot penetrated the left lung, tore away a portion of the ribs, and of the stomach near its cardiac opening, or upper part. No great blood-vessel being touched, the wound was plugged, and the man—ALEXIS SAN MARTIN—got well under the care of Dr. W. BEAUMONT, of the United States Army. The wound closed behind, but never in front, and an opening was left, of the size of a crown piece, through which the state and operations of the stomach could be plainly observed. In several of my works, during the last thirty-five years, I have published *coloured* illustrations of this notable case,

showing *to the eye* the inflammatory action of alcohol.* For several years, at intervals, BEAUMONT performed upon this man important experiments, and made observations, to ascertain the nature of digestion, the effect and digestibility of various kinds of food and drink, and in 1833, at Plattsburgh, New York, published the results in a volume, which was afterwards republished by Dr. ANDREW COMBE in this country. I will, however, quote from the original book, and tell you what Dr. BEAUMONT thus ascertained as to alcohol by actual sight. If men will not believe such evidence, would they believe if one rose from the dead?

"Simple water is perhaps the only fluid called for by the wants of the economy. The artificial drinks are probably all more or less injurious; some more so than others; but none can claim exemption from the general charge. Even coffee and tea have a tendency to debilitate the digestive organs. Let any one who is in the habit of drinking either of these articles in a *weak* decoction, take two or three cups made very *strong*, and he will soon be aware of their injurious tendency. And this is only an addition to the strength of the narcotic he is in the constant habit of using."†

"The whole class of alcoholic liquors, whether simply fermented or distilled, may be considered as narcotics, producing very little difference in their ultimate effects on the system."‡

'VISIBLE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL AFTER A FEW DAYS' FREE DRINKING.

"July 28 (1833), 9 o'clock, A.M.—Stomach empty—not healthy—some

* A few copies of these coloured plates (price 6d.) may be had of Dr. Lees, Meanwood Lodge, Leeds. If some wealthy friends would aid us, we should like to print the case in colours for ONWARD. Dr. Brunton has just brought the case before the notice of the Peers' Committee. —EDS.

† "Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice and Physiology of Digestion." Plattsburgh, 1833, p. 49-50.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 50.

erythema [inflammatory] and aphthous [ulcerous] patches on the mucous surface.

"August 1, 8 o'clock, A.M.—Secretions vitiated. Extracted about half an ounce of gastric juice—not clear and pure as in health—quite viscid.

"August 2, 8 o'clock, A.M.—Circumstances and appearances very similar to those of yesterday. Extracted one ounce of gastric fluids—consisting of unnatural proportions of vitiated mucus, saliva, and some bile, tinged slightly with blood, appearing to exude from the surface of the erythema and aphthous patches, which were tenderer and more irritable than usual. St. Martin complains of no sense of pain, symptoms of indisposition, nor even of impaired appetite.

"August 3, 7 o'clock, A.M.—Inner membrane of stomach unusually morbid—the erythematous appearance more extensive, and spots more livid than usual; from the surface of some of which exuded small drops of grumous blood—the aphthous patches larger and more numerous—the mucous covering thicker than common, and the gastric secretions much more vitiated. The gastric fluids extracted this morning were mixed with a large proportion of thick ropy mucus, and considerable mucopurulent matter, slightly tinged with blood, resembling the discharge from the bowels in some cases of chronic dysentery. Notwithstanding this diseased appearance of the stomach, no very essential aberration of its functions was manifested."

"The free use of ardent spirits, wine, beer, or any intoxicating liquors, when continued for some days, has invariably produced these morbid changes."§

An important lesson must be drawn from this—that the mere absence of feeling is no proof of the absence of injury; for here, while ST. MARTIN fancied all was well, the most serious disturbance was going on—that disturbance which, when the drinker at last awakes from his delusion, has ensured a painful disease and a premature death. It is for the Young to be WISE IN TIME.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 239.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER A PRIZE IN BOOKS, value 6s. 6d., for the best, and a prize value 3s. 6d. for the second best Essay; subject, "Why I am an abstainer." Length not to exceed 500 words.

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; compositions to be solely their own productions, and to be sent to the Editors not later than April 1st; writing to be on one side of the paper only.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

MERCY.

ENVY.

1.—CHARADE.

My *first's* an article of food
Enjoyed by you and me;
At breakfast it is very good,
As also 'tis at tea.

My *second* does my second do,
And though a tiny thing
'Twas sent in multitudes to show
God's wrath to Egypt's king.

My *whole* a thing with life and breath,
From cruelty we'll save:
An emblem 'tis of life and death,
An ascent from the grave.

FRANCES.

2.—BIBLICAL PUZZLE.

1. Take the 1st and 2nd letters of the name of one of the apostles, and the 1st, 8th and 9th of his surname.
2. The 7th, 2nd and 4th of one to whom Jesus said, "Follow Me," and he arose and followed him.
3. The 3rd and 5th of one of the books of the Old Testament.
4. The 1st, 4th and 6th of one of the sons of Jesse.
5. The 1st and 8th of the name of a blind man mentioned in the New Testament.
6. The 3rd and 2nd of a very young king who feared God.
7. The 5th and 6th of the name of Ahab's wife.
8. The 5th of the name of Moses' father-in-law.

These letters connected will give a command of St. Paul.

MARIE.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two words you will at length describe,
Well known to all the rhyming tribe;
If you correctly answer those
Enigmas short in double rows,
The primals and the finals tell
What Burns and Wordsworth knew right well.

1. A deep and very solemn sound
Was heard amid the sacred ground
Where the cathedral tall was found.
2. Upon a distant sunny shore
Its waters in a tempest roar,
A river famed for evermore.
3. He was so very tall and thin,
The people used to laugh and grin,
And call him more like Death than Sin.
4. A man who borrows ought to pay
His debt at the appointed day,
With interest, and clear his way.
5. If you can answer how and why
The world was made and people die,
You will be clever certainly.
6. By taking care in this you can
Most likely grow an aged man,
And not be haggard, pale, and wan.

G. J. BELL.

4.—DECAPITATION.

In the mansion and palace,
The office and shop,
I'm ever seen going,
And seldom I stop.
But take off my head
As you've oft done before,
And my form you will see
On the chest, box and door.

H. H. ADAMS.

5.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Complete, a feminine name behold ;
 Two letters transposed, another is told ;
 Transpose again and you bring to light
 Vast bodies of men prepared for fight ;
 One letter drop, transpose, and you shed
 A shining beam from the sun o'erhead ;
 Now take it complete and then curtail,
 To spoil or deface this cannot fail ;
 Reversed an animal it will be ;
 Transpose and part of the body see ;
 By dropping a letter and adding the tail
 Belonging at first, you will then unveil
 A pretty feminine name—transpose
 When another and part of the year it shows ;
 Reversed, you find it a foreign fruit,
 Perhaps it would not your palate suit ;
 Behead and you leave a little word
 Which used for *ham* is very absurd ;
 Reversed, 'tis ever the name of a mother ;
 Curtail and you have the first of another.

IVY.

6.—ENIGMA.

My *first* is in angel, but not in love ;
 My *second* is in pigeon, but not in dove ;
 My *third* is in ocean, but not in sea ;
 My *fourth* is in music, but not in glee ;
 My *fifth* is in valley, but not in wood ;
 My *sixth* is in goodness, but not in good ;
 My *seventh* is in running, but not in walk ;
 My *eighth* is in singing, but not in talk ;
 My *ninth* is in beau, but not in belle ;
 My *tenth* is in water, but not in well ;
 My *last* is in barley, also in rye.

And now, my young friends, to find me please
 try.

I come in the winter and summer so gay ;
 I come in December and also in May ;
 I come once a year, but I cannot stay long,
 As I'm wanted elsewhere by an anxious throng ;
 But here I must tell you (now don't get enraged)
 That a day never passes without I'm engaged.
 I bring joy and pleasure, but sometimes a tear ;
 I am here every day, but I come once a year.

PHIL. GARROOD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 28 & 29.

1. H uahin E
 O nio N
 L e G
 L
 A d A
 N air N
 D iamon D
 Holland and England.

2. Dear girls and boys, if you would rise,
 Abstainers you must be :
 Drink water clear throughout the year,
 And at the end you'll see

You're richer far in health and wealth
 Than they who take the wine,
 Which only leads men down by stealth
 To ruin and to sin.

3. Jesus Christ and the Jewish Sanhedrim.
 —John vii. 45—53, and viii. 1.

4. Dog—Og—g. 5. Bel-dame.
 6. Dec—ember(s). 7. A kiss.

DEFINITIONS.

PRIDE.

The offspring of ignorance, oft nurtured by
 riches and sustained by folly, and generally
 leads to destruction. S. H. McC.

The opposite of modesty, and is made up
 of selfishness, avarice, and conceit ; it shows
 littleness of mind, and goeth before a fall.

IDA M. WEST.

ADVERSITY.

The brush which clears away the dust, so
 that the light of the candle of the Gospel may
 be reflected on the lost piece of silver.

S. H. McC.

The school in which we learn life's most
 valuable lessons. A. S. CHAMBERS.

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY.
PRIZE PAPER.

IT was not a fashionable party, for aunt and
 uncle are quiet homely people, who find their
 greatest delight in making other people—
 especially us young ones—perfectly happy.
 But I think it was one of the pleasantest even-
 ings I ever spent.

There had been a sharp frost, and the lake
 at the back of the house was frozen over, so a
 few of us went early and had a regular good
 skate. Wasn't it fun? We came indoors
 about three o'clock with sparkling eyes and
 rosy cheeks, just ready for the fun which was
 coming.

My cousins, Fred and Harry, were the life
 of the party—brimful of fun and mischief ; and
 we had to keep our eyes open or they were sure
 to play us some trick. But who minded? Some
 of the girls wore long trained dresses, and those
 mischievous boys tied green ribbons to them,
 and pinned them to the girls' waists. No one
 could help laughing at the young ladies sail-
 ing about so grandly, their green streamers
 floating gracefully on the air. They were a
 little vexed at first, but on the whole took it in
 good part.

When the guests had all arrived, my uncle
 with Miss S. (daughter of our mayor) led the
 way to the dining-room. As we went down I
 saw Fred standing by the dining-room door
 with a look of such comical gravity as to cause
 me to think there was mischief brewing. And

so there was: for scarcely were we seated before we were startled by the growling of a dog. I have a great fear of dogs, and I started to my feet with a scream, many of the others following suite, causing a commotion which might have terminated seriously had not the roguish faces of the boys betrayed them. In the midst of the excitement I caught sight of myself in the mirror, and saw actually a large yellow paper rosette pinned to the back of my hair. You may be sure I was not long removing it, and returning thanks to the kind donor.

Our host entertained us in the drawing-room for nearly an hour with stories of his youth, which tended not only to amuse but also to instruct. He spoke of the difference

between total abstinence *now* and in his young days; and we, who are abstainers, felt thankful as he told us of the temptations to young people at social parties in the past from which we were free, while some of the non-abstainers were "almost persuaded" to join us.

Then there was music, singing, charades, and indeed everything we could wish to ensure our thorough enjoyment. And we did enjoy ourselves.

We had supper at ten, and after that we found it was time to separate, which we did with some reluctance, after unanimously thanking our host and hostess for their kindness, and assuring them of our enjoyment of the evening.

EMILY MAUDE PRICE (aged 17).

THE DISCONTENTED ROSE.

A FABLE

A ROSE within a lovely garden grew,
Surrounded by bright flowers of every
hue;
The sunshine kissed its leaves, the
gentle shower
Sprinkled at noon the faintly drooping
flower.
Among the rest it stood in queenly
pride,
Flinging sweet perfume round on every
side,
Looking with proud disdain on all the
rest,
Swelling with vain conceit its glowing
breast.
And thus it spake, "I'm tired of this
dull place,
This is no home for elegance and
grace!
The great world there beyond the gar-
den wall
Where stand those poplars, beautiful
and tall,
Is just the spot where I could shine in
state,
And be the envy of the rich and great."
When twilight shadows gathered all
around,
And darkness came upon the garden
ground,
There came a lady, elegant and gay,

Who, stooping, plucked the trembling
rose away.
She placed it in the meshes of her
hair,
Where it would make her damask cheek
more fair
And entered in a ball-room blazing
bright,
Where the wine sparkled in the
gleaming light,
And all the air was filled with music
sweet,
And softly fell a host of flying feet;
And the rose trembled with a sweet
delight,
And murmured, "I shall see the world
to-night."
The music swifter grew, the giddy
whirl
Of mazy madness loosed the maiden's
curl.
The music ceased, and when the dance
was o'er [floor,
The rose lay gasping on the polished
Where, crushed beneath the dancers'
feet, she died;
But with her latest breath she tremblin g
cried— [den grows
"The humblest flower that in the gar-
Is happier far than the poor slighted
rose."
W. A. EATON.

HOLD FAST!

OGDEN.

1. When once you seize the right and true, Hold fast! hold fast! Let not tempta-tion

KEY A ♭.

2. Fear not that you shall conquer'd be, Hold fast! hold fast! If you for good work
3. The weak-est man is he who falls, Hold fast! hold fast! Be-cause the tempter

conquer you, Hold fast! hold fast! Stand firmly on your ground, and when You meet the

con-stant-ly, Hold fast! hold fast! No pow'r shall cheat you of suc-cess, If faith - ful -
to him calls, Hold fast! hold fast! The strong-est is the man who stands Un-moved when

frowns of wicked men; Oh, ne'er give o'er, but firm-ly then Hold fast! hold fast!

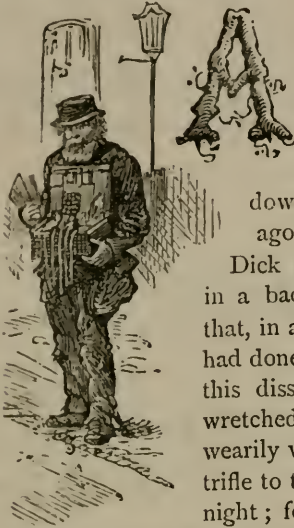
ly you on-ward press, And heav'n your course will guide and bless, Hold fast! hold fast!
ly you on-ward press, And heav'n your course will guide and bless, Hold fast! hold fast!
wrong his work commands, And for the right holds up his hands, Hold fast! hold fast!

"JUST FOR A LARK."

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

CHAPTER II.

"He who reforms himself, has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy impotent patriots."—*Lavater*.



S Dick wended his way home, his mind lapsed into such a state of sullen gloom, he almost overturned a poor pedlar who chanced to come in his way.

"Ah! drink, drink again," muttered the old man, as he gazed at Dick's retreating figure staggering down the road. "I should have been a rich man years ago, if it had not been for the cursed drink."

Dick kept plodding on, stumbling at every step, for he was in a bad humour; he felt quite angry with himself to think that, in a semi-drunken moment of good-tempered weakness, he had done that which he had so firmly resolved never to do. In this dissatisfied condition of mind he at last reached his wretched dwelling, much to the surprise of his wife, who was wearily working away with her needle, that she might add a trifle to the small pittance Dick brought home every Saturday night; for nearly all that he earned at the end of the week had to go to pay for what he drank at the beginning. Without saying a word to his wife, Dick sat down on an old box—for they hadn't a chair in the place—took off his boots, and flinging them with savage force to the opposite end of the room, slipped off his seat into the corner upon a nondescript heap of old rags—the nearest approach to a bed that they could afford—and was soon fast asleep. His poor wife could see only one explanation of his early return home and strange manner, and that was he had been dismissed from his employment—a calamity she had dreaded daily for many months past. Burying her poor grief-stricken face in her thin wan hands, she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break. How would she get food for her poor children now? for though they benefited but little from the work of his hands, yet, trifle as it was, it kept them from starving. With that heroic forgetfulness of self so often shown by women in the hour of trial, she thought not of her own bitter fate, but that most unselfish of all feelings—a *mother's love*—held such complete possession of her aching heart, she thought only of those whom God had given her to nurture and love; so, dashing aside her tears, she rose from her seat, with a wild despairing look in her eyes, and clutching at the guttering light with a frenzied grasp that spoke of a mind tottering on the verge of despair, she hurried to the corner of the miserable hovel in which her children were lying, and holding the glimmering light aloft, gazed down upon the little half-starved inmates of that dreadful bed with feelings that may perhaps be imagined, but can never be described. Was the sight of those little pale faces in their beautiful setting of flaxen hair too much for her? Perhaps so, for there was something touchingly sad

in the contrast afforded by those shining tresses as they strayed in picture-que confusion over that tattered heap of old coloured rags, on which poverty had pillowed those poor little innocent heads. Or was it the sight of that tiny hand of Willie's tightly clasped in little Fred's that touched her woman's heart? for once again her feelings overcame her, and setting down the expiring light, she threw herself upon the wretched bed by the side of her little ones, and once more broke the stillness of that dreary room with her convulsive sobs.

Weaker and fainter grew the light; it danced and flickered in the socket—a fitting symbol of the conflict between life and death, despair and hope, that was raging in her heart—one moment, all but out, then leaping once more into renewed brightness, to be again succeeded by the faintest possible glimmer. Presently it gave one bright gleaming leap, then all the painful realities of that cheerless home were shrouded in total darkness, with not a sound to break the awful stillness of the night, save the deep, half-smothered breathing of the sleeping inebriate in the corner. Had *her* life's faint spark gone out with that candle's flickering flame? or was her weary spirit only lulled into temporary forgetfulness in the kindly arms of Death's twin-sister—Sleep? We shall see.

CHAPTER III.

“GOOD morning, sir,” said Tom Foster, gleefully saluting his master on the morning following the events narrated in the last chapter.

“Ah! Tom, is that you? Good morning,” was the cheery response of the kindly-hearted man. “What has made you so pleased? for you seem to be in an unusually happy mood this morning.”

“I am, indeed,” said Tom, “for I have a bit of good news for you;” and bending closer to his master's smiling face, he exclaimed in a loud confidential whisper,

“Dick's signed the pledge!”

“You don't say so!” said the old man, with a start.

“But I do!” said Tom; “and what's more, here it is in black and white,” he continued, laying the open book before the astonished gaze of his master.

The tears gathered in the eyes of the tender-hearted old man as he looked upon that badly written line.

“Tom,” said he, after a moment's pause; “there was always something about Dick that I liked; I believe there would not be a kinder husband, nor a better workman the country round than Dick, if he only kept from the drink. Tom, I am more delighted than if I had found a bag of gold.”

“I knew you would be,” said Tom, rubbing his hands with an air of the most intense satisfaction. “And now I want to make a suggestion,” said Tom. “It is easier to sign the pledge than it is to keep it. Make the path that lies before poor Dick an easier one, by putting him on that job we have in hand at Brookford, and let me go too if possible; then he will be away from the tempting influence of his present companions, and I can keep a watchful eye over him.”

“A capital thought,” said Mr. Shaw. “Send him in to me at once, and go and get yourself ready, and I'll start you both off directly.”

Before the world was a day older, Tom and Dick were both at work at Brookford.

(To be continued.)

FATHER, LEAD US.

FATHER, lead us in Thy mercy,
By Thy sunshine and Thy love ;
Bless our lives with smiles of gladness
From Thy throne of bliss above.
Many are the foes which tempt us
As we journey o'er life's way ;
Many guide-posts bid us wander
From the path of right astray.

Tender Shepherd, do Thou guide us ;
Lead our falt'ring steps aright.
Thou art faithful ; bid us trust Thee,
Till our faith shall end in sight.
Father, guide us by Thy counsel,
Lead us ever by Thy hand,
Lest we wander in the darkness—
Wander from the promised land.

Lights are beaming all around us—
Lights which lead young feet astray ;
And the tempter seeks to lure us
From the safe and narrow way :
But the beacon of Thy mercy
Shineth ever right and clear
From that lighthouse of Thy glory,
Pointing out the way to steer.

Saviour, guide us by Thy wisdom,
Safely o'er the track of Time ;
Guard us in the hour of danger,
As each rugged hill we climb,
Fill each soul with holy sunshine,
With Thy mercy, and Thy love,
Bear us home on wings of glory
To that world of bliss above.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

In the silent evening hour
A mother sat nursing her child,
And ever anon would the teardrops
start
From her eyes so sweet and mild.

There was deep love in the soul
Of that young mother and wife ;
She thought of her child as a voyager
tossed
On the stormy sea of life.

But the future was all dark,
And his lot she could not see ;
Yet she prayed that Heaven would save
her boy
From the drunkard's misery.

And she breathed this plaintive cry
From her soul's deep agony :
"O God ! I would rather bury him now,
Than a drunkard he should be !"

Ah ! bitterly had she known
The sorrows which drunkards have ;
Her faithful brother and honoured sire
Were both in a drunkard's grave.

O God ! 'tis a terrible thought,
The child we tenderly rear
May one day like a madman reel,
And perish in wild despair.

W. HOYLE.

SOMEBODY'S GRANDPA.—A little girl in Reading, Penn., recently saw an old drunken man lying on a doorstep, the perspiration pouring off his face, and a crowd of children preparing to make fun of him. She took her little apron and wiped his face, and then looked up so pitifully to the rest, and made this remark, "Oh, don't hurt him ; he's somebody's grandpa."



"O God, I would rather bury him now
Than a drunkard he should be!"—page 54.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

By A. J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER III.—TEMPTATION AND VICTORY.

MR. FOUNTAIN felt his heart drawn out in love to his little friend at the Orphanage: he loved to hear boys speak out as Richard had done, and he determined he would do all in his power to help him to be strong and faithful to the pledge he had made. Only a very few mornings had passed when the postman brought a packet addressed to—

“Master Richard Williamson,”

which on being opened was found to contain a book that every Band of Hope child should read, “Morning Dewdrops,” by Mrs. Balfour; besides this was a very encouraging letter, in which Mr. Fountain gave to Richard six reasons why he should keep an abstainer, and bid him learn them by heart, and teach the other boys in his cottage. I cannot tell you all the kind words that were in the letter, but you may like to read the six reasons. Here they are:

I. Be an abstainer, because the intoxicating drink is not a creation of God, but a work of man.

II. Be an abstainer, because you will be healthier and stronger, and live longer without the drink.

III. Be an abstainer, because you will be saved from many evil companions and temptations to which those who drink are exposed.

IV. Be an abstainer, because if you become a drinker the habit will grow upon you so strongly that you may be unable to break it off.

V. Be an abstainer, because the Bible says, “Look not upon the wine, because it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

VI. Be an abstainer because you will be setting a good example to others, and more like the Saviour who went about doing good.

Richard read these reasons over and over again, and very quickly replied to Mr. Fountain's kind note, and in a week had read the book and made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the facts it contained.

Once a year, at a large hotel in London, the Orphanage Committee held the Annual Dinner. On this occasion some of the boys had a delightful trip up to town, and sang several hymns and pieces during the evening, while the band sometimes played on their drums and fifes.

You can hardly imagine Richard's delight when he heard that he was to be one of the number of the boys to visit town. Mr. Johnson, with his usual foresight, had arranged to take the boys several hours earlier, and thus give them an opportunity of visiting some of the sights of London. Arriving at London Bridge Station they went down to the boat pier and then on to Westminster, and paid a flying visit to Westminster Abbey; back again, they looked over St. Paul's Cathedral; then going along Cheapside they called on the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and then to the hotel where the dinner was to take place.

After dinner the boys marched into the room and sang very sweetly several melodies, the company giving them hearty cheers and many thanks. When they had done their part, and were preparing to go home, one of the committee of the Orphanage came in and said:

"Boys, the Committee are so pleased with your singing that they have asked me to see that each of you have a glass of wine before you go." Many of the boys had never tasted wine, and their eyes sparkled at the prospect of tasting what they thought to be a great treat.

The wine was brought round, and all took it but one little hero, Richard, and he respectfully and firmly declined to touch the intoxicating drink. "No, thank you, sir," said Richard. "I have promised not to touch the drink, and I must keep my promise."

Mr. Walter said nothing, but looked rather offended; the next time that he met the other members of the Committee at the Orphanage he saw Mr. Johnson and made some inquiries about Richard, calling him the boy that could not drink a glass of wine.

"He is an excellent boy, sir," replied the superintendent, "and quite believes in keeping close to what he professes."

"I should like to have a little conversation with this boy." In a few moments Richard stood before Mr. Walter. "Tell me, my boy, why you would not drink the glass of wine the other night."

"Because, sir, I promised Mr. Fountain I would never touch intoxicating drinks, and because I should never have been a poor boy in this Orphanage if my father had not loved the drink too much."

Mr. Walter went away very thoughtful; he was not an abstainer or a drunkard, but he had a son who sometimes came home intoxicated, and the brave refusal of Richard had made him think that perhaps some of the boys in the Orphanage might by this encouragement to take one glass of wine at the annual dinner in the end become drunkards.

The result of this thought may be told in a few words. Mr. Fountain received from the secretary an interesting letter stating that the Committee had considered the question of drinking among the young, and they had determined to ask Mr. Fountain to establish a Band of Hope at the Orphanage.

This was the first good result from Richard's victory over the temptation he had to break his pledge.

(To be continued.)

MARCH.

THOUGH the wild wintry blast sweeps across the old hill,

And the tall trees are bare as can be,

The frost has departed, and freed the wild rill,

And it sings as it goes in high glee.

The snow has all gone, and the birds hop about,

And seem to be chirping of Spring;

And up by the hedgerow the violets peep out,

And the swallow is trying his wing.

Old Winter is grand in his garment of snow,

With his cosy long nights by the fire;

But still I am glad when he packs up to go,

For young Spring is my darling desire.

W. A. EATON.



United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.—The annual *soirée* of the above Union was held on Monday, 28th January, in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. S. Shirley, J. M. Cook, F. Smith, and Rev. Canon Fleming. The programme included selections by the Holdfast Handbell Ringers and "Fairy Bells;" readings by Messrs. Duncan, Stevenson and Boyer, and songs by Miss Ridley, Messrs. Curtis and Oakland. The evening was brought to a close by a lecture from Professor E. V. Gardner on "Chemical Marvels," illustrated by numerous experiments.

Tower Hamlets Band of Hope Union.—The anniversary services of the above Union were commenced on Saturday, 26th January, by a conference at Benet's Mission Hall, Mile-end Road. The Rev. Lewis Pearse presided. Mr. Jas. Boyer, Chairman of the Union, read a paper on "The Relationship of Bands of Hope to their Local Unions," and a paper on "Bands of Hope and Sunday Schools" was read by Mr. Fred. Smith, Secretary of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. On Sunday, at 8 a.m., there was a prayer meeting, at which the Rev. Thos. Richardson presided and delivered an address. Temperance and Bands of Hope were the leading topics at all the services held in St. Benet's, Mile-end Road, and St. Mary's, Whitechapel, the rector of the latter church being President of the Union for the present year. In the evening Mr. Nicholas B. Downing delivered a most impressive address to a large congregation in the hall of the Edinboro' Castle (Dr. Barnardo's).

Lambeth Band of Hope Union.—The quarterly conference of managers was held on Friday, 11th January, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. A paper was read by Mr. Percy Selway (prepared by Mr. J. Boyer) on "The Work of a Metropolitan Auxiliary Band of Hope Union." Discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Gadsby, Higgs, Cordrey, Symbery and others took part.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH BANDS OF HOPE.

Chancery Lane Band of Hope, Ardwick.—On Monday, Jan. 21st, the

annual festival [of this society] was held, on which occasion the prizes were presented to the publication canvassers, who during the year had sold 13,232 magazines, &c., and 188 bound volumes, including 4,221 numbers and 39 bound vols. of "ONWARD." The gross value of the prizes was £21 5s., and they consisted of a silver watch, writing desks, workboxes, tools, musical instruments, books, &c.

Grosvenor Street Christian Chapel Band of Hope, Manchester.—At the commencement of last year this society established a "Publication Department," and with only 10 canvassers no less than 6,737 monthly magazines and 144 bound volumes were disposed of during the year. The net profits amounted to £8 4s. 4d., and were returned to the canvassers in prizes. The first prize, value £2 15s., was presented to a little girl who had sold 1,560 magazines and 73 volumes. "ONWARD" was well supported, the number sold being 2,260 and 19 volumes.

* * We shall be pleased to hear of many more Bands of Hope, Juvenile Temples, and other societies, commencing this excellent system of distributing temperance literature. We recommend all secretaries and managers to read the small pamphlet published at our office, entitled, "Publication Departments in Connection with Bands of Hope, and How to Form Them," post free for 1d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "ONWARD."

SIRS,—I cannot think that we do rightly to introduce assumed intoxication as a cause of merriment on our Band of Hope platforms. It is surely painful to see fine sober lads—life-teetotallers, perchance—imitating, amidst roars of laughter from a youthful audience, the disgusting attitudes and tones of the poor dissipated victims of strong drink.

There is already too much disposition in thoughtless children and adults to laugh at drunken men and women in the streets, and should not this be counteracted by temperance teaching? for with those who remember that *drunkenness is a sin*, pity and sorrow must take the place of mirth. I grant that it is impossible to be grave at some of the ridiculous mistakes made by drunken people; but the impersonation of tipsy men by teetotallers for fun is undoubtedly an offence against good taste, if not against religion.—Yours truly,

M. A. PAULL.

A TEACHER'S DREAM.

DISCOURAGED and wearied, I
left my class ;
"What shall I do?" I cried. "Alas !
I surely have tilled for naught the
ground,
For still the briars and weeds abound :
I look for flowers and fruit in vain ;"
And my heart was wrung with a bitter
pain,
As of all I had hoped to do I thought,
And saw how little the good I'd
wrought.
"I have tilled and watered the stubborn
soil
Till I'm weary and sick of the fruitless
toil.
Dear Lord, for Thee no souls I've won !
A profitless servant, I'm all undone."
While thus I spoke, a vision came,
I heard the Master speak my name
In such a sweet and tender tone
As He doth use to call His own.
"Arise, O weary one, come with Me ;
My garden I wish to show," said He.
I rose and went, and the scene was
changed :
I saw how His garden the Lord hath
arranged :
How His servants had portions, some
great, some small ;
But something to do was given to all.
Some in the sunshine were tending the
flowers ;
Some trimming the vines and keeping
the bowers ;
And some were sowing and watering
the seeds,
While others were busily plucking the
weeds.
To some no increase seemed to be given,
Though long they had toiled and
faithfully striven :
While others more favoured places
found :
Their labours with blossoms and fruit
were crowned.
And some wrought hard at the stony soil,

With nothing to cheer their wearisome
toil
But the Master's presence, which gave
them joy ;
And each went on with his own employ.
We came at last to my little plot :
"I'm weary," I cried, "of this
barren spot.
I have sown the seed Thou gav'st, with
tears,
And watched and waited with prayers
and fears,
And all my labour is thrown away ;
I have nothing but briars and weeds
to-day."
"And is it for fruit thou dost toil
alone ?"
The Master asked, with reproachful
tone :
"Though useless thy labours may
seem to thee,
My servant should toil for love of Me.
Behold thy brethren scattered wide,
Some digging high on the bleak
hill side,
Who've worked, like thee, from year to
year,
And still no ripening fruits appear ;
While others away in yon sunny bowers
Are joyfully gathering the fruits and
flowers.
Think not their work more blest than
thine ;
'Tis theirs to toil, the increase Mine.
The good they do all may not know,
Because I've wisely willed it so.
Keep thou to thy place, have faith and
pray,
Thou shalt find thy reward at the close
of the day ;
And though the harvest thou may'st not
see,
Is it much to work for love of Me ?"
"I'll work for Thee, dear Lord," I
cried,
"Though flowers and fruit should be
denied."

DAVID LAWTON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"CAN'T you make any allowance for a fellow's being drunk?" "Yes," said the stipendiary; "I allow you three days' imprisonment."

"WHAT is that man yelling at?" asked a farmer of his boy. "Why," chuckled the urchin; "he's—he's yelling at—at the top of his voice."

A 'CUTE American bar-keeper named his resort "Nowhere," so that when his married customers went home late and their wives wanted to know where they had been, they could safely tell them the truth.

IT was an Irish pilot who, being asked if he knew the rocks in the harbour, replied with confidence: "I do, yer hanner, iviry wan of thim. That's wan," he added calmly, as the ship struck it, filled and sank.

"I DON'T like a fellow who is inclined to fancy everything he sees," said Tom. "I dislike still more the fellow who is inclined to seize everything he fancies," said John.

A METHODIST preacher travelling in the back settlement of a Western State stopped at a cabin, where an old lady received him very kindly, giving him a warm supper, and asking many questions: "Stranger, where mought you be from?" "Madam, I reside in Shelby County, Kentucky." "Well, stranger, hope no offence, but what mought you be doing out here?" "Madam, I am looking for the lost sheep of the house of Israel." "John!" shouted the old lady. "Here's a stranger all the way from Kentucky a hunting lost stock, and I'll just bet my life that old curly-haired black ram that came into our yard last week is one of hisen."

HE overcomes a stout enemy that overcomes his own anger.

GOD puts us on our back when we are sick, that we may look upwards.

DRUNKENNESS is a pair of spectacles to see the devil and all his works.

IT is wise not to seek a secret, and honest not to reveal one.

ACTION should follow thought. No farmer can plough a field by turning it over in his head.

IN this world it is not what we *take* up, but what we *give* up, that makes us rich.

TRUTH.—Where thou art obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth; for equivocation is half-way to lying, as lying the whole way to hell.

SOME one says truly that the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go is to travel that way sometimes himself.

LITTLE seeds oft find a lodgment where plants could not be set, so to scatter here and there as occasion may offer, brief sentences of a moral and divine tendency, may open a way into minds of solid and saving truth.

LOVE labour; for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayst for physic. It is wholesome for thy body, and good for thy mind. It prevents the fruits of idleness, which many times comes of nothing to do, and leads too many to do what is worse than nothing.

DRUNKENNESS spoils health, dismounts the mind, and unmans men. It reveals secrets, is quarrelsome, lascivious, impudent, dangerous and mad. In fine, he that is drunk is not a man because he is, while drunk, void of the reason that distinguishes a man from beast.

PASSING BY.

THE days of Spring are passing by,
 With all their joys and pleasures ;
 And yet we work not as we ought
 To garner in our treasures.
 Intemperance fills our sea-girt isle,
 And drunkards fall to perish :
 O let us take them by the hand,
 To rescue and to cherish.

The Summer days pass quickly by
 In all their golden beauty,
 And as they pass they bid us wake
 To action and to duty.
 O let us drop some soothing balm
 To cheer the heart in sadness,
 And help some stricken soul to rise
 In freedom and in gladness.

The Autumn days are passing by,
 To warn us of the morrow,
 When faithful souls shall find relief
 From weary toil and sorrow.
 Each talent may we rightly use
 Where duty bids us labour ;
 Each moment seek to save and bless
 Some weak and bruised neighbour

The Winter days are passing by,
 The hours of life are going,
 And one by one our duties press—
 Bid us be up and doing :
 The night shall bring unbroken rest,
 A crown of priceless treasure :
 And floods of glory fill the soul
 With joy which none can measure.

W. P. W. BUXTON.



RUNNING FROM HOME,

OR

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford," "Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR HOME ON ST. AGNES.

WE are such rich children, for not only have we this dear home in Hugh Town, where papa and mamma live, but we have a home in Penzance, where grandpapa and grandmamma Trevan live, but which none of us children as yet have ever occupied, save Ernest and George. Also, there is the dear old farm house on St. Agnes island, where mamma was born, and where grandpapa Hathaway and aunt Dorothea live. This is indeed a home to us, and I think there is nobody in the whole world quite like grandpapa. He is a history, and a geography, and a biography, and an atlas, and a story-book, and, above all, a Bible, bound in one. I must try to draw what mamma calls a pen-and-ink sketch of him. He is not very old : he was only sixty-four last birthday ; so we may expect him to live quite a number of years yet. When I used to read in the Psalm that the "days of our years are threescore years and ten," I used to be afraid that all the people I loved would have to die when they were seventy, or else be very weak and ill for just a few more years longer, and then pass away.

But when I said this to papa, he answered that he does not believe that Moses in writing this Psalm, meant what I had supposed. He most likely stated the fact that people generally lived about seventy years in his time, and if they lived longer grew weak and were not able to enjoy life. But papa says it is no reason why people in England shouldn't live longer, and remain healthy, if they are careful not to spoil their constitutions by intoxicating drinks and tobacco, and extravagant eating and unwise clothing.

Many of grandpapa's ancestors lived to be very old people, and those who died young were mostly drowned, or met with some accident at sea. I never knew grandmamma Hathaway : she died when Uncle Frank was a boy. He had a fever, and she nursed him through it, and then took the fever and died. Mamma became grandpapa's housekeeper then, until she married, and aunt Dorothea took her place. The old farmhouse is situated just in the centre of the island : it is a whitewashed building, not far from the church, and sheltered as much as possible from the wild winds that sometimes sweep over the Cassiterides, and do so much damage to the young crops.

Grandpapa gets a good deal of money by raising new potatoes and brocoli for the London markets : his are often amongst the very earliest sent there. The cows and sheep on our islands are of smaller breeds than those on the mainland. People that come to see us from England call our mutton like Welsh mutton. The Spanish oxen that I have seen a few times when vessels have put into St. Mary's from Corunna through stress of weather, do look so large and their great horns so formidable in comparison with our own.

The children's room in the old farmhouse is such a pretty bedroom, with its snowy dimity curtains to the bed and window, and its rose-wreathed paper on the

walls. It has a book-case stored with interesting travels, and quaint dear old story-books that mamma and auntie used to read when they were children, and still older and quainter volumes that were grandpapa's when he was a boy.

Nobody writes such nice interesting little pieces for children as Jane and Ann Taylor used to write. I can keep our children quiet any day if I say to them "Dicky and the Goat," or "Little Ann and her Mother," or "Naughty Jem." Then there are "The Twin Sisters," and "Always Happy," and Miss Strickland's "Sketch-book of a Young Naturalist," and a "Robinson Crusoe," bound in brown leather, with queer pictures and old-fashioned type, that I like better than any other "Robinson Crusoe" I ever saw. Besides the book-case, there is an old wardrobe of immense size, that takes up almost a third of the room, inside which there is plenty of space for us to hide when we are at play. In the top drawer is grandpapa's stuffed crocodile, which Ernest and George chase us with, and send us screaming and laughing all over the garden to get away from it.

From the window of the children's room there is such a glorious view of the sea, and the Bishop Lighthouse and the Retarrier Reef; and the breeze is always more fresh and sweet and salt that plays around you there, as you throw open your window on a summer morning, than anywhere else. At night the beautiful clear radiance from St. Agnes Lighthouse above us shines far over the water, making the waves glitter in its pale golden light.

We children are all good friends with the lighthouse keepers, Adam and Saul Trethewy. They are cousins, and both of them fine looking men of good pure lives. Saul is married, and has his wife and children living with him in the lower rooms and adjoining cottage. Adam is the elder of the two: he is a bachelor, and about the age of grandpapa. Grandpapa and he are very fond of each other. They used to play together as boys; then grandpapa went to sea for some years, and Adam joined the Navy, and served in many countries, and they were apart all the middle of their lives, to come together once more on the little island where they were born. The lighthouse itself is painted white, so that it may be a day-mark for vessels away at sea as well as a signal by night.

Adam is so proud of his lighthouse, and well he may be, for it is one of the very oldest, and must have saved so many precious lives. It was built just two hundred years ago, and has been used ever since. The names of the two merchants who did this good work are written over the door as you enter:—

"ERECTED BY CAPTAIN HUGH TELL AND
CAPTAIN SYMONS BAYLEY, 1680."

At first the light was only from a beacon fire of coal, which must have been a very awkward and dangerous plan, and much more liable to grow dim or go out through accident than the modern inventions. It is even said that our islanders were wicked and mean enough to sometimes let the lighthouse fire go out on purpose, that they might be enriched by the wrecks this treachery would cause. Knowing how kind our people are now to shipwrecked people, I find it difficult to believe this; but if they did, I can only hope that they repented before they died of so hideous and cowardly a crime.

About a hundred years ago the fire was replaced by a large lamp with reflectors. The beautifully bright and steady light which St. Agnes Lighthouse now gives is caused by its reflectors, which revolve once a minute. They are thirty in number, and made of copper, silvered within and kept spotlessly lustrous, and the revolver

forms in shape a sort of compound triangle of three divisions, having ten reflectors each, three above and below, and four in the middle line.

On St. Agnes are some of the most curious rocks to be found anywhere in the islands. Amongst these are the Devil's Punch-bowl and the Nag's Head. Both of them rise abruptly out of the ground quite apart from other rocks. The first is formed of two stones, one poised on the other, so as to make you wonder however they could possibly get into this position. Papa thinks it was probably the effect of an earthquake. It is so strange, too, to know that a great part of our islands has been in all probability submerged by a deluge; because at very low water there are traces of hedges and roads where now it would not be possible for any such things to exist; and it is also almost certain that pieces of land which are now separated into many islets by the sea once formed one large island. Indeed, it appears likely that the Cassiterides were so much nearer Cornwall as to be considered a part of the mainland, and called by the common name of Cornubia.

Of all the stories grandpapa tells us, Harry likes best to hear of the poor young fellow called Tom Butt, who hid himself in a cave in the rocks, called Tom Butt's Bed, beyond Porthellick, under Giant's Castle, to avoid being taken by the press-gang, in the reign of Queen Anne, and some boys, amongst whom was an ancestor of ours, found him out when they were hunting rabbits, and he told them his story and begged them not to betray him. Of course they were not so mean, but instead they secretly took him food and drink, and kept his secret perfectly, and so preserved his life for three days and nights till the man-of-war had sailed away, and he could safely show himself again and breathe freely once more. Grandpapa says the press-gang was an insult to British freedom, and reduced us to white slavery. He says that such things as press-gangs go far to make him believe that all war is wrong; and that if kings and governments want to go to war, they should be compelled to do their own fighting, and not make others, who don't want to fight and have no quarrel, do it for them.

Another story of grandpapa's is about Dr. John Bastwick, who wrote treatises against Popish ceremonies, and was tried by the Star Chamber and condemned to pay heavy fines, and to be put in the pillory in London and have his ears cut off, in the year 1637, by order of King Charles' Government and Archbishop Laud, and then was sent here to the Star Castle for the rest of his life as a prisoner. But in 1640 the Parliament being in power set him free, and gave him and his wife a pension for the hardships he had endured. I always feel sorry that King Charles was put to death; but I can pity the people who were tired of so much oppression and cruelty during his reign, and wearied out by the many broken promises by which the monarch made himself despised.

But what I like best to hear grandpapa tell is the story of his own life. There are some sad parts of it which he does not often mention, but I want to write down here what I heard him tell a gentleman whom he could trust, and to whom, as he afterwards said, he felt his heart drawn out.

"I was a wild wayward young chap, sir," grandpapa began, "and I determined to go to sea. Almost all our boys do get a taste of the sea some time or other of their lives. We're what you may term aquatic plants here, we almost live upon the water, so that my fancy was not much to be wondered at; but my mother was against my going, God bless her! and I ought to have taken some notice of that. For my father was in ill health, and she thought she would want me badly, maybe, before I could get back to her. But I was self-willed and

heady, and I wouldn't listen to her; so off I went. I said good-bye to father, who was too set upon me, his only boy, to do anything to cross me, though it cut him up badly to say good-bye. But he didn't think himself as bad in health as my mother believed him to be, so he was the more cheerful of the two when I took leave. I can't forget how tight my mother's arms were round my neck and how she cried.

"'Don't, mother, don't,' I said, nearly breaking down myself, 'you'll see I'll come back all right, and perhaps find father better.'

"'Keep from bad habits, Tom,' she said. 'Don't drink nor swear, nor tell lies. Remember you have a God, my son—a God you can't get away from, a God who wants you to love Him and serve Him.'

"I went away, and I didn't remember what my mother had told me to do, sir, for I took up all manner of bad habits. I didn't think much of my word or of an oath, and grew fond of grog and tobacco. 'Tis wonderful what a short apprenticeship the devil needs from us to teach us his trade. But I couldn't quite forget. There were times when 'Remember you have a God, my son,' seemed written in every corner of my brain, and echoed in every sound. Especially during my watch, all the stars seemed to show it in dazzling characters, written on the dark tablet of the sky, and I had no choice but to read their glorious lesson. But I didn't attend to it, and went on drinking, swearing, smoking, and behaving badly and recklessly. When I came home, after two years' absence, I found my father dead and my mother a widow, as she had feared. My only sister's husband managed the farm in any matter my mother could not attend to, so I determined to go to sea again. I said St. Agnes was too small for me. My mother was dreadfully disappointed, though she said less about it than she had at first; and off I sailed for another voyage. I didn't say much about my father, and yet the thought of him often came across me. Death is so dreaded by that lad or man who knows he is going contrary to God and truth. When I came home again, my mother asked me to stay and manage the farm for her: she said she felt herself growing older and less able to do things. I was rather tired of the sea by that time, and thought I should be more my own master at home, so I agreed. She seemed very pleased at my decision, but I led her a dreadful life. That, sir, is the darkest passage of my whole history. A widowed Christian mother should be as the apple of the eye to a son: she should be trusted and treated tenderly, her wants and her wishes considered. I did quite the contrary. I was strong and hearty, and worked pretty well on the farm; but my evenings were spent in drunken carousals. The people on the islands were not so steady then as they are now, and there were young men even here on St. Agnes who were wild and dissipated. Very often, too, I went to St. Mary's, and got with the sea-faring men in the public-houses, sometimes staying away whole nights, and leaving my mother to torture herself with the fear lest I was drowned in trying to cross. At last, one night I came home from the inn here, *intoxicated—poisoned*, as we say, if we speak English—and my mother was waiting up.

"'Oh! Thomas, my son,' she said gently, 'what will be the end of all this?'

"I felt mad. I wanted to strike her; if she had been quite close to me I fear I should have done so; as it was, I smashed all the things set out for supper on the table, and banged the table itself to the ground. The crash and noise roused me to yet further mischief. I began to break the panes of glass out of

the window. Perhaps I was bordering on delirium tremens. The noise brought the servant and even the neighbours to the room. They overpowered me, and got me up to bed, somehow. When I came to my senses, late the next day, I found myself in bed and my mother watching beside me, tearful and anxious.

“‘What am I in bed for?’ I asked, only partially recalling the events of the previous day.

“‘Oh, Thomas! oh, my dear son!’ said my poor mother, quite breaking down; ‘thank God you are still alive; thank God He did not cut you off in your sins,’ and she wept afresh.

“‘I was silent, trying, but in vain, to remember exactly what had happened. ‘What did I do, mother?’ I asked then.

“‘Oh, my dear son! you have had the nearest escape from death a man ever had.’

“‘I grew curious, and my eyes anxiously watched my mother’s face as she went on. ‘You came home wild and noisy last night, and broke a lot of things in the parlour. Mr. Jenkins came in, and Ford, and that man Berry, and they got you up to bed, and they said you were soon asleep. But I felt anxious; I could not rest about you; so in the night I came in to see you, and oh! my poor boy, I found you quite black in the face, lying on your face and almost suffocated. You had been very ill, and had not sense to do anything; but lay instead like a log, and you would have died in another moment or two. I turned your poor face round so that you might breathe, and opened the window, and sent for the doctor, who I knew was sitting up with poor old Mr. Blanchard, and he came, and thanks to the means he used and the blessing of God, he brought you round. Oh! Thomas, shan’t this be a lesson to you? Where would you be now, my poor child, if God hadn’t inclined my heart to come to you?’

“‘It was a dreadful story, and it broke down my pride and hard-heartedness, and it frightened me too.

“‘‘Mother,’ said I, ‘I have taken my last drop and sup of strong drink.’

“‘‘Amen!’ she responded, reverently. ‘God help you to keep this vow!’

“‘And I have kept it, sir. And after I gave up the drink, I took to going to chapel with mother, and I could not rest—I ought to say God did not let me rest—till I gave myself up to Him. Oh, the blessed peace I have had since then! I only grieve that I did not sooner love Him, my God and my Lord.’”

Grandpapa’s honest blue eyes filled with tears of joy, and his manly pleasant face was beautiful with heartfelt emotion as he spoke. “‘I had another enemy to conquer. I continued to smoke, because I thought it would be easier and seem more good-natured when I was obliged to mingle with people who drank and smoked; if I could take a pipe with them. But by-and-by I felt I must surrender my pipe also, and I really think it was harder work almost than giving up the drink. A long time afterwards, I had a dreadful fit of toothache, and I thought a smoke maybe would cure it; so I bought a pipe and began. But oh, sir!’—and grandpapa laughed heartily—“‘it made me so bad, worse than the toothache. Dame Nature was offended, and punished me rarely for breaking her laws again.’”

(To be continued.)



TAKING DOGGY'S PORTRAIT.

LITTLE Harry, would-be painter,
With a playful, knowing air,
Puts on papa's specs and slipper,
Seats himself in papa's chair.

Topsy, there, beside the easel,
Wears his master's sailor hat ;
Full of frolic,—as to mischief,
Both of them are fond of that.

With the brush he daubs the canvas,
Doggy's portrait tries to take ;
Harry thinks he'll be an artist,
Pictures like his papa make.

Let us hope the little painter
Will do all that e'er he can
To be good, as well as clever,
When he grows to be a man.

DAVID LAWTON.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER A PRIZE IN BOOKS, value 6s. 6d., for the best, and a prize value 3s. 6d. for the second best ILLUMINATED TEXT.

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; compositions to be solely their own productions, and to be sent to the Editors not later than April 1st; unsuccessful competitors wishing their Texts to be returned, must enclose stamped directed wrapper.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

CONSCIENCE.

MEMORY.

1.—BURIED MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

- a. We meet to-night to discuss plans for the organisation of a Band of Hope.
- b. You are earnestly requested to attend.
- c. May I trouble you to give Olympia notice of the fact.
- d. Take this encyclopædia to Mr. Sharpe's with my compliments.
- e. Look yonder at those fields of waving corn, Ethel. Are they not magnificent?
- f. Philip has never tasted rum in his life.
- g. I am going to take Sarah and Bella to the Zoological Gardens to-morrow.
- h. It is decided that you shall be bowler, Mr. Shannon, I umpire, and Tom keep score.
- i. Any metal utensil will serve my purpose.
- j. A concert in aid of the funds of the temperance cause will be given to-night.

FRANCES.

2.—STAR PUZZLE OF BIRDS.

A bird which in the bright days of summer is shy and unobtrusive.

This is a handsome species, found not only in Scotland but in the North of England, in Wales, and in Ireland.

This is a native of the Arctic seas, is chased by the Greenlanders for the sake of its flesh and its skin.

Few birds are more solicitous than this in rearing their young, and many are the stratagems which the parents will practise to draw off attention from the brood, which by signal notes is scattered and recalled.

MARIE.

3.—ENIGMA.

I'm sometimes oval, sometimes round,
And am in every orchard found,

And often in a grotto.

I'm seen in woods and shady nooks,
You meet with me in story books,

I run through every motto.

I visit many a lovely grove;

'Neath stately oaks I love to rove,

And nestle amid the flowers.

I'm hailed with joy in every home,

I'm last to go, and bound to come;

I dwell in rosy bowers.

No doubt you wish to know my name,

And what I am, and whence I came,

But that I cannot tell.

Just find me out, and you will see

I'm one of a large family

Whose name you know quite well.

EMILY M. PRICE.

4.—CHARADE.

My *first* is taken in the sea,
My *second* is upon your chest,
My *whole* on cultivated lea
Is too well known—the farmer's pest.

G. J. BELL.

5.—SQUARE WORD.

1. A nourishing drink.
2. A metal.
3. Affection.
4. Part of the body.

SPE.

6.—CHARADE.

My *first* will give you warmth and light
 When clouds have passed away ;
 Transpose my *second*, then at night
 She makes a grand display.
 My *total* you will be, no doubt,
 A clever one in truth ;
 If you should find this riddle out,
 A wise and wondrous youth.

EDITH R. BELL.

7.—CHARADE.

In my *first* a preposition
 You will most surely find ;
 My *next* will form part of a lock
 When clearly brought to mind.
 Unite the two and you will see
 That I before you lie ;
 So hoping you may soon guess me,
 I'll quickly say good-bye.

H. H. ADAMS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 48 & 49.

1. Butter fly.

2. *Lebbaeus, Thaddaeus, Matthew,*
Mica, Abinadab, Bartimaeus, Josiah, Jezebel,
Jethro. Let us watch and be sober.

3. BasS, ArnO, LeaN, LoaN, AblE,
 DieT. Ballad—Sonnet.

4. Clock—Lock.

5. Mary, Myra, army, ray, mar, ram, arm,
 Amy, May, yam, am, ma, m.

6. Anniversary.

DEFINITIONS.

MERCY.

The shield which wards off the arrows of
 Divine justice, which otherwise would fall on
 man.

S. H. McCONNELL.

A ray of light which oftentimes pierces the most
 stony heart when every other virtue fails.

A. FENN.

ENVY.

The feeling which a fox may be supposed
 to have at seeing another fox enjoying a feast of
 grapes, which of course are *sour*.

S. H. McCONNELL.

Bad seed which would never flourish if the
 commandment "Love thy neighbour as thy-
 self" were universally practised.

A. HARRISS.

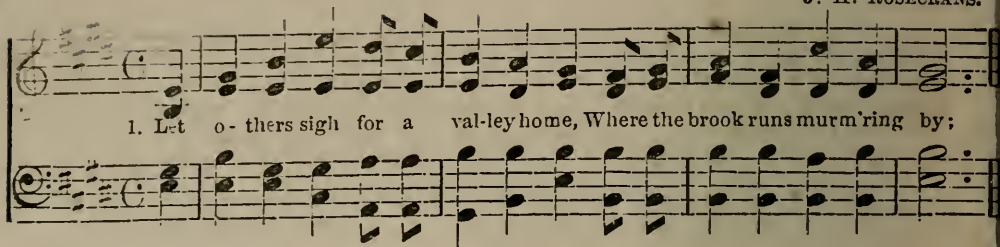
PURE WATER.

WATER ! O who can praise it too high ?
 Water, that God sends down from the sky !
 Water ! without it how could we live ?
 The water that God doth freely give.
 Descending in showers all over the land ;
 Over the palace so large and grand,
 And over the hut of the lowly poor
 Who scarce can "keep the wolf from the door."
 Sweet water, water so pure and free,
 Sent down from above so plenteously !
 How wondrous is the power of God !
 The rain pours down on the parchèd clod,
 From which smiling flowers burst forth to light,
 And lift their heads to the sun so bright :
 Sweet flowers ! so beautiful and fair,
 Which spread their fragrance upon the air.
 How grand the fields look after the rain,
 Smiling in verdant beauty again !
 Consider a moment : we could not live
 If our bounteous Father refused to give
 The water that so much enriches the land—
 Refreshing water, pure and grand !

JOHN W. CLAY.

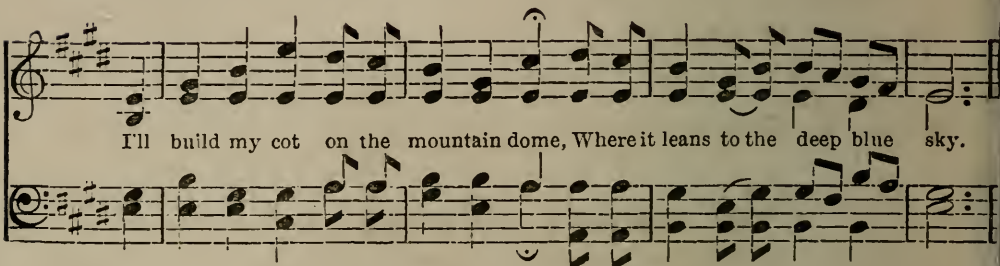
A HOME ON THE MOUNTAIN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



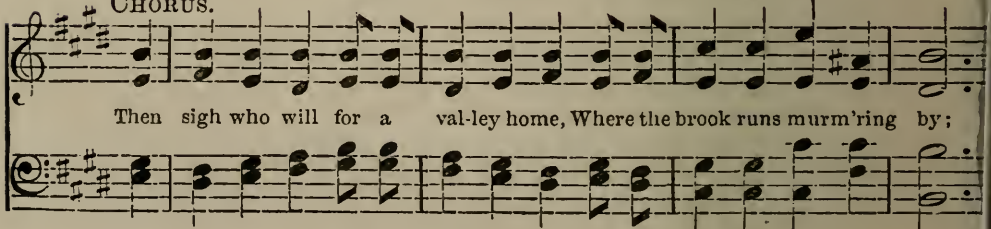
KEY E.

{	:d	m	:s	d' :t.l	s	:f	m	:r.m	f	:r	l	:f	m	:-
	2. I	love	to dwell	where the	ea - gles	soar,	And perch	on its	star - ry	crown;				
{	:s ₁	d	:d	d :d .d	d	:t ₁	d	:t ₁ .d	r	:t ₁	t ₁	:t ₁	d	:-
	3. Let	o - thers	pine	for the	vale	be - low,	Tho' a	home is	ge - nial	there;				
{	:m	s	:m	m :f .f	s	:s	s	:s.s	s	:s	f	:s	s	:-
	d	d	:d	l ₁ :f ₁ .f ₁	m ₁	:s ₁	d	:s ₁ .s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	d	:-



{	:d	m	:s	d' :t.l	s	:m	i	:t.l	s	:m.s	s.f	m.r	d	:-
	The	wild winds	howl,	and the	thunders	roar,	As the	storm	comes	rat - tling	down.			
{	:s ₁	d	:d	d :d .d	d	:d	d	:d.d	d	:d.d	d	:t ₁	d	:-
	I	love the	drift	of the	mountain	snow,	And the	health	of its	brac - ing	air.			
{	:m	s	:m	m :f .f	s	:s	f	:f.f	m	:d.m	m.r	s.f	m	:-
	d	d	:d	l ₁ :f ₁ .f ₁	m	:d	f	:f ₁ .f ₁	s ₁	:s ₁ .s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	d	:-

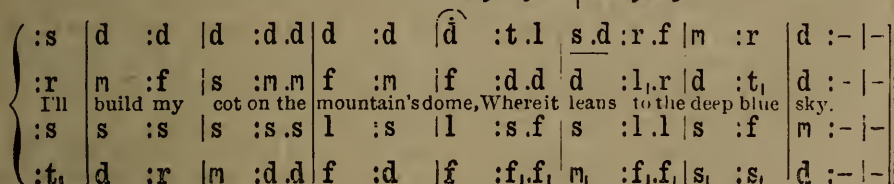
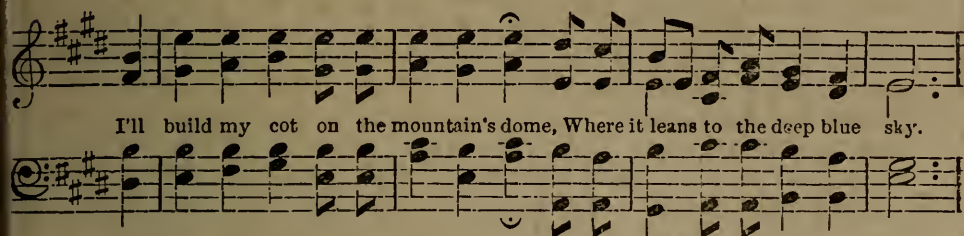
CHORUS.



CHORUS.

{	:s	s	:s	s :s.s	s	:s	s	:s.s	l	:l'	d'	:fe	s	:-
	d	r	:d	t ₁ :d.d	t ₁	:d	r	:d.r	d	:d	d	:d	t ₁	:-
{	Then	sigh	who	will	for a	val - ley	home,	When the	brook	runs	murm'ring	by;		
	:m	r	:m	f :s.s	f	:m	r	:m.r	m	:m	l	:l	s	:-
{	d	t ₁	:d	r :m.m	r	:d	t ₁	:d.t ₁	l ₁	:l ₁	l ₁	:r	s ₁	:-

A HOME ON THE MOUNTAIN—(continued).



"JUST FOR A LARK."

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

"He who will follow good advice is a greater man than he who gives it."



HAT utterly useless things words are when we wish to give expression to the deepest feelings of the heart!

I should like to describe the joy of Dick's poor wife when she learnt that he had not been discharged after all; to picture to you what she felt, when, after a week's absence at Brookford, he

came home *sober*, and with a week's wages in his pocket. But I only know those twenty-six stupid things I learnt at school called "letters," and they are not a bit of use, so I abandon the task as hopeless. Let it suffice to say, that, such an unlooked-for event in the life of the Martins *did* happen. Ah! and every week too, till New Year's Day arrived. The health, happiness and general comfort resulting from this radical change in Dick's habits may readily be imagined.

"Mary," said Dick, on the last Saturday in the old year, as he sat by the fire having his supper, "Tom Foster has invited us all to go and take dinner with him next Monday, which is New Year's Day; so get yourself and all the children ready, for he declares he won't take a denial."

Of course Mary protested all she could against the proposed visit: saying that she had nothing either for herself or the children half nice enough to go visiting in. But all her excuses were of no avail, for Dick had his own reasons for urging

compliance with Tom's wishes, so Mary had to make the best she could of the few things she had bought since Dick signed the pledge, and agree to go. When the eventful hour arrived for them to depart, they were all ready, and very neat and comfortable they looked, all things considered; for the love and care of an industrious wife can accomplish much, under even the most unfavourable circumstances.

In due time they arrived at Tom's house, where they received a most hearty welcome. It would have gladdened the heart of a cynic to have looked upon that dinner-party at Tom Foster's. Never before was the table of a working man so thickly decorated with the good things of this life. There were Dick and Mary, and their three children on one side of the long table; and Mr. Shaw—oh, yes, he was there—and Tom's three little ones on the opposite side, while Tom himself, with a face overflowing with smiles, sat at one end of the table; and who sat at the opposite end? Why Mrs. Foster, of course, charmingly arrayed in a new silk dress. Tom thought she had never looked so lovely before.

Poor Dick could not help noticing the difference between Tom's wife and his own, for Mary's face still wore that pale pinched look, pain and privation is ever sure to cause; and as for her dress, it stood out in striking contrast to Mrs. Foster's. The repentant husband noticed and felt every little difference in the two wives so keenly, a lump came in the poor fellow's throat—well, not quite so large as a cocoanut, but very nearly.

The great contrast between Tom's ruddy, comfortable-looking children, and his own ill-clad and poorly nourished little things, was the next thing that attracted his attention, and the difference seemed greater than even that of the two wives. Up came another cocoanut in poor Dick's throat. How his conscience smote him! He made a stern resolve within his own mind, which I will not stay to disclose now, for while I am digressing the dinner is all getting cold, and the company impatient to begin.

Grace was said, then the clatter of the feast began; knives talking to forks, forks chatting to plates, spoons whispering to little mouths that had never tasted so many nice things before. All were supremely happy, especially Mr. Shaw, who had never known a more joyful day in all his life, for the deepest and sweetest bliss the human soul can ever know, is born in the heart that seeks to help and bless others. In due time the table was cleared, only to be again covered with that which all love with more or less affection—viz., ripe and rosy fruit. I have always been considered a pretty successful hand at guessing riddles, but where on earth the little Fosters and the little Martins managed to stow away all the good things that disappeared on that remarkable day, is far beyond the power of my puzzle-guessing capabilities to conjecture. A revelation of the secret would be quite a little fortune to a "packer" in a London warehouse.

But the joy of the day had yet to reach its highest point, as I will proceed at once to show; for the greatest and most enduring pleasure of which our nature is capable, springs from the mind and spirit, and not from the delights of the flesh, for the latter yield no happiness worthy the name, except when made subservient to some noble and useful purpose.

"Well, Richard," said Tom, after tea was over, and all the happy party were about to depart; "have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Enjoyed myself!" said Richard, "why I never had such a day before in all my life; and if all this sort of thing comes of living as you do, why I'll never drink another drop as long as I live."

Poor Mary heard all her husband said, and wanted to give expression to her own thoughts on the subject, but when she heard her husband's vow, her heart became too full to speak; so she quietly turned aside to hide the tears of joy that would come, although she tried so hard to restrain them.

"What is that Dick's saying?" said Mr. Shaw.

"Why, he has resolved never to touch strong drink again as long as he lives," said Tom.

"Yes, and I mean it, too!" exclaimed Dick, with an air of determination that he had never assumed before.

"Richard," said Mr. Shaw, laying his hand upon Dick's shoulder, "this is the happiest moment of all, in this unusually happy day. I cannot find words to tell you how delighted I am at the resolve you have made. May Heaven give you strength to keep it."

In a few moments more that happy group, so strangely brought together, separated, and so the party broke up.

Right manfully has Dick kept his word, for five years have elapsed since that eventful day. And now you know the secret of Richard Martin's happy home, and how it was he came to sign the pledge.

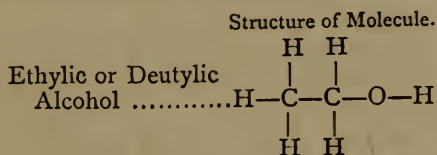
THE END.

THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

BY F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &c.

ARTICLE VIII.—ETHYLIC, DEUTYLIC, OR COMMON ALCOHOL.

THIS substance, which is found in all the intoxicating liquors of commerce, is also known as spirits of wine, on account of the fact that it was first obtained by heating wine in a close vessel and condensing the vapour, which passed over by means of a cooling arrangement. We have already seen that it stands the second member in a long list of substances which differ from it only in the number of carbon and hydrogen atoms which they contain. It is composed of two atoms of carbon, six atoms of hydrogen, and one atom of oxygen, so that we can express its composition by the formula C_2H_5OH , in which we see, as already noticed in the general consideration of the group, that one of the hydrogen atoms is directly united with the oxygen atom. The internal structure of this alcohol molecule may be represented as follows:—



Here the central nucleus consists of the two carbon atoms with the five hydrogen atoms grouped round them, and held in union by one bond each, while the atom of oxygen forms the intermediate link between the last carbon atom and the hydrogen atom at the end of the chain.

Although this arrangement may at first sight appear to be fanciful, there are nevertheless very strong grounds, resting upon the doctrine of the substitution of atoms, for the opinion that this is the actual manner in which the constituent atoms are grouped in the molecule, and we are thus brought face to face with one of the most astonishing

revelations of modern chemistry, that although these atoms and molecules are infinitely too small to be viewed by the human eye, even when assisted by the most powerful microscopes, that their order and symmetry may nevertheless be clearly discerned by the eye of reason.

Whether this is the actual arrangement or not, we know that this is the composition of a molecule of common alcohol because it has been directly analysed, and the exact amount of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen which it contains weighed, and the following table shows what these quantities are in one hundred parts.

Analysis of Alcohol.

Carbon.....	52.18	per cent.
Hydrogen ...	13.04	„ „
Oxygen	34.78	„ „

100.00

Here we see that by adding up the component parts of the molecule we just have one hundred, which shows that the analysis is correct, so far as the possibility of any other substance being present is concerned; but how do we know that the proportions are correct? Let us see:

We have already learned that equal volumes of all gases, at the same temperature and pressure, contain equal numbers of molecules, and if we weigh equal volumes of alcohol vapour and hydrogen gas, under these conditions, we shall find that the alcohol vapour weighs exactly twenty-three times as heavy as the same volume of hydrogen. We have seen, however, that the hydrogen molecule consists of two atoms of hydrogen, and therefore our alcohol molecule, if referred to a single atom of hydrogen, which is the standard weight in modern chemistry, will weigh not twenty-three, but $23 \times 2 = 46$, which number is therefore called the molecular weight of alcohol.

We have also seen that the relative weight of an atom of carbon is 12, and of oxygen 16, and therefore, if our analysis of alcohol is correct, the various atoms which enter into the composition of the alcohol molecule must enter into it in some proportion of these numbers. Our formula for alcohol is C_2H_5OH , and the molecular weight will therefore be 46, as follows:

2 Atoms of Carbon.....	$12 \times 2 = 24$
6 „ „ Hydrogen...	$1 \times 6 = 6$
1 „ „ Oxygen ...	$16 \times 1 = 16$

—
Total weight of molecule 46

If we compare this result with the analysis given above, we shall find that of the molecule of alcohol $52 \frac{18}{100}$ per cent., or 24 parts in 46, are carbon; $13 \frac{4}{100}$ per cent., or 6 parts in 46, are hydrogen; and $34 \frac{78}{100}$ per cent., or 16 parts in 46, are oxygen. If we add these proportionate parts up, thus, $24 + 6 + 16 = 46$, we see that both theory and practice agree, and that the molecular weight obtained from the actual analysis, and that derived from the weighing of the alcohol vapour, are in strict accordance the one with the other.

We are thus quite certain that this must be the composition of a molecule of deutylic or ethylic alcohol, and more than this, that whatever our ideas of the nature of atoms may at any future time, with further knowledge, prove to be, that these proportions and weights will always be those in which these atoms will be present in any quantity of this particular compound. We have also another evidence that the composition of alcohol, as represented in the formula C_2H_5OH , is correct from the changes which it is capable of undergoing when acted upon by other substances, and also by the products which it yields when subjected to a sufficient heat to decompose it.

If we pass the vapour of alcohol through a red hot tube, the molecule is

broken up, and yields a molecule of marsh gas, a molecule of hydrogen, and a molecule of carbonic oxide. If we add up the component atoms of these various substances, we have just the formula which represents our alcohol molecule, thus:

1 Molecule of Marsh Gas CH_4
 1 " " Hydrogen H_2
 1 " " Carbonic Oxide ... CO

1 Molecule of Alcohol = $\text{C}_2\text{H}_6\text{O}$

Another proof also arises from the method in which deutylic alcohol is derived from the breaking up of a molecule of grape sugar (glucose) by the

action of fermentation. This is indeed the method which is employed in the formation of all the intoxicating liquors which are used in commerce. Alcohol has, however, been produced synthetically, or by the direct union of the elements out of which it is composed. Bertholet obtained it by the distillation of a dilute solution of olefiant gas in sulphuric acid, and it is quite possible that some such artificial method of production may be, at some future time, used for its production, and that of the other members of the series, in the place of fermentation.

(To be continued.)

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

BY A. J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER IV.—RICHARD'S PROMOTION.

THE Band of Hope was soon established at the Orphanage, and most of the boys joined it after having obtained the written consent of their parents.

You will not be surprised to hear that the first secretary was our little friend Richard. Though he was not twelve years old, he was sharp, intelligent, and his heart was in the work; and thus, under the good directions of Mr. Fountain, he was able to do most perfectly all the duties of secretary. Richard made out the cards of membership, and kept a correct register of the attendance of the boys at the meetings, and in such a manner that Mr. Fountain declared that his books were patterns of neatness and order.

Mr. Johnson had many times invited Richard into the office to assist him in preparing the many letters he had to send to parents, subscribers, and friends of the Orphanage, and on these occasions he learned much that fitted him for occupying a good position in life afterwards.

And many were the pleasant walks and conversations Richard had with Mr. Fountain, and constantly did his good friend encourage him to persevere, and by earnest study prepare himself for the future.

One evening Mr. Fountain took from his pocket a book, and opening it before Richard, asked him if he would like to learn shorthand.

"I should like to learn anything useful, sir."

"Then take this book and study it carefully, and tell me how much you can understand of it next week."

How carefully Richard studied the curious characters of the book. He learned that a straight line meant T, and that the same line made thick meant D; that a slanting line meant P, and if written thick meant B, and so on through all the consonants; and then he learnt the vowels, and, with many corrections of his

teacher, in a few weeks he had mastered the first book, and was able to write short sentences.

You must not suppose Richard had no difficulties to encounter ; indeed, he was often inclined to give up his study altogether. All his leisure time he spent in learning the curious shorthand words and sentences. Sometimes when he had written out a page from a book, he found to his horror that he could not read it ; then he tried again and again, till after the labour of years he was rewarded with success.

The time came round when Richard was old enough to leave the Orphanage, and, as usual, like all the boys, he had to appear before the Committee to receive a present of a handsome Bible, and to hear some kind words from the Chairman.

Now look at Richard : he is sixteen years of age, a fine, tall, handsome youth. When he enters the room he makes a polite bow to the Chairman, and receives the kind congratulations of many of the gentlemen present.

"Richard Williamson," said the Chairman, "I can assure you it gives me the greatest pleasure to present you with this handsome Bible, and in doing so I will earnestly hope that you will find it your comfort and guide throughout life."

Some members of the Committee wanted to know from Richard what he intended doing when he went home to his friends, and in reply he said he should look out for a situation as shorthand clerk.

"Shorthand clerk?" said Mr. Foster to the Treasurer. "I am in want of such a person. Let me see how you can write."

There upon the spot, though rather nervous at being so suddenly called upon to display his talents, Richard wrote in shorthand the letter dictated to him by Mr. Foster, and afterwards wrote it out in beautiful style in longhand.

"Capital ! excellent, my boy !" said Mr. Foster, quite delighted ; "you shall come into my office, and I will make a man of you."

In a short time Richard was Mr. Foster's confidential clerk, and in ten years time the name of Foster over a large warehouse in the city was painted out, and instead you may read to-day "Foster and Williamson." The old man was so pleased with his clerk, and found him of such use in his business, that he had determined to take him into partnership.

One word more. A few months ago the Annual Meeting of the Orphanage was held, and Richard Williamson, Esq., was announced to speak, and he made no secret of the fact that he had been trained in the Orphanage, and to point to his refusing the glass of wine at the Annual Dinner as his first upward step in the world.

Dear little reader, be like Richard, determined to keep your Band of Hope pledge ; be consistent and faithful, and you will be loved by all, even those who object to your principles.

"Hold fast that which is good."

THE END.

THE OLD PENSIONER.

I WAS in the army, boys,
Many years ago,
When the French were looked upon
As our country's foe.
Thousands left our peaceful shores
Never to come back ;
Fought they like brave men, and fell
On the gory track.

When you're in the battle, boys,
You must know no fear ;
You must have a heart like steel—
Venture anywhere.
On ! at duty's stern command,
Where your comrades fall,
Though you soon may with them lie,
Killed with sword or ball.



I enlisted in my youth,
 Left a peaceful home,
 Thoughts of life in distant lands
 Led my feet to roam.
 Soon my dreams of glory, boys,
 -Passed like clouds away ;
 Heavy was my heart and sad,
 Marching day by day.

What is there to profit, boys,
 In a soldier's life ?
 Leaving all you love behind—
 Children, home, and wife,
 Dreaming of dear fatherland,
 Hoping oft in vain ;
 Laying down your bones to bleach
 On a foreign plain.

Tell me not of glory, boys,
 On the battle-field ;
 Can an outrage against heaven
 Any glory yield ?
 When you stab a brother through
 Can you look above
 For the charity which flows
 From the fount of Love ?

If there were no soldiers, boys,
 There would be no strife :
 There is not an emperor
 Who would risk his life.
 While we sing " God save the Queen "
 On our island home,
 Let us pray for peace on earth—
 " May Thy kingdom come ! "

W. HOYLE.



Glasgow Band of Hope Union.—

The seventh anniversary of the above was commenced by services on Sunday, Feb. 10th, in St. Columba Church, Hope Street. The sermon was preached by Dr. Farrar, Canon of Westminster, from the text "Abstain from all appearance of evil" (Thes. v. 22). The Rev. Joseph Brown, D.D., and Rev. James Dodds assisted in the service, and a select choir of the Band of Hope Union, conducted by W. M. Miller, led the psalmody.

The public meeting was held on the following evening in the City Hall. The chair was occupied by Alexander Allan, Esq., and on the platform were the Hon. the Lord Provost, the Rev. Canon Farrar, Rev. Drs. Jamieson, Marshall, Lang, Hutton, Revs. D. M'Rae, J. Dodds, R. Blair, R. Howie, Riddell, Gladstone, J. B. Johnston, Wells, J. G. Scott and R. Craig, Bailie Farrens, Councillors Hamilton, Burt and Captain Hatfield.

The report shows an increase of 27 societies, bringing the number of Bands of Hope up to 100, with an average attendance of about 100 to each society, and an estimated membership of 25,000 in the Union. The Directors have very wisely revised the constitution so as to encourage the formation of Local Unions and keep pace with the rapid extension of the movement.

Among the many phases of real work done by this Union may be mentioned the Magic Lantern Entertainments, Speakers' Plan, May Demonstration, Summer Excursion of Senior Members and Workers, Annual Social Meeting of Speakers, Publication of Music Books and Temperance Literature, also "The Prize Scheme," by which 248 prizes were distributed (value £30 17s. 6d.) to members under several sections for correct answers to questions on various phases of temperance. This feature is found to be a most effective educational agency, and worthy of continued support.

Another special feature is the formation of a Pupil Teachers' Temperance Society during the past year, which now embraces 200 pupil teachers, through whom the Directors hope to influence many others in the seminaries during the year.

A conference of head masters and mistresses of day-schools has been held with a

view to secure addresses on Temperance in day-schools. Income £198 1s. 6d. Expenditure, £197 14s. 11d.

Bradford Band of Hope Union.—

On Tuesday, Feb. 12th, the sixteenth annual demonstration took place in St. George's Hall, A. Illingworth, Esq., presiding. An excellent address was delivered by Rev. W. O. Simpson, entitled "Blazing your way." The President of the Union, Alderman West, J.P., presented a number of prizes to the successful competitors in the recent Essay and Gallery Lesson competitions by day-school pupil teachers. Mr. Bell read the annual report, an epitome of which we gave in our January Number. Some excellent music was given by a choir of 380 voices, under the conductorship of Mr. Bennell.

South Essex Band of Hope Union.—

The third annual demonstration of this Union was held in the Town Hall, Stratford, on Tuesday, Feb. 12th. Mr. John Curwen, president, occupied the chair during the early part of the meeting, his place afterwards being taken by Mr. H. E. Lester (a member of the School Board, West Ham), who before leaving the meeting signed the pledge.

An address was given by Mr. N. B. Downing, and the meeting was enlivened by the musical performances of the Choir of the Union, and the Holdfast Temperance Handbell Ringers. The annual report was read, showing that the Union now numbered 30 societies, with about 2,500 members, being an increase of 18 societies.

We trust the efforts of the Union to raise funds to support an agent, will be successful.

Borough of Greenwich Band of Hope Union.—

A meeting of Sunday-school workers was held on Friday, Feb. 22nd, in the New Cross Hall, Lewisham High Road; Mr. C. Forsdick in the chair. The secretary, Mr. C. O. Barber, read a paper on "Sunday-School Work: its Connection with Bands of Hope." The Rev. G. M. Murphy, Rev. F. Storer Clark, Rev. W. Cornforth, and Messrs. Fisher and Beaumont, with others, addressed the meeting. The formation of the Greenwich Temperance Institute

and Glee Party, meeting weekly in the Board School, was announced during the evening.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH BANDS OF HOPE.

Liverpool Wesleyan Band of Hope Union.—A Conference of workers was held at Mount Pleasant Chapel, on Friday, February 1st, on the subject of "Temperance Literature, or Publication Departments in Connection with Bands of Hope." The following resolution was unanimously passed:—"That this Conference having considered the question of adopting 'Publication Departments' in connection with Bands of Hope, is of opinion that it is highly desirable they should be established forthwith, wherever practicable, and hereby commends the subject to the serious and favourable consideration of the respective Bands of Hope in the Union."

This resolution was promptly sent to the Committees of the various Societies by the General Secretary, Mr. J. Brown, who in his circular said:—"I have now, therefore, the pleasure to hand you herewith a copy of a little book on the subject,* which gives full details as to the way to start and carry on such work; and I trust that, as far as practicable, you will speedily seek to establish in connection with your Band of Hope such a useful organisation, and thereby extend, to an almost indefinite extent, the usefulness of your Band of Hope. . . . In conclusion, allow me to say that the Literature Secretary (Mr. J. HARGROVE, 32, Tower Buildings) will be happy to afford you any further information

* "Publication Departments in connection with Bands of Hope, and How to Form them." Published at our office.

on the subject, and to furnish you with specimens of Publications, on your applying to him for that purpose."

This is doing a good work and doing it well. We wish every Union in the kingdom would follow the example of our Wesleyan friends in Liverpool.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "ONWARD."

GENTLEMEN,—After carefully reading the letter of "A Reader" in your January Number, I fail to see what fault can be found with the dialogue he speaks of.

We had a similar representation at our annual party, and our children laughed at the "get up" of the "drunken men;" but surely your "Reader" must be aware that drink has its comic as well as tragic side, and if the caricature is faithful the humour of the children must be drawn out. I have frequently laughed at the antics of drunken men, though at the same time feeling disgusted at their condition; but I wish to ask "A Reader" this question: What has been the demeanour of the children when the nail was driven home—or, in other words, the moral pointed?—as I consider that the most vital point.

If we do not sufficiently impress our members with the serious questions involved in such representations, then we fail; but I feel assured from past experience that by a proper use of such dialogues a great amount of good can be done, and until a more serious evil than the one pointed out by "A Reader" is discovered, they will have my approval.

Trusting you will kindly allow the subject to be fully ventilated, as it bears upon one of the most vital points of our management of Bands of Hope, I remain, yours very respectfully,

HON. SECRETARY.

WELCOME, SPRING.

OLD Winter has departed,
And Spring has come again,
Clothing the woods with verdure,
Strewing with flowers the plain.

The Spring is ever welcome
To all, both young and old,
When past is sturdy Winter,
With piercing wind and cold.

I love the merry Spring time
When birds begin to sing
Sweet songs of love and gladness,
When flowers begin to spring!

Hail, Spring time, thou art welcome!
Hail, vernal season, hail!
All praise to God who spreadeth
Thy joys o'er hill and dale.

JOHN W. CLAY.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WHAT does every one thirst after?—
A red herring.

A MAN in Oxford, Illinois, was bitten by a rattlesnake seventeen years ago, and is still taking whiskey to cure the bite.

A LADY accounts for the redness of her nose by asserting that it is caused by the reflection from the red brick house opposite.

THREE young men formed a smoking club, and they all died within three years after forming it. The doctor was asked what they died of. He said, "*They were smoked to death.*"

"PRAY, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?"—"Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity."—"Thank you, sir."

"Do those bells sound an alarm of fire," said a stranger the other Sunday as the church bells were calling together the worshippers. "Yes," was the reply; "but the fire is in the next world."

A MILLIONAIRE gave a testimonial to a chiropodist which testifies that "several years ago he successfully extracted corns from my feet without pain, as also members of my family, and they have not returned since that time."

SACRIFICE. — Good Templar — "Tut-t-t, really, Swizzie, its disgraceful to see a man in your position in this state after the expense we've incurred, and the exertions we've used to put down the liquor traffic." Swizzie—"Y' moy preash as much as y' lik, gen'i'm'n, but I can tell y', we made more persh'nal efforsh to (hic) purrown liquor than any of ye!"—*Punch*.

A DRUNKEN night makes a cloudy morning.

MORE are drowned in the wine-cup than in the sea.

THE door between us and heaven can not be opened if that between us and our fellowmen is shut.

NEVER purchase friends by gifts, for if you cease to give they will cease to love.

"WHEREVER I may be, I shall, with God's blessing, do with my might what my hand findeth to do; and if I don't *find* work, I shall *make* it."

INDULGENCE in dangerous pleasures is like licking honey from a knife, and getting cut with the edge. — *Burmese Proverb*.

NEVER mind, my boy, if you are small. The little waggon-wheel keeps in the front of the big wheel, its *quickness* supplying what it lacks in *size*.

DAILY and hourly do your duty; do it patiently and thoroughly; do it at the moment, and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it is known or acknowledged or not, but do not fail to do it.

THE great Italian violinist, Giardini, was once asked by a youth to tell him how long it would take him to learn how to play on the violin. "Twelve hours a day for twenty years," characteristically replied the master.

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was examined before the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject of military punishment, Lord Wharncliffe inquired, "Is drunkenness the parent of all crime in the British army in your opinion?" The Duke replied in a single word, "*Invariably.*"



RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

BREAKING THE PLEDGE.

I AM afraid we have been too indulgent to Harry. Perhaps I ought to write that I *know* I have helped to spoil him; but oh! I never thought the darling child would make us so very, very miserable about him. Harry is lost.

We have had a night and day of such anguish as I cannot describe. I have not written nearly as much in this book as I expected to have done. Years even have passed since I made my last entry. Mamma would say it is because the real business of life has occupied me too much to leave leisure for writing. So many sad things have happened. Mamma's health has failed very much, and I have had to take her place as far as I possibly could with the children and in the house. Papa says I am a "clever little housekeeper," and "Mamma's own daughter," which is very high praise. But oh! how often I wish that her strength would come back again, for I fail in so many things.

To night, now that I cannot sleep for thinking about Harry, it seems quite a relief to me to open this book, and write the whole of the sad history on its pages.

Where *can* our darling be? Oh! Harry, what would I not give to-night to hear your voice, to see your smiling face, so handsome, so winsome, albeit so saucy and so daring? If only we had not parted as we did part. For I had been really angry with him; and this is what it was about.

Uncle Frank is *Captain* Hathaway now, and his ship, "The Wings of the Morning," has been in port for a week or two, till yesterday, when he sailed away again. I should have thought Harry had gone in her, only he came home to dinner hours after she had sailed. Uncle Frank when he is quite sober would as soon think of giving either of us a blow, as of trying to make us break our pledge, so I know he must have been intoxicated when what Harry told me of happened. He took the boy with him to a public-house, and tempted him with the help of another captain to break his pledge. They gave him a sovereign for drinking a little glassful of grog. It was the night before last, and Harry told me about it yesterday afternoon after Uncle Frank was gone; he told me not sorrowfully, but boldly, defiantly; just because in his heart he must have felt ashamed.

Papa and mamma have several times reproved him for speaking in a rude way, and sometimes I have excused or sheltered him. I thought of this yesterday, and blamed myself at first more than poor darling Harry. "Look, Dorie," he said, showing me the sovereign; "shouldn't you say I am rich?"

"Oh! Harry," I asked, "where *did* you get all that money?"

"I didn't steal it, I can tell you."

"I should hope not. But whoever gave it to you? Harry dear, you should give it to mamma to take care of for you."

Harry laughed. "That's rich, Dorie; don't you suppose I am old enough to take care of a sovereign?"

"Uncle Frank must have given it to you," I said, "and of course he mean you to put it away and to take care of it."

"Uncle Frank didn't give it all. Captain Vosper gave me part."

"Whatever for, Harry? what did you do for him?"

"Something," said Harry, mysteriously.

"What was it, Harry? do tell me."

"You'll peach, if I tell you."

"Harry, 'twas something wrong."

Harry coloured. "I daresay you girls would say so."

"Harry, tell me. You *must* tell me dear," I said.

"Will you promise not to tell anybody?"

"I won't if I can help it. You know I can't bear for you to be punished, Harry."

"Dorie, I want to tell you something first. I think teetotalism is all nonsense."

"Oh! Harry."

"I meant always to give it up when I was a man, and I've only given it up a little sooner, that's all."

"You haven't drunk wine, or beer? Oh! Harry, I wouldn't have believed you could be so mean."

"I'm *not* mean, I'm not a coward," said Harry, passionately, his blue eyes flashing like sun-lit steel.

"And to take *pay* for breaking your word," I went on indignantly. "Harry, I hope there's not another boy on the islands would do such a paltry thing; and to think that my brother should; my darling little pet brother; my Harry, whom I believed to be the soul of honour. It is *too* horrible."

"Dorie," said Harry, in a less defiant tone, "I didn't know you'd feel so badly about it. However, 'tis done now, and 'twas only a little glass of grog; there's no use in making a fuss. You needn't say anything to papa or mamma, you know."

I was silent. Was it right to hide this thing from my father ?

"Promise me, Dorie ; or I'll not love you."

It was a childish threat that had often moved me, but it did not move me now. Harry had most bitterly disappointed me. I am afraid I was too angry with him to have done him the good I might have done at that moment. How often, by want of charity, even when we are in the right, we injure our cause, and excite evil passions in others, instead of soothing them. I can see it all now ; I might have acted so differently and so much better to my poor darling. May God forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself ; and if Harry should be— But oh ! I will not, I dare not, write that.

"I'll see how I ever trust you again, Dorie," said Harry, when I remained silent ; his cheeks were flushed and his young face clouded with anger. "I'll know better next time."

He went out, and banged the door of the schoolroom after him. I have not seen him since. When tea-time came, he did not make his appearance, but he often was unpunctual at meals ; so though it was a fault papa disliked, not much notice was taken. We have had very stormy weather on the islands lately ; the equinoctial gales had swept over the broad Atlantic, and besides other damage to shipping, a brig had been wrecked, thrown up by the wind like a mere toy on the rocks under the garrison. After tea the girls proposed that we should go and see it. It was a fine evening, and Nature presented one of her most solemn scenes. A grey calm sea. A soft blue-grey clear sky, masses of grey cloud piled high round the horizon ; lurid-red where the sun had just set. Below, on the rocks, jammed against them, the wrecked brig lying on its side, half its keel visible ; above, in the east, the clear pale-gold moon, almost at full ; and on the grey sea, the grey shadowy ships, silent and still. Nature itself asleep, in the trough of calm between the past storm-wave and that which was to come.

The greyness of all around rested on my heart also. Everywhere my eyes turned, eagerly looking for Harry : over the walls of the fort ; amongst the paths through the bracken. Oh ! if only I could see the dear boy again, and know that his anger against me was past, and we were once more friends.

"What is the matter, Dorie ?" asked dear Rose, who is always the first to discover that those she loves are in trouble ; "you don't talk to-night."

"I wonder where that dreadful boy is ?" said Lottie, laughing. "It is a wonder he leaves us at peace for five minutes ; he must be fishing."

I was thankful for Lottie's suggestion, and tried to calm my fears and seem more cheerful. When we returned, mamma was looking out of our front parlour window, as if watching for some one.

"Where can Harry be, dears ?" she asked, as we entered ; "I begin to feel anxious about him."

"Fishing, mamma, no doubt," answered Lottie, confidently. "He can't bear to come away if there's a chance of another minnow."

We all laughed at Lottie's speech ; then, after putting away our things, we came down and had some music and singing. Then the servant brought in supper, and papa came in, looking very tired. There had been a good deal of sickness on our usually healthy islands, and though only an epidemic of measles amongst the children, it kept papa and Ernie very busy.

"I'm not sorry to have done my day's work," said papa, as he sat down to the table. "I think I have earned my sleep to-night."

"Where is Ernest?" asked mamma.

"I have left him with grandpapa and auntie," said papa, smiling. "The good folks on St. Agnes are pleased to keep him, even if he is not a full-fledged doctor, they have such faith in the wisdom of his father's son;" and he smiled gaily.

Presently George came in. He was a member of the brass band of our Band of Hope, which had been performing that evening in the open air, and he looked warm with his exertions.

"I'm as hungry as a hunter," he said. "I say, father, blowing *is* hard work; I'd as soon plough or thrash as blow. But we've been going at it in fine style to-night."

"We heard you," said Lottie, laughing.

"Where have you been, then?"

"Round the garrison," she answered; "and the well-beloved and well-remembered notes of 'Weel may the keel row' came out, one by one, majestically upon the balmy air, and reached our ears in delightful succession, with just enough of pause between to make us hope——"

"You dreadful girl," said George, interrupting her, with a merry smile on his good-natured face; "I wish you'd join the band yourself, and then you would know 'tis no joke. 'Tis all very fine for young ladies to learn to send their little bits of fingers dancing and flying up and down a piano; but 'tis quite a different thing, isn't it, father, to *blow* out a tune?"

"I should prefer to have it blown in," said unmerciful Lottie, saucily. "If you blow it *out*, like the flame of a candle, no wonder it disappears and leaves us in the dark."

George only laughed as he attacked the bread and cheese with the zest of a hungry lad. Presently my father said, "Is Harry gone to bed, Dorie?"

"No, papa, he hasn't come home."

"Not home? Where is he, then? My dear child, you should have told me at once. George, of course he has not been with you?"

"No—oh! no. Why, where can he be stopping till this time?"

"Go down on the pier and ask if he has been seen this evening. Has Fred gone?"

"Yes, father. The cutter went out about two hours ago."

"It is possible Harry may have coaxed Fred to take him. You had better go and ask nurse if she knows. I'll wait till you come back, for I'm very tired. Have any of the boats gone to Tresco this evening? Harry shouldn't do like this."

"I think not, father," answered George; "but don't you trouble. I'll take my bread and cheese with me, for I'm really awfully hungry—Lottie, you needn't laugh—and then I'll go anywhere and everywhere, and I dare say I shall come home only to find the young rogue quietly seated at supper or snoring in his bed."

George is the best-tempered boy in the world. He is not so clever as Ernie and Harry, but he is always so ready to be kind. I often feel that I used to think less of George than he deserved. The girls went to bed, and then I begged papa and mamma to do so too. Unless Harry were found by George, we must conclude that he had gone in the pilot cutter with Fred, though it was not like nurse's son to fail to let us know of such a proceeding, and the neglect must have arisen through some mistake. Two hours later, when all the household save myself appeared to be quietly asleep, George returned; his kind face wore an unusually sad and grave expression.

"I can't hear anything of the poor little fellow, Dorie," he said. "Nurse doesn't at all believe he went with Fred, for Fred expected rather rough weather; but don't tell mother that. I have inquired and searched all about, all our old haunts and everywhere I can think of, and now Dixon has promised to be on the watch for him for another hour or so."

Dixon is our policeman, and one of the best of men—honest and good-natured, and ready to do any one a kindly turn. "He advised me," added George, "to go home and go to bed, and promised he would come to us if he found out anything about him."

"Yes, dear George, I think you had better. I *can't* sleep, so I will stay here and keep in the fire."

"I'll stay with you, Dorie; 'twill be lonely for you."

"No, dear; I would rather not, indeed."

Mamma's room door opened softly as my brother stole up to bed.

"Where is Harry, George?" she whispered.

"I think it possible he may be gone in the cutter, mamma, for I can't hear any, thing else about him. I'll get up very early and go out again and try to find him—if you'll go to bed now, for this isn't good for you, dear mamma, and you know God knows where he is, and can take care of him for us."

Dear George! his simple trustful words must, I am sure, have comforted our precious mother. I heard the kiss George gave her; and then her door shut quietly, and his door with a little more noise, and the house grew very still.

It must have been quite two hours later still that I heard a measured, heavy step outside in the street, and then a low tap at our door. My heart beat violently as I opened it; there, as I expected, stood Dixon.

"I haven't any news for you, my dear young lady," he said, good-naturedly, "but I thought I'd just call and say that I've searched everywhere for him, likely places and unlikely places." It was a pleasure and a comfort to look at the large broad frame, and the honest agreeable face above it, and the kindly eyes. "Tomorrow morning early, miss," he went on, "I'll begin again. I hope you'll go to bed and try to sleep. Boys will be boys while the world lasts, I suppose, and Master Harry isn't the first boy that has run away from home."

"I hope he'll be the last, then, Dixon," I said, "for it makes such a lot of trouble."

"There you're right, miss. 'Tis a pity they're so thoughtless, but bless you, they don't mean to grieve everybody at home same as they do."

Papa came down while we were talking; he was awake now and couldn't rest, and very soon they went away together. But the search was in vain. Very early in the morning papa took boat to St. Agnes, hoping to find the dear truant at grandpapa's farm; but he only left another group in sorrow behind him there. Before the day was far advanced every one upon St. Mary's knew of our loss, and the news was fast spreading to the other islands. Really, it would seem that it was quite impossible for a child to be lost on the Cassiterides. It was a comfort, at any rate, to know that in all directions kind hearts and quick eyes were on the look-out for our darling. In my extremity my thoughts turned to Honest Joe; so, only saying I was going once more to search for Harry, which was indeed true, I turned my steps towards Buzza Hill, round Peninnis Head, and passed, but not very near to, the Pulpit Rock, that unique mass, the pulpit itself projecting from a pillar-shaped rock; a broad platform of rock in shape of a sounding-board above,

while close beneath, at high tide, though many feet below, the great restless sea booms and roars into the fissures and caves with grand and melancholy music. There is something awfully majestic to my mind in this quaint Pulpit Rock ; it has had a weird fascination for me from childhood. I have trembled to see the boys climbing over it ; and I never could step upon it, from jutting crag to crag, without a hand to help me, and a feeling of solemn awe. Now I hastened on to the cottage of Honest Joe, told him and his good old mother our trouble, and begged Joe to look out for the boy. Could he have gone to Tom Butt's Bed ?

Joe followed me out of his home, and along through the beautiful old church-yard. "What made him run away, miss?" he asked.

"I don't know any *sufficient* reason," I answered, wondering at the quick wit of the crippled man.

"But he warn't best pleased about something, I s'pose, miss?" asked Joe.

"Yes, just that, Joe, I had to scold him for a fault. That may have made him feel vexed, but I don't think it was enough for a boy to run off about. But please don't tell any one what I've said."

Joe shook his head emphatically. —

I have been interrupted in my writing. A shower of sand against my window made me start and look out ; was it Harry ? There below, standing in the moonlit street, was Honest Joe. He has beckoned me to come down. Hark ! He whispers, "I've found him, but he's awful bad, miss ; he's in the Pulpit Rock."

(*To be continued.*)

MAY.

HAIL, lovely May ! all hail to thee !

Away thou charmer'st winter's storms ;

Welcome thy woodland melody ;

Welcome thy Flora's lovely forms.

The feath'ry warblers in thy praise

An ever joyous chorus raise ;

And joy, 'mid tears, sunshine and shower,

Thou bring'st to gladden bird and flower.

Balmy zephyrs with gentle power,

Thou send'st through grove, o'er hill and dale ;

While bird and beast, green herb and flower

Feel thy caress, and life inhale.

The village maids in singing mood

Roam gaily through each leafy wood :

Through winding vales they wend their way,

Swelling thy praises, merry May.

The cuckoo's voice, thy herald note—

Sweet harbinger !—doth seem to say,

With rapture sweet by dulcet throat,

"I love this merry, smiling May !"

The lark with vigorous pinions soars

Skyward ; and songs of love he pours

To cheer his mate the livelong day,

And welcome thee, bright month of May !

JOHN W. CLAY.



MY BROTHER FRED,

I HAVE a baby brother,
We call him Little Fred :
He is the liveliest creature
When he jumps out of bed.

He dances on the carpet,
He blows his tiny horn,
And wakens all the household
So early in the morn.

I wonder he's not weary,
He never can be still :
You'd think such endless frolic
Would sometimes make him ill.

But then he sleeps so soundly
When he is put to bed ;
He lies so still and quiet,
And scarcely stirs his head.

I like to hear him shouting,
To see him dance and run ;
I know he must be happy
When he's so full of fun.

Enough of toil and trouble
Will come when he's a man,
So now I'll let him frolic
And please him all I can.

W. HOYLE.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER A PRIZE IN BOOKS, value 5s., for the best Temperance Recitation in Poetry of any length; also a prize value 5s. for the best Story illustrating kindness to animals. Length not to exceed 1200 words.

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; compositions to be solely their own productions, and to be sent to the Editors not later than June 1st; writing to be on one side of the paper only.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

BENEVOLENCE.

1.—HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURE.

Through leafy shade and sunny glade
The hunter's horn is sounding;
And startled from their forest home
The red deer forth are bounding.

No knights are there, or ladies fair,
On steed and palfrey grey;
No king rides forth with noble train,
No royal pennons play.

The huntsmen come but two alone,
Along by hill and hollow;
For fierce revenge, not stately deer,
The chase this morn they follow.

Now from his castle comes the lord
Of this domain so fair;
In haughty wrath and angry pride
His challenge soon they dare.

With dress denoting rank and birth,
Forth steps the foremost stranger;
A sturdy henchman near him stands,
His master's guard in danger.

"Why do ye trespass in these woods?
The angry lord demands;
"How dare ye drive the fallow deer
Across my hunting lands?"

Cold, cutting words of stinging scorn
Are answered back; and later
Is hurled against the haughty lord
The name—despised—of *traitor*.

Bright steel gleams forth, fierce blows are
heard
Within that flowery glade;
And soon its owner lifeless lies,
Pierced by a kinsman's blade.

PERSEVERENCE.

The deed is done, and now alone
Remains to them to hide it;
That ghastly clay upon the sod,
The gory pool beside it.

An aged oak stands near the spot
Green boughs aloft it flings,
But grey and hollow is the trunk
From which that verdure springs.

They raise the dead, in armour clad,
High in the oak-tree hoary,
And drop it in that living tomb,
'Twill well conceal the story.

IVY.

2.—PUZZLE.

A third of thirty-six divide
By three, and you will find
That when 'tis done, you then have left
The figure four behind.
But when I add it up myself,
Though strange it seems to you,
Although you make the answer four,
I only make it two.

G. J. LUMSDEN.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A county in Ireland.
A place in central Africa.
A county of Scotland.
An ancient city in Glamorganshire.
A seaport in Devonshire.
A province of France.

The Initials give a city, and the finals the
name of the river on which it stands.

R. W. COPEMAN.

4.—DECAPITATIONS.

1st. Complete, an immense creature ; behead' robust, hearty ; again, and a foul drink.

2nd. Complete, a moveable seat ; behead, one of the integuments of the body ; again, and this is the mien of a person.

3rd. Complete, a voracious sea fish ; beheaded, it is to listen, to attend ; behead again, and it is the name generally applied to a large vessel in which some people were preserved.

4th. Complete, 'tis to divide ; behead, and you have a timid animal ; again, and this is part of the verb "to be."

5th. Complete, to strip or cut off ; beheaded it is to listen to ; again, and you have a part of the body.

6th. Complete, an article used at table ; behead, this you must never be ; again, it will be devoured.

7th. Complete, the finest of grains ; behead, it is party rage ; again, it is what most of us do every day.

8th. Complete, part of a carriage ; behead, part of the foot ; again, and a small fish.

MARIE.

5.—DOUBLE VERBAL CHARADE.

Come search amongst these jewels bright,
And there you'll find lie hid from sight
Two ornaments or virtues fair,
Which it becomes us all to wear.

My *firsts* are in the agate seen,
My *seconds* in the emerald green,
My *thirds* in diamond so rare,
My *fourths* are in the topaz fair,
My *fifths* in beryl may be found,
My *sixths* within the jasper bound,
My *sevenths* in jacinth lie imbed,
My *eighths* are in carbuncle red,
My *ninths* you'll find in chrysolite,
My *tenths* in amethyst so bright.

FRANCES.

6.—SQUARE WORD.

1. Where soldiers do live when out on the fields.

2. Made plural a medicine which a foreign tree yields.

3 The greatest quantity is my third you will see.

4. A number of these at your home will be.

ARTHUR FENN.

7.—TRANSPOSITION.

With men of old my form was found complete,
Transpos'd you'll see what thousands often eat,
Transpos'd again you'll see what here is meant,
I name a city on the Continent.

W. H. EDDY.

DEFINITIONS.

CONSCIENCE.

The watchdog of man's life which, though often stunned by repeated defeats, is never actually killed, but will give a sufficient warning at any approach of evil.

ARTHUR FENN.

An inward infallible regulator of life and conduct, when enlightened by, and acting in accordance with, Divine truth.

S. H. McC.

MEMORY.

A hole in the heavy curtain of the dark past, through which we can see, though very indistinctly, except here and there, where it is illumined by some very particular event.

ARTHUR FENN.

The retina of the mind's eye on which past transactions are reflected, and pictured with great vividness to the mind.

S. H. McC.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On Pages 68 and 69.

1. Organ, Lyre, Piano, Harp, Cornet, Drum, Handbell, Harmonium, Lute, Concertina. ("Mr. Shannon" should have been "Mr. Sharmon.")

2. R E P
E I A
D D R
GET
REDBR EAST
IDO
D U U
G C S
E I K E

3. The letter "O."

5. MILK
IRON
LOVE
KNEE

4. Char-lock.

6. Sol-omon (moon).

7. On-ward.



MAY SONG.

W A. OGDEN.

DUET.

1. I am May, blythe and gay, Lis-ten to my pret-ty lay; I will sing

DUET. KEY C

m .s :d'	m .s :d'	d' .t :t .l	l .s :s .f	m .s :d'
2. Here are flow'rs	fresh from bow'rs,	Where I spend my	summer hours;	Come with me,
d .m :m	d .m :m	m .s :s .f	f .m :m .r	d .m :m
3. I will twine	pale woodbine	For the sweet young	brows of thine;	Then with lay,

CHORUS.

songs of spring, Hap-py news I bring. Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la,

CHORUS.

m .s :d'	t .s :r' .s	d :—	d' :t .l,	s .fe :s	l .s :f .s .l
full of glee,	To the greenwood	tree.	m :s .,f	m .re :m	f .m :r .m .f
d .m :m	f .f :f .f	m :—	Tra la la	la la la,	Tra la la la la,
glad and gay,	Welcome, "Queen of	May."	s :d' .d'	d' .d' :d'	t . :t .
:	:	:	d :d .,d	d .d :d	s . :s .

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la.

s .f :m .f .s	d' :t .l	s .fe :s	t .s :r' .s	d' :—
m .r :d .r .m	m :s .,f	m .re :m	f . :f .	m :—
Tra la la la la,	Tra la la la la,	la la la,	Tra la la la	la,
d' :s	s :d' .d'	d' .d' :d'	r' . :t .	d' :—
d :d	d :d .,d	d .d :d	s . :s .	d :—



CELLABROOK.

RALPH RAYMOND'S RUSE; OR, CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

BY T. H. EVANS,

Author of "A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Is example nothing? It is everything. Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.—*Burke.*

OUR story opens in the rustic seclusion of Cellabrook, a pretty little country town pleasantly situated on the borders of—but there—those who desire more precise information will see the place named on the map, if they look till they find it. Gerald Kingsford, a clerk in the adjoining town, lodged in one of the many snug little cottages that ornamented the river skirting the town. And if our readers will kindly picture to themselves the comfortable and well furnished sitting room of the intellectual young man of the period, we will proceed at once to the main purport of our story.

"There!" said Gerald Kingsford, throwing down his pen, "I think I have made out a pretty strong case against these irrepressible teetotalers; so when Mr. Drayton brings on his discussion next week, I shall be able to confute all his arguments, and carry the case triumphantly against him." Saying which, Gerald threw himself back in his easy chair, and gazed up at the ceiling as self-complacently as if the barren expanse before him had been a vast territory, and he its sole possessor. The only occupants of this part of the room were a couple of flies, who were brushing up their whiskers before retiring to rest, when they caught sight of Gerald's flashing eyes glowing full upon them; and just as they were expressing the disgust they felt that they could not perform their toilets and retire to rest without being stared at in that rude manner, the door suddenly opened, and in dashed a tall, handsome young fellow of forty, for twenty summers and, strange to

say, exactly the same number of winters had passed over the fair open brow of Ralph Raymond upon the evening of which we are writing,

"Good evening, Gerald," said Ralph, announcing his presence by slapping his meditative friend on the back with so sudden and vigorous a blow that Gerald bounded from his seat like a ball from a trap when struck with a bat.

"Ralph, how you startled me!" said Gerald, wincing under the iron clutch of his high-spirited friend, who, before he was aware of it, had seized his hand, and was shaking it in such a manner as to make every bone creak again.

"You certainly have a very surprising way of introducing yourself; I feel quite struck by it." And Gerald laughed outright at his own wit, Ralph joining in with the uproarious accompaniment of his own mirthful voice, as he laid aside his hat and stick, and seated himself at the table opposite his friend.

"It's too bad of you, Gerald, to make fun of me in this manner; I was always a jolly sort of a fellow, you know; overlook it, for I can't help it, 'tis one of my weaknesses."

"One of your weaknesses? I don't think there's much *weakness* in it; I have just been made painfully aware that you are very *strong*," and once more a double peal of laughter rang through the room.

"Ralph, you are a living contradiction to your own arguments, for I have heard you say repeatedly that there would be less vice amongst men if they did not drink, but your hand seems to become more and more like a *vice* every time we meet. But I'm glad you have called, for I want to have a little chat with you about the discussion coming off next month."

"Pleased to hear it," said Ralph. "Let us anticipate the pleasures of that evening by discussing the matter now."

"Very well, I am ready," replied Gerald, tossing the manuscript he had just finished into his friend's lap. "As you are of course aware, the title of the paper to be read is 'Moderate Drinking an inconsistency in the character of a professing Christian, for the Bible enjoins us to abstain from even the appearance of evil.' Of course I take the negative side."

"So I suppose," said Ralph. "But do you not feel somewhat ashamed of your position?"

"Not in the least," was the reply; "why should I?"

"Well," retorted his friend, "it seems to me, the very height of inconsistency for one who is labouring in the cause of Christ to save mankind from sin and suffering to defend anything so pernicious as the drunkard's drink."

"Stay, stay, my friend;" said Gerald laying his hand on his friend's arm; "to call alcoholic drinks 'pernicious' is a reflection upon the wisdom of God, who, when He made all things, pronounced them good. Alcohol is one of God's creatures, and therefore *good*."

"Well," said Ralph, in the quiet self-assured manner of one who knew he was on the right side, "I do not find any mention made of alcohol in the first chapter of Genesis, which contains an account of all that our Heavenly Father made and called 'good.' But, even admitting that it *is* a good creature of God, it must be *rightly* used, or it will prove a curse instead of a blessing. That which is good in itself will cause evil, if unwisely applied. Alcohol holds an invaluable place in the arts and sciences, but, when you drink it, you put it to a bad use, for it poisons and defiles humanity more than anything else you can name."

"Nay," replied Gerald, with warmth; "that opinion is contrary to the Divine

Word, which says, 'Not that which goeth into the mouth, but that which cometh out, defileth a man.' The drink in itself is good enough, it is the depravity and wickedness of man's own nature that causes him to sin. Let us be honest and blame *ourselves*, and not any of those wonderful and beautiful gifts that God has with such a lavish hand bestowed upon us."

"Not so fast, my dear boy, not so fast," said Ralph, with a smile. "You have not yet *proved* that strong drink is a 'good creature of God.' I call it a *manufactured* article, produced by the *destruction* of God's good creatures—namely, the fruit and grain that He has sent for our sustenance. But let me more fully explain my meaning," he continued, drawing his chair nearer to his friend.

"We can judge of the value or usefulness of any given article only by the results following its use. Here are some apples, and here is some barley: let us divide them equally. I will cook mine myself, but you give your share to the maltster and brewer to cook. After the process is completed, let us sit down to the feast so provided. Will the result be the same in each case? By no means. You have two strong innutritious liquids, that cannot *sustain* life, but on the contrary, tend to *destroy* it; I have a couple of dishes filled with health-giving food. I can *live* on mine, you *cannot* live on *yours*, therefore *appearances* are against you. Granting, for argument's sake, that yours is not evil in itself, it certainly has the *appearance* of being so. For the sake of the influence our example may exert upon others, it is the duty of all, professing Christians *especially*, to see that they are not in any way allied to a practice which has the credit of causing so much mischief."

"There is a great deal of truth in what you say," responded Gerald; "but there are many things which we consume as food, that will not of themselves *sustain* life, and yet do not *injure* it, and it certainly cannot be wrong for us to partake of them in moderation. There is not any appearance of evil in the moderate use of these drinks, it is when they are consumed in excessive quantities that evil results manifest themselves. If every one followed my example," said Gerald, throwing himself back in his chair with an air of pride, "drunkenness would never have been heard of. I cannot see, therefore, that my example as a moderate drinker is in any way inconsistent with the Christian character, for I so live and act, that my 'moderation may be known unto all men.'"

"The worst thing about the moderate drinker's example," said Ralph, "is this—it is not a safe one for all to follow; the tendency of it is bad. Moderation is the seed from whence all drunkenness springs, and—"

"Nay, pardon the interruption," said Gerald, quickly; "it is only when men have not the 'grace of God' to restrain them that they become drunkards."

"Indeed! I could point to many sad facts, all pointing in the opposite direction," said Ralph, thoughtfully. "The 'grace of God' should surely be employed in keeping us out of the way of temptation as much as possible, and not relied upon as a shield to protect the foolish from the consequences of their folly. You must own, Gerald, that there is one very unchristian-like feature about the use of alcoholic drinks, and that is, it is purely an act of self-gratification. This of itself is in opposition to the spirit of Christ, for He 'pleased not Himself.'"

"Well, I must say, I feel my position somewhat shaken," said Gerald, looking perplexed: "although I am not convinced that the precept respecting avoiding the 'appearance of evil' is correct when applied to the use of strong drink, because I cannot see that it is an evil, when used as I use it, moderately. Surely we need

not mind so much about *appearances*, when the thing itself is good, and our intentions are good also. I don't care a fig for appearances when I know that I am right."

"I cannot quite agree with the conclusions at which you arrive," was Ralph's quiet response; "but call round and see me about this time to-morrow evening, for I cannot stay longer now, and we will discuss the subject farther,"

"Thanks! I'll be there," was Gerald's reply. "Good-bye, if you must go. Good-bye, old boy," said Ralph, shaking his friend heartily by the hand.

A moment more, and the door closed behind him, and Gerald was alone. "He is a precious nice fellow," said Gerald, talking to himself; "but he will have to be clever as well as nice to convert me to his absurd doctrines. Why the good old Book tells us, wine is sent to 'cheer the heart of man;' and even Timothy is cautioned not to continue drinking water, 'but take a little wine for his stomach's sake;' and Christ Himself actually turned water into wine at the marriage feast. Teetotalism! Bah! its all fudge," continued Gerald, pouring out a glass of stout. "Nothing can stand against these facts. I'll go and get the Bible and hunt up a few more weapons to brandish in the face of my foe to-morrow night. I can already see him lying vanquished at my feet, leaving me master of the field;" and Gerald dashed out of the room, slamming the door after him so violently the young couple asleep on the ceiling were shaken right out of their beds, and down they both fell plump into the dregs Gerald had left in his glass on the table, thus affording a striking proof of the deceptiveness of moderation. For a moment before they were both sober, but now, though they had only had a couple of drops, first the drop from the ceiling, secondly just the mere drop left in Gerald's glass, yet there they are, you see, both "in liquor."

(*To be continued.*)

SPRING.

SPRING, beautiful Spring! once more visits our isle,
Its bright budding flowers cheer again with their smile,
The daffodils open their petals so bright
To drink in the sunbeam's life-giving light.

All nature awaking from winter's long sleep,
O'er mountain and valley doth holiday keep.
Now past are rude tempests, the chill winds and snow;
The glad sun looks down, and the soft zephyrs blow.

There's no time like Spring-time for youth's playful glee,
As they roam o'er the meadows or climb some old tree;
While the birds as they carol their heaven-born lays,
Fill the air with their music and jubilant praise.

And those who have journeyed far over life's main
Feel the old fire rekindled of young days again,
As they gaze on the daisy so gentle and pure,
They long for the past times, the glad days of yore;

For memory still holds a seat in their heart,
Which time ne'er erases, nor silver locks part.
Then hurrah for the Spring-time! the Spring-time is here!
The happiest, gladdest time of the year.

THOMAS GILL.

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

By DR. F. R. LEES, OF LEEDS.

III.

THE case of SAN MARTIN, given in Article No. II., sufficiently shows that alcohol does meddle with *digestion*—*i.e.*, the changing of our solid food into a creamy condition dissolved in water so finely that it will be sucked up into the system, and go to repair the waste of the various parts, or to unite with oxygen, and so do work or give warmth. This agrees with the experience of healthy teetotalers everywhere whose appetites are found to improve from the very beginning of their abstinence from strong drink. We eat better, because the natural changes go on unhindered. If the "out-go" from the body is less, the "income" will be less—and the appetite is the sign of the waste. Hence, fresh air, exercise, and pure water *help* change; more than sitting still in a room. You see herein the law. The *gastric-juice* itself is a secretion from the blood, and made up of certain chemical substances set free by the decomposition of the parts in exercise; and if the exercise or change is lessened, so must be the resulting product. Now alcohol is universally admitted to be a *narcotic*, which "deadens" tissue, and arrests or stops living action: it really *pickles* (or tends to pickle) every part that it touches; and what is called its "stimulation" is, in fact, the sensibility kicking against the stroke of death. Now for the reasons of the fact.

The first reason why alcohol hinders perfect digestion is found in its deadening the tissues and *nervous* system and wasting the nervous force, and hence stopping secretion and excretion, and lessening nutrition; that is, interfering

with both out-go and in-come. As an "irritant" a little wine or beer may cause an *extra* flow of gastric juice (as pepper and mustard will), but it cannot increase the *strength* of it; and if it did, it would be at the expense of the process afterwards. As Sir W. W. GULL has said: "All things of an alcoholic nature injure the nervous tissues *for the time*; you may quicken the operations, but you do not *improve* them."

A second reason is the hurtful action of alcohol upon the liver, and so retarding, or disturbing, the secretion of *bile*, etc.; which organ cannot be injured without impairing digestion. The celebrated Dr. THOMAS BEDDOES (in his *Hygeia*, published in 1802), gives an instructive illustration.* "A late ingenious surgeon [JOHN HUNTER] gave one of his children a glass of sherry every day after dinner for a week. The child was then five years old, and had never been accustomed to wine. To another child, of nearly the same age, and under similar circumstances, he gave a large China orange for the same space of time. At the end of the week he found a very material difference in the pulse, the heat of the body, the urine, and the stools of the children. In the first, the pulse was quickened, the heat [of skin] increased, the urine high coloured, and the stools *destitute of their usual quantity of bile*. He then reversed the experiment; to the first-mentioned child he gave the orange, and to the other the wine. The effects followed as before—a striking proof of

* See Dr. Lees' "Standard Temperance Library" (1842).

the pernicious effect of the wine upon the digestive organs."

The third reason is the irritative state into which the coats of the stomach are put by the *continued* use of alcohol.

The fourth is the tendency to disorganise the gastric juice. As Prof. DUNDAS THOMSON, M.D., observes: "Alcohol, when added to the digestive fluid, produces a white precipitate; and the fluid is no longer capable of digesting either animal or vegetable matter." Absurd things are often done by third-rate doctors. I find them prescribing *pepsine*, got from the stomach of pig or calf, to help digestion; and at the same time prescribing the wine or beer which disorganises the pepsine! It is not before it was needed that Sir W. W. GULL has said: "The public ought to know that of all the *solvents* for food, there is nothing like water. Water carries into the system the nutriment in its purest form."

The fifth reason why alcohol holds back digestion is its *hardening* effect upon the food itself. Flesh will be kept unchanged in either wine or strong beer, the alcohol preventing the water from dissolving it; and digestion cannot go on till the alcohol has been got rid of. The vomit of drunkards often contains food that has been taken twenty hours before. The late Prof. PARKES, M.D., of the Netley Hospital, says: "In cases of disease I have seen some patients who complained that they could eat nothing, *and on taking away the alcohol the appetite returned.*" My young readers will now see the reasons for such a fact.

EXPERIMENTS ON DIGESTION.

BY HENRY MUNROE, M.D., F.L.S.,
HULL.

EXP. I.—Pouring four ounces of gastric juice into a wide-mouthed phial, half an ounce of raw beef, cut up into small angular pieces, was introduced. The phial was placed in a sand bath at

100 deg., being every two hours briskly shaken to imitate the motions of the stomach. After the first two hours the fluid became opaque and cloudy, the surfaces of the bits of beef assuming a milky-white appearance. In about four hours, muscular fibres of the beef, on the surface and at the angles especially, began to separate and loosen. In about six hours they were much lessened, and the fluid had a cloudy appearance like thin broth. In eight hours the pieces were easily broken into shreds, which floated about. In ten hours these muscular fibres became softened down, and were no longer discernible, having become dissolved like soup.

EXP. II.—Pouring four ounces of the same artificial gastric juice into another phial, I introduced half an ounce of chopped raw beef; added two drachms of spirits of wine, and placed the phial in the sand bath. After two hours, little or no alteration had taken place in the fluid. In four hours the fluid was slightly opaque. In six hours, a slight albuminous coating was seen on the surface of the beef. After eight hours, no change to sight, but the pieces of beef felt more solid during the operation of shaking the bottle. In ten hours, there appeared only the slightest change upon the surface of the beef, the substance of it not having been acted upon at all. On the phial being set aside to cool, there took place a deposit of pepsine.

EXP. III.—Instead of mixing the gastric juice with four ounces of water, I used that quantity of Allsop's *Bitter Ale*. Half an ounce of beef was introduced into the phial, which was placed in the sand bath. In two hours there appeared little or no change. In four hours, the fluid was rendered slightly cloudy, and the surfaces of the beef slightly covered with albumen. In six hours, the muscular fibres seemed somewhat separating and loosened. In

eight hours, no further change. In ten hours, the beef presented a similar appearance to the beef in the phial of alcohol, very little acted on by the gastric juice. On cooling, a deposit of pepsine appeared.

That alcohol, even in a diluted form, has the power of diminishing the efficacy of the gastric juice as a solvent for food is sufficiently demonstrated.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE BEN.



UNCLE BEN was a sturdy smith,
And you his hammer's ring might hear
Across the fields and down the lane,
When Uncle Ben was not in beer—

Or, rather, beer was out of him ;
For oh ! he dearly loved his glass,
And when at night he left his forge
The "Golden Fleece" he could not pass.

And there he often spent in drink
His hard won wages for the day :
A foolish thing indeed it was
To throw his earnings thus away.

A jovial soul was Uncle Ben,
And very fond of songs and jokes :
His mirth it was that made him such
A favourite with the drinking folks.

And he would sit and laugh, and sing
His well-known song, "I love to roam,"
And drink until he scarcely could
Be got to rise and stagger home.

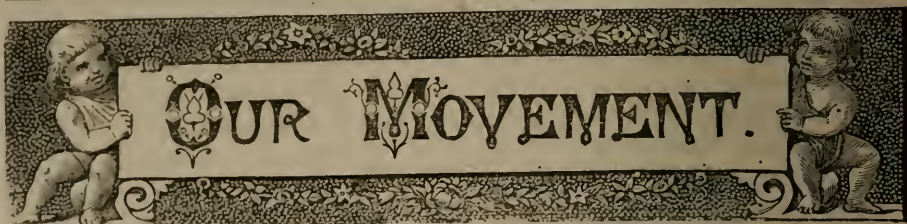
One night he drank so deep and long
That when he rose and tried to go,
Though on an old familiar road,
Which way to turn he did not know.

And so he rambled here and there
Until he reached the river's brink,
When down he fell close by the stream,
And in the mud began to sink.

The morning dawned, a neighbour came
And found him there quite stiff and cold :
Another victim slain by drink !
And now my little story's told.

Dear boys, from this a warning take,
And be abstainers true, and then
You may be sure you will escape
The dreadful fate of Uncle Ben.

DAVID LAWTON.



Halifax Band of Hope Union.—The annual meeting was held on Monday, March 3rd, in the Mechanics' Hall. The chair was occupied by Mr. Charles Watson, president of the Union. The report stated that the number of societies in affiliation was 82, an increase of 10 during the year. For the last five years they were tabulated as follows:—1874, 60; 1875, 62; 1876, 66; 1877, 72; 1878, 82. Some 82 committees had as managers 1,300 persons, and nearly the whole of them were Sabbath-school teachers. Altogether, the members connected with these societies numbered 17,000, showing an increase of 863 during the past year. There had been an increase during the last five years as follows:—1874, 12,909; 1875, 13,508, or an increase of 599; 1876, 15,271, or an increase of 1,763; 1877, 16,137, or an increase of 860; 1878, 17,000, an increase of 863. Out of the above, 8,600 were above 16 years of age. In 20 schools containing 4,512 scholars, 1,987 were members of the Bands of Hope. Of the 1,987, 120 had joined the Church during the year; of the remainder, 81 joined the Church during the year. The practice of visiting had been carried on, and about 105,000 temperance publications had been circulated. The report paid a suitable tribute to Mr. G. S. Hall, who was agent to the Union for nearly five years, and hailed with satisfaction the efforts of his successor, Mr. C. Simmonds. Under the auspices of the Union, 800 meetings had been held during the year, or 88 more than last year.

Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—On Thursday evening a conference of Sunday-school teachers, Band of Hope workers, and others interested in the welfare of the young was held in the Temperance Hall, Bury; amongst those present being the Revs. C. Ashford, B.A., W. Bury, H. Holgate, Messrs. T. W. Cummin, G. Ormerod, T. Allen, T. Nuttall, and representatives of various temperance societies in the town and district. In the absence of Mr. W. Hoyle, of Tottington, who was announced to preside, Mr. G. Ormerod was voted to the chair, and he opened the meeting with a few remarks. Mr. W. Hoyle, hon. sec., Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, Manchester, read a paper on "The Advantages of Local or District Band of Hope Unions." The Rev. C.

Ashford then moved 'the first resolution,' "That this meeting is of opinion that united effort is desirable in Band of Hope work," commending the plan to the attention of the audience. The Rev. W. Bury seconded the motion. If they could only have thoroughly good unity of effort it would seem like genuine sympathy. The temperance movement had suffered as much as anything from a want of cohesion. That was what they were suffering from in Bury at the present time. Mr. J. W. Cummins, lecturer and agent to the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, advised all to "bury the hatchet" with respect to their differences, and combat the foe of strong drink. The resolution was then put, and carried unanimously. The Rev. H. Holgate proposed, "That this meeting pledges itself to aid in the establishing and working of a Band of Hope Union for Bury and district." Mr. Joseph Allen seconded the motion, which was carried.

Irish Temperance League and Band of Hope Union.—On Sunday, March 31st, the twentieth anniversary sermon in connection with the Irish Temperance League was preached in the Ulster Hall by the Rev. Newman Hall, of London. There was a very large audience.

Lambeth Band of Hope Union.—A successful aggregate meeting of about 1,000 members and friends was held in the Victoria Baths, Peckham, on Wednesday, March 9th. Mr. George Livesey presided, and those who took part included the Revs. Isaac Doxsey, James Sears, and W. Cornforth, Messrs. W. R. Selway, J. T. Sears, and H. G. Follett, hon. sec.

Tower Hamlets Band of Hope Union.—On Wednesday, March 27th, an important meeting, designed to bring the claims of Bands of Hope before Sunday and day-school teachers, was held in St. Mary's Schools, Whitechapel, the Rev. J. F. Kitto, M.A., presiding. Mr. Joseph Mitchell, M.R.C.P., and the Rev. George Curnock addressed the meeting.

Derby and Derbyshire Band of Hope Union.—The annual sermon was preached on Sunday, March 24th, by the Rev. J. C. Antliff, B.D., and the public meeting was held on the following Monday, under the pre-

sidency of C. B. Kingdon, Esq. The annual report stated that forty-one societies, with a membership of about 3,000, were connected with the Union. The meeting was addressed by the Mayor (H. H. Bemrose, Esq.), Rev. R. F. Griffiths, and Mr. Joseph Jones.

NEW BANDS OF HOPE.

[We shall be glad to receive information of the commencement of new Bands of Hope.]

On Tuesday, April 3rd, was inaugurated a Band of Hope at Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire. The Rev. Joseph Johnson presided. An address was delivered by Mr. W. Marsh, of the Lancashire and Cheshire Union. The society begins with fifty members and a good working committee.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH BANDS OF HOPE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "ONWARD."

GENTLEMEN,—I was glad to notice in "Our Movement" for April that you recommended secretaries and others to commence "Publication Departments" in connection with their Bands of Hope. I think the working of them and their influence and results only need to become known to make them more general. Kindly allow me to state a few of the good results flowing from these valuable aids to our Bands of Hope.

1st. The spread of good, sound temperance and religious literature amongst all classes of society, and especially amongst the class of people we cannot get to our Bands of Hope meetings, &c. As an example, some of our

canvassers are now selling ONWARD to an ex-publican who is not by any means a total abstainer, and many similar instances. In our village many young men, not connected with any Church or Temperance Society, eagerly wait for the periodicals as they appear month by month.

2nd. It adds life and vigour to the Band of Hope with which it is connected.

3rd. It finds suitable employment for our young folks, and they cannot put on the Temperance harness too soon, for in this department of labour, as in others, we find that "Satan finds some work for idle hands to do."

4th. We are enabled to give the profits to the children as prizes, and thus stimulate them to work on.

The Band of Hope of which I am secretary is in a small village; still we manage to sell over £5 worth of books per month (exclusive of extras), and next Christmas we expect, *after paying all expenses*, to distribute amongst the canvassers at least £15 worth of prizes. This alone is worth the small amount of trouble. We started our Publication Department after reading a pamphlet published at the ONWARD offices ("On Publication Departments in connection with Bands of Hope, and how to form them"). I wish I was able to furnish every society with one of these useful pamphlets, I feel confident they would lead to good results.

No one need think there is a great amount of work connected with a "Publication Department." I work ours single handed, and do not find it heavy. Surely there is one willing worker in each society who would take the matter up.

Yours faithfully,

A SECRETARY.

THE SUMMER IS COMING!

THE summer is coming! with bright,
blue skies,

And sunshine and flowers to cheer
our way,
To brighten our hearts and gladden our
eyes,
And banish all trouble and sorrow
away.

The summer is coming! the fields are
green,

And birds are singing in every tree;
And out on the hillside the lambs are
seen;

I can hear the hum of the busy bee.

The summer is coming! the winter king
Has fled away to his mountain home;

And loudly the children's voices ring,
As in search of buttercups they roam.

The summer is coming! away, away,
To the beach where the loud sea
tumbles in!

I love to spend a summer day,
Trying to answer its ceaseless din.

The summer is coming! oh, let us
spend

The long, bright hours in the open
air!

For soon, too soon, the summer will
end,

And winter will bring its weight of
care.

W. A. EATON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

EVERYTHING helps, especially if it is a kick when you are going down hill.

"A MAN can't help what is done behind his back," as the scamp said when he was kicked out of doors.

KEEPING A BIRTHDAY.—A confirmed toper was bothered how to honour his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him—he kept it sober.

THE following advertisement lately appeared in a country paper:—"Wanted, a steady young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion."

BOY, to Old Twenty-per-Cent: "What do you want to accumulate so much money for? You can't take it with you when you die; and if you could, it would melt."

MISPRINTS will present themselves in other columns besides those of newspapers. The author of a temperance novel, who wrote "Drunkenness is folly," was horrified to read—"Drunkenness is jolly."

A FRIEND having met Sheridan, asked him how he fared. "Oh," answered Sheridan, "I have turned over a new leaf, and now go on like clockwork." "Ay," replied the other, "tick, tick, tick."

DID you ever attend a Mechanics' Institution *soirée* where "Knowledge is power" was not quoted? Did you ever hear a young lady talk three minutes and not say, "So nice!"? Did you ever know a mother who wasn't offended if you didn't praise her baby? Did you ever know a racing prophet allow his prediction was quite wrong? Did you ever know a farmer satisfied with the weather?

HAPPINESS is always a home-made article.

HEAVY showers, like heavy drinkers, always begin with little drops.

A TYRANT is often but a slave turned inside out.

AN idler is a watch that wants both hands:

As useless if it goes as when it stands.
—Cowper.

UNWEARIED PATIENCE.—Boerhaave the physician, performed one experiment 300 times, and another upwards of 900.

Men may preserve their health and strength without wine; with it they run the risk of ruining both their health and their morals.—Fenelon.

MUSIC.—The indefatigable Moffat could not teach the Kaffir children the alphabet until in his despair he adapted it to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." This succeeded admirably.

SELFISHNESS, mixed, modified, flavoured in a thousand different ways, comes into all human affairs; but wherever it is the governing motive, there you find vile work going forward.

PETER CARTWRIGHT'S CREED.—"My creed was never to back out unless I found myself wrong. Never retreat till I certainly knew I could advance no farther. I never knew whether I could overcome a difficulty or not till I had tried: so to try was my motto."

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—Every man has in his own life follies enough, in his own mind troubles enough, in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough, in his own fortune evils enough, without being curious after the affairs of others.



"I PAUSED AWHILE."

I PAUSED awhile to watch the torrent roll,
 Awd by the sound of its resistless tide,
Which seemed to heave and sigh like my poor soul ;
 And listening to its moans and sobs, I cried,
"O, foaming waters, how ye toss about—
 Fit emblem of the restless human mind,
Which knows no peace from anxious fears and doubt
 Till it, like you, the source it seeks doth find.
Ye moan and sob for very weariness,
 And long to be at rest in ocean old ;
And so man's spirit ever mourns, unless
 God doth, with His Almighty arms enfold ;
And once within His loving, strong embrace,
It needs and seeks no other resting-place."

DAVID LAWTON.

RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford," "Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistake," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

A TRIP TO PENZANCE.

"ALL right, Master Harry," said Fred; "we've been in some queer places together, haven't we? Here's another. I'm just back in time. Only landed on the Pier a quarter-of-an-hour ago, and heard something of what had happened, so came off at once. He's 'fixed' in awkward, as the Americans say; but we'll have him out, sir." Fred went round to the other side of the rock without another word, and pushed, while papa tried to draw Harry's body forward in front; but the poor child grew whiter, moaned piteously, and then fainted.

"What *can* be done, sir? We can't get him out by pulling without a terrible bit of a wrench," said Fred, in his quick, decisive way, running round to my father again.

"We must recover him from this fainting-fit first, then cheer him up a little, and then administer chloroform," said my father.

"Shall I fetch it, papa?" asked Ernest.

"I have come prepared, my dear boy."

This plan was carried out, but so firmly was the dear form wedged into the rock, all the more so probably from the efforts he had made at first to free himself, that it was found quite impossible thus to accomplish his extrication. By this time quite a little crowd of our kindly neighbours from St. Mary's had gathered on the down, and were standing about in groups, devising vain plans of deliverance. Fred, who with my father, Honest Joe, Ernest, George and myself, was on the platform of rock with poor Harry, was the swiftest to devise new schemes. "Suppose we were to blast, sir?" he said at last, suggesting a forlorn hope. "A little dynamite might do the business."

"Yes," said Honest Joe, in a whisper, "and it might take off the dear head of him." After saying this, Joe turned, and, rather to my surprise, limped away from us, slipping over the ledges of rock to the downs below, and so off in the direction of Old Town and his house.

"It is too great a risk," said my father, thoughtfully. Then he turned to me, and spoke so that I only could hear, "Dorie, be brave and tell me; can a man do best with two arms or two legs? To save this dear boy's life we must cut off either the one or the other."

My blood turned cold, and my heart seemed to stand still within me, and papa's kind, firm hand held me fast to strengthen me. After a pause I replied, "He needs two legs most, I think, papa. But, oh! can *nothing* else be done? Do wait a little, papa. Has everything been thought of? Can you not give *him* the choice? Oh! if God would only put it into somebody's mind to suggest some other thing."

"Give *him* the choice?" repeated papa. "Dorie, that would be too hard upon him; I must judge for him. My God has given me this task." My father's low groan of anguish, as he turned his head aside from me, told me how much pain the

idea he had propounded cost him. "Dorie," he resumed, turning again to me, and wringing my hands in his, "I think I never understood before to-day what Abraham felt on Mount Moriah. Oh! that God would in His mercy once more provide the ram for the burnt offering! My little Harry! Dorie, I cannot do it; I cannot mutilate my own flesh and blood, my beloved one's child!"

Poor papa! What could I say to these passionate heart-wailings? I could only squeeze and stroke his dear hand, and say softly, "If it be possible, take this cup away from us."

After a little time of intense, agonising suspense and conflict, my father said, "Dorie, my child, I will go down amongst our good townfolk; I will try if any one of them all can devise any means to avert this calamity. Sit beside Harry, Dorie; support his dear head upon your knee; cheer him if possible."

As he turned to go down, he met Honest Joe, holding in his hands several chisels and a sack.

"What now, Joe?" said papa, in surprise.

The poor fellow's face was radiant when with difficulty he lifted his head so as to look my father full in the face.

"See here, doctor, it all was given to me what to do. Put the sack over Master Harry, that no bits may get in his dear eyes, and then let's chip away at the stone. If it takes a brave long time, yet it can be done, I reckon, at last. Chip away this side and that side, eh, mates?" And he turned from his platform on the Pulpit Rock to speak to the crowds below. Never did brilliant orator or preacher receive a heartier burst of applause than came from the little crowd which formed the audience of Honest Joe.

"Thee'st hit it, Joey!"

"Thee'rt a brick, Joey!"

"Hurrah for Joey!"

Such were the goodnatured, familiar words of cheer that greeted him. As for my father, the tears chased each other fast over his dear face as he blessed the man for his thoughtfulness and good sense.

"Oh, Dorie, where was my faith? God *has* provided Himself a ram for a burnt offering."

It was, of course, a slow and tedious operation. Poor Harry, encased in the sack, was beguiled from weariness by one and another in turn. We children told him marvellous or interesting stories. George developed quite an imaginative genius in his determination to amuse Harry; and Fred, when he wasn't chipping, was almost always talking to Harry. Relays of men came and went, working at night by the light of lanterns, which caused strange flickering shadows to dance over the great rocks. Every day we went to see Harry; even dear mamma, by a great effort of her feeble strength, visited him twice during his enforced tarriance at the Pulpit Rock. And as hope grew stronger Harry's usually gay spirits rose, and he was sometimes like his old playful self again, making fun about the sack, and about his being a second Tom Butt with his bed in a new place—the Pulpit Rock.

The chipping was getting at last very close to Harry, so close that the men had to be specially careful not to injure the immured boy. Either Fred or Joe, as well as my father or brothers, took care to be always present now, watching carefully on both sides.

I remember reading accounts of the joy felt by the two parties of men tunnel-

ling under mountains when they hear each other's voices, and the sound of the neighbouring tools, and know they have nearly met and conquered their difficulty. Something like that, only a deeper joy, was in the hearts of Fred Tresize and Honest Joe opposite to him when their chisels grated against each other in the Pulpit Rock, and papa lifted Harry's arm from his bruised side, and said, "He's free!"

A few more strokes, and then my father took his rescued child in his arms, unmutilated, uninjured beyond what rest and skill might by God's blessing amend, and uttered a deep "Thank God!"

Our band pervaded the town that happy evening, playing triumphant marches, and on the following Sunday there was a thanksgiving service at both church and chapel for our darling's deliverance. We all went to one place in the morning and to the other in the evening; grandpapa and aunt Dorothea came from St. Agnes to go with us.

Harry was very weak, poor boy, and his arm and side that had been squeezed hurt him a good deal; so after two or three weeks papa prescribed for him a thorough change of air and scene. When sundry letters had been exchanged between St. Mary's and Penzance, it was announced that Harry and I were to visit grandpapa and grandmamma Trevan, and stay with them all through the winter.

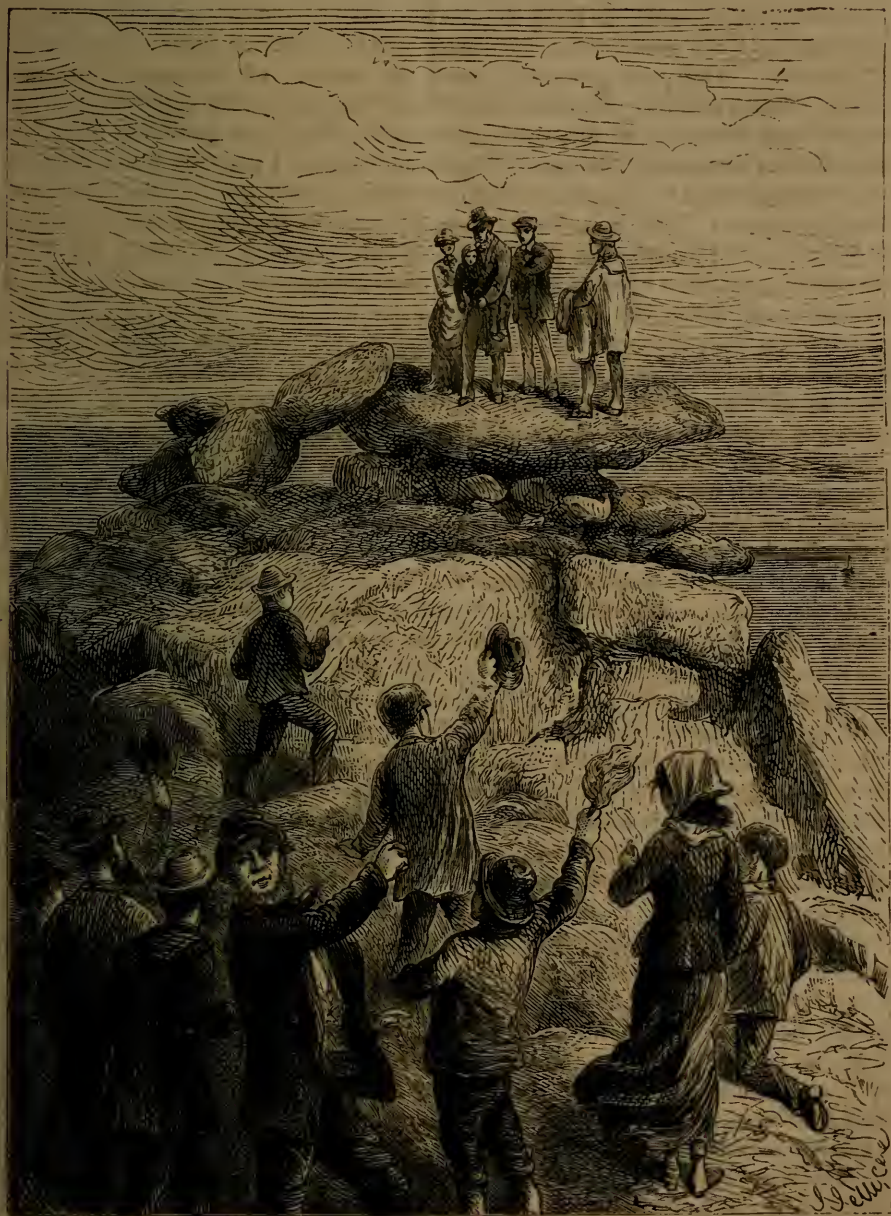
Boxes and portmanteaus were packed, various farewell visits were paid to St. Agnes, and nurse and our other friends; the captain of that admirable and fast sailing steamer "The Lady of the Isles" was duly informed of our intention to become his passengers, and many prognostications concerning the probable weather we should have for our trip were indulged in. Through the good-nature of the presiding genius of the observatory on Morning Point, even telescopic observations were taken of the far-away coast of Cornwall. At last, all being ready, and the appointed day having arrived, we were folded again and again in dear mamma's arms with many tender parting injunctions. Our gentle Rosie was kissed, and left at home to take care of the dear mother, while papa, Ernest, George, and Lottie, each carrying some article of our luggage, all accompanied us to the pier, with Tom the surgery boy and our good Hannah in the rear conveying my trunk. It was a fine though somewhat dull morning, with a fresh breeze coming up, and a promise of blue sky and sunshine in the breaking clouds. It was low tide, so we had to make a short transit from the pier to the steamer in our dear old "Shag," which Fred had waiting for us at the steps.

"I wish the boat a better office than to take you away from us, Miss Trevan," he said, politely, as he helped me out of it and up into the steamer; "a fair wind to you and a pleasant voyage."

I do so dislike partings, and we had so many of them that morning. Home surely never seems quite so fair to us, the dear home faces never quite so dear, as when we must leave them, even for a visit to other relatives and to a second home. We stood and waved to the little group upon the pier as long as we could possibly discern them, and then we were off, and I hid my face and cried, till I remembered Harry was my charge, and I must attend to his comfort.

"Don't cry, Dorie," said my darling brother, just as I had come to the conclusion that I was acting selfishly; "it's horridly dismal if you cry, and I want it to be a jolly voyage."

"So do I, Harry."



"A FEW MORE STROKES, AND THEN MY FATHER TOOK HIS RESCUED CHILD
IN HIS ARMS."—Page 124.

Our route lay between St. Agnes and our own dear island, round Penninis Head, and past the Pulpit Rock, the scene of Harry's enforced incarceration ; he could not look at it yet without a shudder ; then on into the broad Atlantic, where the freshening breeze made our little ship dance and leap gaily—rather too gaily for me, used as I am to the water, but Harry had no drawback at all to his intense enjoyment. The passengers, the crew, the captain, all interested him, and finally, when a shoal of porpoises came behind the vessel, and performed a series of acrobatic evolutions in the waves, generously getting up a gratuitous entertainment for our amusement, his merry laugh was as gay as I had ever heard it in the dear old days before I had mourned over his mental self-will or his physical weakness. Droll porpoises ! They roused me effectually from my Neptune-induced lethargy, and Harry and I leaned over the side of the ship watching them with the other passengers, and not a sober face was to be seen amongst us all. These amphibious creatures—not fishes, but mammalia, and more like small whales than anything else—are certainly amongst the most comical of created beings. I hope they are themselves endowed with a certain sense of humour, or at all events that they enjoy as much as we did their absurd aquatic leapfrog. Harry asked me so many questions about them that I consulted a book on natural history at grandpapa Trevan's, from which I found out several interesting facts. Their great muscular force resides in the tail, the action of which, contrary to that of the fish, is up and down, to enable them to raise themselves quickly to breathe their necessary air. The "blowing" of whales and porpoises is caused by their forcing out the breath which they have retained as long as possible under water. Their nostrils are in the most useful place for these animals—not at the end of the snout, but on the tops of their heads. Their eyes are in construction like the eyes of fish, and their ears are small, and the external aperture can be closed at will. Like whales, porpoises have a layer of blubber between their skin and muscles—one of the uses of which is to lessen their specific gravity. The whale species appear to have no neck, because the seven vertebræ which form the neck are closely compressed together, as closely indeed as possible. In this respect they are a perfect contrast to the giraffe, the vertebræ of whose neck are elongated to the greatest possible extent. The porpoise is carnivorous, and lives on fish. It seldom exceeds five feet in length. Its flesh was formerly esteemed a delicacy, and used at city banquets, but has been superseded by the turtle.

Before we had done laughing at the porpoises, the interesting points of the voyage came in sight ; we were nearing old England now, and everything interested us, unsophisticated travellers that we were. The Wolf or Guelph Rock, with its lighthouse ; the Runnel Stone, with its bell buoy on which the waves play incessantly their own sad, sweet music ; the Long Ships Island, with its lighthouse, off Land's End ; and then the glorious rock-bound coast of Cornubiensis, alias Cornwall, only second in fantastic wildness and grandeur of outline to our own dear Cassiterides.

Harry's eyes were bright, and his dear face aglow with pleasure, as we watched a stately ship in full sail glide majestically by, standing out to sea like the empress of the waves, the bride of Neptune, attired in her pure white robes which glistened in the sunlight with fair and royal splendour.

Past Tol Pedn, Penwith, and Logan Rock, and Lamorna Cave : past many another noted rock and creek and cove, all bathed in glorious sunlight ; part of the coast-line green and beautiful to the water's edge, but mostly bare and jagged and grey and stern, with sad stories of shipwreck written on its hoary brows, our

gallant "Lady of the Isles" steams on industriously towards lovely Mount's Bay, with its fair St. Michael's Mount in bold outline against the bluest of autumn skies—past quaint Mousehole, the fishing-village that nestles in the rocks and climbs the cliffs—on, till the white houses and terraces and buildings and the long esplanade of delightful Penzance lie spread before our view.

"There's grandpapa, isn't it, Dorie?" cries Harry, excitedly, as he recognises, amongst the group awaiting our arrival on the pier, a sturdy, square-built figure attired in sailor-like costume, surmounted by a 'sunburnt face, whose single arm is vigorously waving a red silk pocket-handkerchief as the signal of welcome.

(To be continued.)

SABBATH REST.

Sweet is the rest that's to be found
Upon the Sabbath day,
When tranquil peace, with gentlesway,
Reigneth o'er everything around.

Oh, all mankind should thankful be
That God hath given the day of rest,

When none by toil should be oppress'd
When all from labour should be free !]

The Sabbath day to man is given
As foretaste sweet of rest above,
Where all is perfect peace and love;
So pass we to our rest in heaven.

JOHN W. CLAY.

"Holiness unto the Lord" on a Rum-cask.

THE Rev. Baron Stow on one occasion preached from the words, "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord," etc. The sermon was of a practical character, and enforced the truth that in every transaction of life, in everything in which we engage, this should be the great principle which should govern us. "Inscribe these words," he said, "on every implement of trade; on the yard-sticks upon your counters; upon your scales and measures; let it be written at the head of every page of your day-book and ledger—'Holiness unto the Lord.'"

There was a man in that audience—a stranger—who was largely engaged in the rum traffic.

As Mr. Stow closed his sermon, he said, "Some one has remarked that you can judge of the propriety of an idea if you can paint it on the wall. Let us apply this text; inscribe over the door of the house of God, 'Holiness unto the Lord,' nothing could be more proper; let it be inscribed over your court-houses, your school-houses and colleges, over your hospitals and charitable [institutions, and nothing could be more suitable; but suppose we inscribe over the entrance to a drinking saloon, or a gambling house the words, 'Holiness unto the Lord;' or suppose we go down on the wharf and inscribe on those casks of liquid fire that burn men's bodies and destroy their souls, 'Holiness unto the Lord!'"

He closed here. That rumseller went out cursing the preacher and the sermon. Why, he only asked the question how the words "Holiness unto the Lord" would look inscribed on a rum-cask; but that single question had a more terrible effect on that man's conscience than a whole hour's denunciation of the rum traffic.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER TWO PRIZES, one value 6s. 6d. for the best, and one value 3s. 6d. for the second best descriptive paper. Subject, "How I spent a day at the sea side."—Length, about 500 words. CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; contributions to be solely their own productions, and be written on one side of the paper only, foolscap size, and must be sent to the Editors not later than August 1st.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

DECEIT.

DESPAIR.

1. BIBLICAL MENTAL PICTURE.

THE corn was ripening throughout the land,
As many a sun-browned reaper band
Went forth with shouting and song between,
To wield the scythe or the sickle keen,
But another harvest was gathered in,
The bitter fruits of a father's sin;
When the time of "barley harvest" was nigh
Seven youthful princes were led to die,
And while that morn so joyously fair,
Seven corpses swung in the clear, pure air
A woman watched the ghastly sight
Which crushed her heart with a withering
blight;

Picture her sorrow, her anguish and pain,
For she was the mother of two of the slain.

Her home had once a palace been,
Her dress of costly silken sheen,
With all that wealth and art could bring
To deck the favourite of a king:
What thoughts of future hopes and joys
Had gathered around her princely boys,
The sons of a king—of royal race—
Growing in strength and youthful grace.

Now there was only the changeful sky
Above her head for canopy;
Coarse sackcloth on the bare rock spread,
Her rest by day, by night her bed,
Her self-set task to watch the dead.
From far the eagle his prey espied;
Fierce vultures hovered on every side;
Hoarse ravens came for a horrid feast,
And with savage bird came fiercer beast;
She hears the wolf and jackal howl,
As round that lonely rock they prowl;

Can her weak arms drive far away
The hungry wretches, mad for prey?
They can! that woman's feeble hands
Are nerved as though with iron bands,
Stronger in strength of mother love
Than beast below or bird above;
And for the sons she could not save,
Those forms denied an honoured grave,
She fights as but the desperate can,
Who have no hope or help in man.

She kept her vigil through summer heat,
Through autumn rains, till the bitter sleat
Was cast from winter's pitiless hand—
And the tale was told in Israel's land,
Till it reached the ears of Israel's king,
And he sought to end this mournful thing.
For love of the friend of long ago,
His messengers through the country go,
To gather the bones of that scattered race,
And lay them all in one resting-place.

IVY.

2.—CHARADE.

A most peculiar word am I,
Composed of letters seven;
To find me out I hope you'll try
Before the answer's given.
Two *firsts* will form a little word,
A pronoun, masculine gender,
Another when you add my *third*,
But this of sex more tender.
Then with the aid of *fourth* you'll find
A man so true and brave.
My *whole's* a noble woman, kind,
Whose aim it is to save. FRANCES.

3.—SQUARE WORD.

A great river of Africa.
 A river in Russia.
 A spacious bay on the south coast of Scotland.
 A fortified town in Bohemia. MARIE.

4.—CHARADE.

Beware my *first*, it leads to grief,
 Though often sought to give relief :
 Seek for my *second*, if you can,
 At head of ass, or heart of man
 My *third* are in a station low,
 And number half a score or so.
 My *whole* within my first are put,
 Stabbed to the heart, or flayed or cut.
 GEORGE J. BELL.

5.—DECAPITATION.

My *whole's* a word of letters five,
 Though when of tail bereft
 Undoubtedly you then will find
 One only will be left. A. SUTCLIFFE.

6.—CONUNDRUM.

What animal do we greatly object to on a
 winter morning? EDWIN DREW.

7.—CONUNDRUM.

When is a man's right ear like a conclusion?
 EDWIN DREW.

DEFINITIONS.

FLATTERY.

False praise often administered or selfish
 motives. S. H. McC.
 False praise, which is sought by the foolish,
 but which the wise reject. E. M. PRICE.
 Telling a man his good qualities, and en-
 tirely ignoring his bad ones. A. FENN.
 Vain praise, which leads to a conceited
 mind. W. HILL.
 A latch-key to the fool's heart.—(Selected.)

EXTRAVAGANCE.

Wilful waste, which, if practised in youth,
 will bring want in old age. S. H. McC.
 The source of want. W. HILL.
 The birthplace of poverty.—(Selected.)
 The short cut between riches and poverty.—
 (Selected.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 108 and 109.

1. Strata—gem.
2. PanoramA, RoW, IndiA, ZephyR, En-
 chanted SceneS—Prizes—Awards.
3. Dew-drop.
4. I love the cause of temperance,
 'Tis good and true I know ;
 It gives a joy and blessing
 To many a heart of woe.
 [KEY.—The alphabet reversed.]
5. Man-chest-er. 6. Ear-wig.
- 7.

C
 T H E
 S H E E P
 C H E S T E R
 A S T E R
 D E E
 R

8. Merry, merry little spring,
 Sparkle on, sparkle on :
 Ripple, ripple, silvery brook,
 Ripple on for me.

[KEY.—The letters in the first half of the
 alphabet represented by those in the second
 half, and *vice versa*.]

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

IF the sun is going down, look up at the stars ;
 if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven !
 With God's presence and God's promises, a
 man or a child may be cheerful.
 "Never despair when fog's in the air ;
 A sunshiny morning comes without warning."

SMALL THINGS.

THE mighty ocean, stretching far and wide,
 To little drops doth its expansion owe ;
 The venerable oak—the forest's pride—
 Out of the acorn small doth spring and grow.
 The works of God are wonderfully plann'd !
 Small blades of grass make up the meadow green ;
 The greatest man a little child hath been,
 Tended and nurtured by some other's hand.
 Brief moments form the greatest span of time ;
 Small threads entwin'd the strongest beast can bind ;
 Small seeds of sin sown in the youthful mind,
 If not plucked out, may bud forth into crime.
 "The day of small things" we should ne'er despise,
 For all must stoop to small things to be wise. JOHN W. CLAY.

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Look not up-on the wine with its ru-by glow, Tho' its gurgling wave-lets shine; There is

KEY A.

{	:s ₁	d . d : d . d t ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	d : d t ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	l ₁ : l ₁ t ₁ : d	r : - - : d . r
	:s ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	f ₁ : f ₁ f ₁ : m ₁	s ₁ : - - : m ₁ . f ₁
{	:s ₁	m . m : m . m r : s ₁ . s ₁	m : m r : d . d	d : d s ₁ : s ₁	t ₁ : - - : d . d
	:s ₁	d ₁ . r ₁ : m ₁ . f ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	d ₁ . r ₁ : m ₁ . f ₁ s ₁ : m ₁ . m ₁	f ₁ : f ₁ r ₁ : d ₁	s ₁ : - - : d . d

2. Look not upon the wine in the fes-tive throng, As it glows at fol-ly's shrine; There is

3. Look not upon the wine at the sacred hearth, When the loved ones round thee twine; There is

trea-cher-y and shame, there is want and woe, In the smile of the blood-red wine.

{	m . m : m . r d	: s ₁ . s ₁ l ₁ : l ₁ d̂ : d . r	m : d . d d : t ₁ d : -
	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . f ₁ m ₁	: s ₁ . s ₁ f ₁ : f ₁ l ₁ : s ₁ . l ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : -
{	d . d : d . t ₁ d	: d . d d : d . d d : m . m m : r	m : -
	d . d : s ₁ . s ₁ d ₁	: m ₁ . m ₁ f ₁ : f ₁ f ₁ : m ₁ . f ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ d ₁ : -

but a hol-low joy in the dance and song, That are born of the madd'ning wine.

mock-er-y and pain, there is blight and dearth In the home that is stained with wine.

CHORUS.

At the last, at the last, at the last, It bit-eth like a ser-pent, It

{	:s ₁	.l ₁ t ₁ : - - : l ₁ . t ₁	d : - - : t ₁ . d	r : - - : s ₁	d . d : d . d d . t ₁ : - : s ₁
	:s ₁	.fe ₁ s ₁ : - - : fe ₁ . s ₁	l : - - : s ₁ . l ₁	t ₁ : - - : s ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁ s ₁ . s ₁ : - : s ₁
{	:	:	:	:	: s ₁ m . m : m . m m . r : - : s ₁
	:	:	:	:	: s ₁ d ₁ . d ₁ : d ₁ . d ₁ s ₁ . s ₁ : - : s ₁

At the last, at the last, at the last, It bit-eth like a ser-pent, It

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE—continued.

sting-eth like an ad-der; It bit-eth like a ser-pent, It stingeth like an adder; Look

r . r : r . r	r . d : - . s,	m . m : m . m	m . r : - . s,	f . f : f . f	f . m : - . s
s, . s, : s, . s,	s, . s, : - . s,	s, . s, : s, . s,	s, . s, : - . s,	s, . s, : s, . s,	s, . s, : - . d
stingeth like an	ad-der:	It bit-eth like a	ser-pent,	It stingeth like an ad-der;	Look
f . f : f . f	f . m : - . s,	d . d : d . d	d . t, : - . s,	r . r : r . r	r . d : - . m
s, . s, : s, . s,	d, . d, : - . s,	d, . d, : d, . d,	s, . s, : - . s,	s, . s, : s, . s,	d . d : - .

not up - on the wine, Look not up - on the wine.

Look not, Look not up - on the wine.

s : f	m : r	m : s	s : f	m : -	r : -	d : -
d : s,	s, : s,	s, : d	s, : l,	s, : -	f, : -	m, : -
not up - on	the wine,	Look not,	Look not	up - on	the wine.	
m : r	d : t,	d : m	d : d	d : d	r : t,	d : -
d : t,	d : s,	d : d	m, : f,	s, : s,	s, : s,	d, : -

ONLY THINK.

ONLY think,
 Ere ye drink!—
 Think of the misery and woe
 Caused by drink;
 Think of the thousands laid low—
 Only think!

Alas! that men should go on drinking—
 Sinking, sinking,
 Downward sinking
 In the depths of sin and woe!
 Would that they would rise in strength,
 And at length
 Lay the drink-curse low.

JOHN W. CLAY.

“WHY I AM AN ABSTAINER.”

First Prize Essay. BY GEO. C. HIGHAM, 94, Burnley Road, Padiham.
Age 17.

AN abstainer, as we use the word, means one who abstains from intoxicating liquors. There are many reasons “Why I am an Abstainer.” (1) Because the use of intoxicating liquors is injurious, mentally and physically. Mentally—The alcohol which drink contains acts injuriously on the brain and mind; nine out of every ten of the insane owe their misfortune to strong drink. It steals away their reasoning faculties, and leaves them unable to discern one object from another. It acts on the nervous system by bringing on the diseases delirium tremens, dipsomania, etc. Physically—Alcohol in large doses destroys life, and may thus be regarded as an active poison; even taken in small doses it acts prejudicially on all the important organs, especially on the stomach, liver, and kidneys. (2) Because drink injures my neighbour, degrading him from a sober, honest man below the level of brutes. He begins by taking a glass occasionally, and goes on until drink becomes his master and temptation irresistible, and as a consequence he gradually falls lower and lower in the estimation of both God and man, degrading himself and bringing shame and misery on his wife and children. Once a fond and indulgent husband and father, awakening joy in the household by the sound of his footsteps, he now inspires them with terror and dismay. (3) Because in 1876 there was £147,288,759 spent in intoxicating liquors, or about £4 9s. 6d. per head,

man, woman, and child, which to me seems worse than wasted, as it destroys 181,990,803 bushels of bread supply, or about $5\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per head. (4) Because an abstainer has the Bible on his side, for St. Paul said, “That no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven,” and does not Solomon say, “Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise?” “Look not thou on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.” Does not God Himself say to Aaron, “Do not drink wine nor strong drink, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the Tabernacle, lest ye die . . . that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, between clean and unclean?” Here God explicitly prohibits Aaron from the use of all intoxicating liquors (however slight), lest he should be rendered unfit for the right discharge of his priestly duties. I therefore may justly abstain from taking them, lest I should be unfitted for serving God aright. (5) Lastly and chiefly, because “no man liveth unto himself,” and I feel bound so to act, that none of my habits shall in any way lead my fellow-men astray; and therefore, if drink makes my brother to offend, I will take no drink while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend. If I take it I may be being accessory to his ruin.



RALPH RAYMOND'S RUSE; OR, CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.]

BY T. H. EVANS, Author of

"A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

CHAPTER III.

"Tis with our judgments as our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own."—POPE.

THROWING the newspaper, at which he had been glancing, upon the table, hiding almost entirely the pewter pot, Ralph rose to greet him. "Good evening, Gerald!" and taking his friend's hand, Ralph shook it warmly. But Gerald returned the greeting in the most cold and distant manner. "Very glad to see you; I began to think you were not coming, so I took the liberty to send round to remind you of your promise," said Ralph, affecting not to notice his friend's altered manner.

"You guessed my intentions exactly," rejoined Gerald, still standing with his hat in his hand. "I should *not* have come if you had not sent for me."

"Oh! that's the way you behave to an old friend, is it?" observed Ralph, with good humour; "and after *promising* to come, too. I always used to think that you were—but I say, how precious serious you look," said Ralph, stopping short in his remark. "You seem so cold and distant in your manner. Come along, and sit down and tell me all your troubles, for you've brought a dismal lot with you to-night, and no mistake. Come, sit down, and make yourself at home."

"No, thanks, I'm not going to stay;" said Gerald, sticking to his resolve as obstinately as he did to his hat.

"Not going to stay?" said Ralph, with surprise. "Well, but I thought we arranged last night to resume our discussion on teetotalism?"

"So we did. But something has come to my knowledge since then which, perhaps, you are not aware of," said Gerald, in a tone that spoke volumes. "This is not the first time that I have been in this room. Ah! and to-night, too," he added with increased bitterness, for he had just caught sight of the partly hidden pewter peeping out from beneath the newspaper.

"You have?" exclaimed Ralph, with astonishment. "Then Ann was *not* dreaming after all. This evening, did you say?"

"Yes, this very evening," was the calm rejoinder, "and during the last hour."

"Well, that's very singular! What does all this mystery mean? I have been in this room all the evening and yet I never saw you."

"No, perhaps not; but I saw you," said Gerald sarcastically, "and at a moment, oo, when you little thought I did; and I was grieved and surprised beyond measure at what I saw, for I always thought you were sincere in your actions. I did not expect to find that you preached one thing abroad and practised something else, widely different, at home. There is one thing that I detest quite as much as my *teetotal* friend, Ralph Raymond does drunkenness, and that is *hypocrisy*!"

"Really! I should very much like to know what all this means," said Ralph. "If I had not the greatest confidence in you, as a strictly moderate man, I should be tempted to remark that you had been——"

"Drinking, I suppose?" said Gerald, anticipating the word, "the same as you have. There! now the secret is out, and there's the pewter on the table now to

convict you ;" so saying, he tore the newspaper off the table, and cast it violently to the floor. "You must adopt a more efficient method of concealment next time you expect a friend to call, or your teetotal reputation will soon be gone," said Gerald, with a look of withering scorn.

"Really, Gerald, I—."

"Hear me out !" exclaimed Gerald, "I called about half-an-hour ago, and saw *all*, yes, *all*, for you were actually smoking as well as drinking."

"You are surely the victim of some strange misapprehension ;" said Ralph, still preserving the calmness of his demeanour. "I never smoked tobacco in my life, and as for 'drinking,' well, I must confess myself guilty in that respect, for when one is thirsty who can withstand the temptation of a good draught of cold spring water ? I can't."

"Enough of this contemptible evasion," said Gerald, his eyes flashing with indignation ; and seizing the pewter pot he thrust it right into Ralph's face, exclaiming in a tone of mingled bitterness and contempt "Do you call *that* 'cold, spring water ?'"

"Certainly I do !" said Ralph, in the softest voice possible. "Pray what do you call it ?" Bringing the pewter under his own nose, for the first time, Gerald smelt it ; then peering into it, he gasped forth with a faltering voice—

"Why it isn't *beer*, then, after all !"

"*Beer* ? No, of course not. Whoever said it was ?" said Ralph, meeting Gerald's look of bewilderment with a stare of well-feigned surprise.

"Why, Gerald ! I'm perfectly astounded that you should even suppose such a thing for one single moment, when you know that I am a teetotaler."

"But, but," stammered Gerald, "you have chosen such a suspicious-looking thing to drink from. No one who saw you drinking from that pewter would ever think you were a teetotaler. 'Tis the *look* of the thing, you know ; you must study appearances a little if you do not wish people to misunderstand you."

A sarcastic smile lighted up Ralph's face as he replied, "Surely one need not care so much for *appearances* when the thing itself is good, and our intentions are good also. I don't care a fig for appearances when I know that I am right. Have you ever heard that sentiment before, Gerald ?"

Gerald winced again, as this whip which he had made for another was lashed about his own shoulders.

"Ah ! that I have," he responded in a low voice ; "and in the very same words too, if I mistake not. I have got the key to all this mystery at last."

Advancing to his friend, and shaking him by the hand, he exclaimed in the honest, manly tone of one who is not above acknowledging a well-merited defeat, "Ralph ! you have converted me to your principles almost against my will, for I am fairly caught in my own trap. There is no backing out of it now ; I confess myself beaten, and am forced to admit that no one who has any regard for his character or position in life can afford to disregard appearances."

"My dear boy," said Ralph, meeting the avowal of his friend in the most cordial manner, "I am delighted beyond measure to find you such a willing pupil. You have perceived the lesson I intended to convey to a nicety. You see, Gerald nothing stands alone. Each thing about us, by association, suggests something else. All things in life, by reason of custom or usage, have a voice of their own that speaks to us in a language all can understand."

"I never saw these self-evident truths so plainly before," his companion remarked.

"It really does seem as if all things wear a certain unmistakable appearance that makes an impression on the mind, either favourable or unfavourable."

"But how strange," said Ralph, as they sat conversing together, better friends now than ever they were, "that you should imagine this bit of pencil to be a cigar."

"Not so very singular after all," said Gerald, taking up the spirit of the joke and the pencil at the same time. "For it has," continued he, as he laid his finger on the sharpened end, "one great *point* of resemblance; it 'draws' very nicely."

"How them young men is a-laughing," said Ann, pausing over her supper, for the merry peal of laughter that followed Gerald's remark was heard right down in the kitchen.

"I suppose," said Ralph, "I may count upon your support next week when the discussion comes on?"

"My worthy friend, I shall only be too glad to give you all the assistance in my power," responded Gerald, as he rose to depart; "and I think I cannot serve you better than by relating how I was *caught in my own trap* by

Ralph Raymond's Ruse."

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

BY DR. F. R. LEES, OF LEEDS.

IV.

A CORRESPONDENT asks me how I reconcile my statements concerning alcohol in the last article with the experiments of MR. COLEMAN in the *Chemical News*; and lest the publication of these should do mischief, unless explained, I will at once do so. I know several persons at the present time who cannot digest the most simple food by their *own* gastric juice, and who therefore are compelled to take pepsine and pancreatic emulsion prepared from the secretions of pigs and calves. Would it not be very foolish to recommend, on this account, that moderately healthy persons, with gastric juice of their own, should begin to swallow that of the pig? It is the same with the MALT-LIQUOR case. MR. COLEMAN admits that "in a healthy state, neither man nor animal requires *more* digestive solvent than what is supplied *naturally*," though he adds, "An innocent aid to nature is *sometimes* a daily necessity." But alcohol is *not* an

innocent aid, and it exists in ordinary malt liquors in from four to five per cent. What does he admit that it *does* in the body? Why, that, quoting DR. RICHARDSON, "it is decomposed into secondary products by *oxidation*, *at the expense of the oxygen which ought to be applied*" to another purpose. Every boy knows that exercise increases appetite, because it increases waste of tissue and so *increases* natural gastric juice as a consequence, of the presence of which appetite is the sign. As I said in 1843, "*it robs the blood of oxygen*" —a by no means innocent operation! The experience of teetotalers, in great numbers, where digestion is concerned, practically disproves the theory that beer and porter improve digestion permanently. But the main point for your young readers to recollect is this, that whatever benefit may, as is alleged, sometimes arise from their temporary use, is not due to the alcohol *at all*, but to something else, which something

else can be prepared and administered without the alcohol, and at a much less waste of human food. MR. COLEMAN says, "*There is a distinct nutritive effect produced in some cases of this kind (of indigestion), which cannot be attributed to the influence of the alcohol contained in the liquid.*" Well, if this be so, then, my statements are not contradicted by any fact; but the wisdom of a certain course is suggested—namely, that the true agent in the liquor which aids digestion be prepared, *without the alcohol*—in short, a teetotal EXTRACT OF MALT, which shall realise all the benefit, without any of the harm, in these peculiar cases of indigestion. If there be anything good left in JOHN BARLEYCORN after he has been scalded, mashed, and fermented, we have no objection to have it *extracted*—only there is no need to swallow the "devil" alcohol along with it. MR. COLEMAN confesses that "the food value of a *glass of porter* cannot exceed the weight of sugar equivalent to its alcohol or extractive matter, or about *one ounce* whilst most people consume *three ounces* of sugar daily, employed in sweetening tea, coffee, and puddings or fruits." And we can get the sugar without the alcohol.

The farmers of this country some years ago had a *mania*, fostered by chemists, for feeding cattle with malt. In 1846 I told them of the folly of this attempt to improve upon nature, but of course they heeded me not.* But in 1866—twenty years after—Mr. J. B. LAWES was engaged by the Board of Trade to make experiments on cattle for ascertaining the relative values of barley and malt. It was demonstrated that, *with healthy stock*, the malt did no more good than the barley, and hence that the whole malting was a waste of matter, of force, and of money. The cattle are their *own* best maltsters, so are the teetotalers. If it should ever turn out that in the multiform changes of a chemical kind going on in the body, some *minute* quantity of alcohol is engendered, the same answer will serve. We are our own brewers, and exact as to quantity, which is infinitesimal. That the body generates carbonic oxide, is no reason why we should set up brewers outside to generate the noxious gas in quantities, and inbreathe it freely all day long.

(To be continued.)

* See *Truth Seeker*, 1846, Vol. II.

HONEST DICK.

I KNEW a brave, true-hearted lad;
A baker's boy was he;
His honest face and sparkling eye
I dearly loved to see.

One day when Dick was on the street
Engaged in selling pies,
He met two hungry boys he knew,
About his age and size.

"Holloa!" said they, "we want
some pies;
We are a hungry pair;
And but one halfpenny we've got,
So give us of your ware."

"They are not mine to give," said
"And if you cannot pay, [Dick;
Then you had better do without
Until another day."



"Not yours to give?" said they.

"Who'll know

Or care about a pie?

If you won't give, we mean to take,
At least, we mean to try."

"What! would you steal?" said honest
Dick;

"Now touch one if you dare."

And with a firm, undaunted look
He faced the naughty pair.

"And God would know if I did wrong,"

Said he; "our thoughts He reads;
Though men should never find us out,
He knows our secret deeds."

They quailed before his earnest words,
And slunk away in fear;
But honest Dick went whistling home;
He'd kept his conscience clear.

Now, lads, be like true-hearted Dick
When tempted to do wrong;
Remember God will see and know;
The thought will make you strong.

And ask Him evermore for strength
To nerve you for the fight—
For grace, that you may always love
And dare to do the right.

DAVID LAWTON.



Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—The half-yearly meeting of the General Council was held in the, Albion Schools, Ashton-under-Lyne, on Saturday, June 1st. The chair was taken at 3 o'clock by Jacob Earnshaw, Esq. The half-yearly report was read by the Secretary, Mr. G. S. Hall, and was adopted on the motion of Mr. Jas. Smith Stalybridge, seconded by the Rev. J. Johnson, Ashton-on-Mersey. Pleasing reports of Band of Hope work were given by the following representatives from affiliated Unions: Messrs. S. Jackson and R. Searle (Ashton-under-Lyne), Mr. J. S. Higham (Accrington), Rev. R. Botterill (Colne), Mr. W. P. Ingham (Crawshaw Booth), Mr. W. Barlow (Heywood), Mr. J. C. Holland (Macclesfield), Mr. Jas. Smith (Stalybridge), Mr. G. W. Wilkes (Stockport), Mr. Urquhart (Droylsden and Openshaw). Messrs. G. A. Chambers, W. T. Hassock, W. Ramsbottom, T. E. Hallsworth, R. A. Pott, Geo. Sharples reported from Societies. The following resolution was moved by the Rev. R. Botterill, seconded by Mr. T. E. Hallsworth, and supported by Rev. J. Johnson, Rev. W. Reed, and Mr. N. B. Sutcliffe, and carried unanimously: "That this meeting, recognising the importance and necessity of promoting temperance principles in Day Schools, recommend the Executive Committee to take immediate steps to bring the question before the various School Boards and the managers of other Elementary Schools throughout the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, to induce them to introduce Dr. Richardson's Lesson Book." After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Hugh Mason, Esq., J.P., and addresses were given by Revs. R. Botterill, J. Johnson, W. Reed, Geo. Penman, J. Hutchison, and E. Mather.

* * Reference was made in our last to a Bazaar about to be held by this Union to clear off a debt of some £20;—the amount should have read £200.

United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.—The anniversary gatherings were opened on Sunday, May 12th, at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, London, with a prayer meeting, presided over by Rev. R. Maguire, D.D., Rector of St. Olave's, Southwark.—On Monday the General Council

met at Falcon Square Schoolroom, when the annual report and accounts were submitted, and officers and committee elected. At the invitation of the Yorkshire Band of Hope Union it was decided to hold the autumnal conference in either Halifax or Bradford. Reports of the progress of the movement were given by representatives from the various Unions.—On Tuesday morning a large and influential company met for breakfast in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, after which a conference was held, presided over by Sir Charles Reed, LL.D., Chairman of the London School Board. In an excellent speech Sir Charles said he was glad to come among his friends as an abstainer for the first time. A spirited address was delivered by the Rev. H. S. Paterson, M.D., on "Temperance Teaching in Elementary Schools." Discussion followed, in which Dr. Gladstone, F.R.S., Councillor Baggaley, of Nottingham, Mr. M. Field, of Bradford, and others took part.—In the afternoon a general conference was held at Exeter Hall. The chair was occupied by Ebenezer Clarke, Esq., Treasurer. A paper was read by Mr. T. E. Hallsworth, Hon. Sec. Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, on "Publication Departments in Connection with Bands of Hope." There was a large attendance, and an interesting discussion ensued.—In the evening there was a crowded meeting in the large hall, presided over by Samuel Morley, Esq. In the unavoidable absence of Rev. Canon Farrar, the Rev. Canon Fleming delivered an address. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and Dr. W. B. Richardson also gave powerful addresses. A selection of music was rendered by a choir of 500 senior members of Bands of Hope.

Halifax Band of Hope Union.—The annual conference took place on Saturday, 18th May, at Harrison Road Schoolroom. The chair was taken by F. H. Bowman, Esq., and a paper was read by Mr. F. Atkin, Secretary of British Temperance League, on "Our Temperance Work among the Young." The attendance was large, and an animated discussion followed.—In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by John Clay, Esq. Addresses were given by Rev. G. Thompson and Messrs. W. Bell, of Bradford,

W. Hoyle, Manchester, and C. Wilson, Halifax. During the evening a presentation of a time-piece, a watch and an engrossed address was made to the Union's late secretary, Mr. George Scarr Hall, who responded in an appropriate address.

Bedfordshire Band of Hope Union.

—The seventh annual meeting was held in Howard Chapel Schoolroom, on Monday, May 27th, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Greaves. The annual report (read by Mr. R. Hill) stated that the past year had been a busier one than ever before in Bedfordshire; a series of meetings held by Mr. Frank Adkins, of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, had been specially useful. Mr. Bowick, on behalf of the National Temperance League, expressed a hope that the Union would strive to spread Dr. Richardson's Lesson-Book. The

meeting was also addressed by representatives of temperance organizations at Clapham, Kempston, Oakley, Pavenham, Ravensden, and Old Warden, as well as by the chairman, Mrs. Ford, Mr. Ekins, Mr. Harris, and other Bedford speakers. The president, Mrs. Tucker, of Pavenham Bury, the vice-presidents, and other officers of the Union were reappointed.

Chorley (Lancashire) Band of Hope Union.—A conference of Band of Hope workers was held in the Mission Room, Union Street, on Saturday, May 25th. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Crumbleholme, President, and a paper was read by W. Hoyle, Hon. Sec. Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, on "The Advantages of a Local or District Band of Hope Union." Discussion followed.

JULY.

THE sun is burning in the midday sky ;
No white clouds drift across the arch of blue ;
The roads are dusty, and the streams are dry ;
The thirsty cattle know not what to do.

There is a burning drought on all the land ;
No cool breeze fans the fields of ripening corn ;
The sheep in clusters, loudly panting, stand ;
The labourer sleeps, by the great heat o'erborne.

I stand beside an old moss-covered well,
And turn the windlass with an eager hand ;
With joy above all written words to tell,
I bring the precious bucket safe to land.

Oh ! tell me not of jewelled goblets rare,
Filled to the brim with ruby-coloured wine ;
This oaken bucket is to me more fair ;
This cool, sweet water is a draught divine.

I sigh not for the pleasures of the bowl ;
No lasting joy those fiery drinks impart ;
I will not cramp my body, crush my soul,
But take God's bounties with a grateful heart.

W. A. EATON.



PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WHY is a prudent man like a pin? Because his head prevents him going too far.

MANY young men are so extravagant that they cannot keep anything but late hours.

THE individual who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

"THO'T I'd leave my measure on your floor," said a man who fell down in a tap-room. "No necessity for that," said the bar keeper; "we know exactly how much you hold."

A PAPER publishes the following erratum: "The words printed *pigs* and *cows* in Mr. Parker's letter on the land question, which appeared in yesterday's issue, should have been *pros* and *cons*."

AN Irish juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honour's charge," said Paddy, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was let off.

PHYSIC-ALL PAIN.—Doctor: "What, your mother worse! Well, I can't understand it. Hasn't she used that large blister I sent?"—Child: "Oh, yes, sir; but it took her a rare long time fur to eat it all, and she says it don't seem to get no furdurer than her chest."—*Fun.*

THE manager of a theatre in St. Louis offered a silver cup to any person who would make the best conundrum on the occasion of the presentation of the cup. The following won it:—"Why is the manager of this house like a liquor seller? Because he presents the *cup* which brings many to the *pit*, while those *above* are in *tiers*."

DRUNKENNESS is nothing but voluntary madness.

MAMMON has enriched his thousands, and damned his ten thousands.

IF any one speak evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

FASHIONABLE people are apt to starve their happiness in order to feed their vanity.

THERE is a Gaelic proverb, "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

PLAIN SPEAKING.—It would be more obliging to say plainly we cannot do what is desired than to amuse people with false words, which often put them upon false measures.

CHARITY.

He doeth well who doeth good
To those of his own brotherhood;
He doeth better who doth bless
The stranger in his wretchedness.

Extracts from evidence given by Sir WM. GULL, M.D., F.R.S., before the Peers' Select Committee on Intemperance.

ONE of the commonest things in English society is that people are injured by drink without being drunkards. It goes on so quietly that it is very difficult even to observe.

THERE is a point short of drunkenness in which a man may very materially injure his constitution by means of alcohol. From my experience, alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country.

IT is a fallacy to say that a man ought to take a glass of brandy on a cold morning to keep himself warm. . . . You had better give a man food—I would rather eat my raisins or take some cod-liver oil.



SUSAN.

THE glad sun pours a flood of light
On every hill and valley round ;
The lark soars to her giddy height,
And fills the sky with gladsome sound.

Upon the wings of balmy air
Is borne the scent of new-mown hay,
And happy children gambol where
The workers toil right merrily.

And fairest of the merry throng
Is Susan, with her sister dear ;
She bears her part the whole day long,
Her feeble mother's heart to cheer.

Then home she trips with willing feet,
While Rover barks along the lane,
And Sissy borne in basket neat,
She sings her simple, joyous strain.

For last year Susan's father died ;
The shock her mother scarce could
And Susan hastens to her side [bear,
With loving words her heart to cheer.

And every day she labours hard,
And every day she finds success,
For God unseen bestows reward,
The faithful toiling hand to bless.

W. HOYLE.

RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistake," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRIFFIN COTTAGE.

The heartiest of greetings awaited us as we stepped on shore from "The Lady of the Isles."

"Why, what a fine fellow the child has grown into!" said grandpapa Trevan, gazing at the fair young face that looked up into his. He had not seen either of us since his own last visit to St. Mary's, now five years ago. I looked at Harry as grandpapa spoke. I never wondered at the admiration he excited; for as this dear old journal can testify, I had been his ardent admirer all his life long; but I thought I had never seen him look handsomer than at this moment. The fresh sea breezes had given a bright colour to the cheeks that had been mostly too pale of late, his lovely blue eyes sparkled with animation, his sweet lips were parted in a merry smile, and his curling hair fell in careless rings of golden brown about his well-shaped head and on his open brow. Bright, beautiful boy! Was it any wonder that we almost idolised our darling?

"Come, Dora, my dear," said grandpapa, "let us be getting home. Mother'll be thinking us a long time a'ready, I reckon." He generally called his wife "mother" in speaking of her, though he often addressed her in person by her Christian name, Susette. "Stevie," he added, turning to a very old porter who was disconsolately lounging about the quay watching the more active men obtain employment, while he waited for a job; "thee canst bring over these here boxes, cansn't thee?" Grandpapa addressed the old man with a very decided Cornish accent.

"Ees, ees, Cap'en," returned Old Stevie, eagerly; "sure an' I can then. I'll be over after 'ee presently."

I explained to him exactly what he had to bring, took my bag and cloak while Harry carried the small portmanteau, and so we set off to the Esplanade. It was so long since I had been at Penzance, that it seemed quite a novelty to be in so large a town again, and for Harry this visit was an introduction to old England.

A few streets brought us to the delightful sea walk skirting Mount's Bay, which for beauty of view must surely be worthy to rank amongst the most lovely of all natural prospects. Its softness and mellowness filled Harry and me with pleasure as a change from the rugged bare grandeur of our own dear isles.

One of a terrace of small houses facing the water, grandpapa's residence is not to be easily mistaken for any other of the row: its quaint adornments render it unique. Surmounting a rockery of stones and shells in the garden, sits a griffin in grim majesty, defended by one toy cannon above him, one to the right of him, and one to the left of him. Over the door of the house is a large glass case containing models of ships of every kind—schooner, steamer, brig, yacht, pilot-boat; all of

them the work not of grandpapa himself, but made under his direction by uncle Robert, the invalid brother of my father, who died in his early manhood, without ever knowing the luxury of health, without ever being able to take an active part in that life with which he cultivated so honest and practical a sympathy. When I look at the ships and the griffin and the cannon, and think of all I have heard of uncle Robert, I feel how poetry is blended with prose in human life. There is hardly a home, there is hardly a family, which is not made beautiful by some touch of tenderness, of goodness, of love, of purity, of heroism, evidenced by some member of it. Sometimes the sick chamber of such an one is the home of all the hearts and souls that dwell within its radius; sometimes a little child carries the poetry of light and music into the house made dark and discordant by sin.

Though uncle Robert has been dead for eighteen years, his memory still runs like a thread of gold through the lives of those who loved him. In the great tapestry of humanity that hangs in God's sight, what golden lines of beauty and of light the heroes and heroines of unselfishness who have existed all through the world's history must make!

Under the glass case of models at the open door, as if uncle Robert's hand was laid in love upon his mother's head, stood grandmamma. A lovely little woman, as refined and delicate and spotless as one can imagine any creature who lives in the busy working world to be; with her French ancestry showing itself in her clear olive complexion, her quick black eyes, and the "nattiness"—there is no other word by which I can express it—of her costume. Her feet were as neat as her head, which was surmounted by a snowy cap of embroidered muslin. She wore long leather mittens over her hands, and her dress was soft dark grey alpaca, lustrous yet graceful, and fitting her small light figure perfectly.

"Dears, how are you?" was her sweet, cordial greeting, as we ran up the garden path to her. "Come in, come in; everything has been ready for you a full hour. I watched the steamer across the bay: it was quite late this afternoon." The table of the cosy parlour was set ready for tea, laid with the finest of fair damask cloths, and on it the most appetising accompaniments of fowl and tongue, all set off with tasteful garnishes in perfect keeping with grandmamma herself.

"This way, dears," said grandmamma, going upstairs, and we followed her; "you will like a wash before tea after your voyage."

The doors of two small rooms stood wide open: they were simply furnished in maple wood, with bright pink curtains to beds and windows. All looked as fresh as if the hands that put them up were only just off them, and from each window there was a lovely view of St. Michael's Mount and the Bay. Our delight at our pretty bed-chambers pleased grandmamma very much; and only bidding us make haste down to our tea, she left us. The meal was a very cheerful one; there was so much to be told on both sides, so many questions to ask, so many little particulars of family history to relate. After tea, grandpapa took Harry for a stroll, and I sat chatting with grandmamma. "Harry doesn't look very strong yet, dear child," she said; "we must try to set him up well before he goes back to St. Mary's. A little port wine would be the very thing for him."

"Oh! but, grandmamma dear, you forget," said I, eagerly, "what teetotalers we are. Papa and mamma would not approve of our taking any intoxicating liquors."

"Quite right too" she answered; "young folks in health don't need them: it is quite a different thing when people are sick."

"But mamma, though she is so delicate, never takes anything of the kind, papa believes it would do her a great deal more harm than good."

"It is positively the *only* thing we don't agree about," said grandmamma, smiling; "the only thing my dear son and I differ about—this teetotal question. When Andrew and Robert were mere lads they took up this temperance fad. Robert's dear life, I do believe, was shortened by it, for of all the people in the world he, being such an invalid, needed a stimulant. But then he was as firm as a rock: there was no moving him from what he considered right, and your father is just the same. I think, Dora, your dear mother, too, would be all the better for a stimulus: it seems to me, from what I hear of her case, it is precisely what she needs. Of course, however, I can't interfere: she has her doctor and her husband in one, and in constant attendance. But what I do say is, that now this dear boy is entrusted to me for some months to come, I shall do my utmost to build up his health, and he must have a little wine, Dora—a very small glass of port every day, to *recover his nervous tone*. You see, my dear, I understand the doctors' phrases," and grandmamma laughed pleasantly.

But I answered earnestly, "I think there is *so* much danger in giving it to him, grandmamma; he *may* get fond of it. Would you mind writing to papa first, and knowing what he says?"

Grandmamma's bright dark eyes sparkled, and she laughed gaily. "My dear Dora, I can read you his answer now as well as if I had it in my hand," she said. "We must do good to some people stealthily, without their own knowledge and against their own will. A mother often has to do that with a child, as you will perhaps one day find, Dora. For the present, I must command you as my dear good affectionate granddaughter not to interfere with my little plan for benefitting Harry by reporting my doings at home, and bringing down upon my poor head a terrible denunciatory veto. If I had known how much you are your father's own daughter, Dora, I think I would hardly have so trusted you with my secret."

"Dear grandmamma," I urged; "would you at least make the wine *very* disagreeable to Harry's taste? Oh! if he should grow fond of it, and neglect all else for its sake, I think our hearts would be broken."

Grandmamma looked surprised as well as serious.

"That is mere teetotal ranting, my love," she said. "Can't you trust your grandmother to act wisely?" Do you set yourself up as possessing wisdom beyond your elders? *I will take the consequences*. Here they come," she added, in her more cheerful tone, "grandfather and grandson looking well pleased with each other's company. Kiss me, Dora, and don't blame my anxiety for that beautiful boy's health."

I kissed her; I think it was impossible to help loving her, and yet—A cloud of trouble on Harry's account seemed to gather over me. I felt perplexed and anxious as to my own duty. That evening, at supper, a bottle of whiskey was placed by grandpapa's plate. With the meal each of our grandparents had a small quantity of ale; after it grandpapa mixed the spirits with water and sugar; carefully, filling for grandmamma the very smallest glass, merely a toy tumbler, and for himself an ordinary sized one. I noticed how Harry's eyes watched the proceedings.

"You are all teetotalers at St. Mary's, aren't you?" asked grandpapa, smiling at me; "it is no use to offer you a taste of grandpapa's nightcap?"

"No, thank you, grandpapa; I have never tasted anything of the kind," I said, "and I think it would be a pity for me to begin."

"Well, so it would; children brought up as you have been don't need the drink, and I should be the last to press it upon you."

"Not in health, father," remarked grandmamma; "perhaps not in health, but people shouldn't be *too notional*"—and she glanced with an arch smile at me.

"I'm not a teetotaler, grandpa," said Harry, eyeing the drink curiously ; "I've tasted some stuff like that you have once, and I thought it was very good. I don't believe in teetotalism."

"Always mind what your father says, Harry," said grandpapa, gravely. "If he thought these drinks were good for you, he wouldn't deny you them. Boys must be careful how they go against their fathers, or they'll get into trouble, and maybe into bad company."

"I don't think a little wine to build Harry's strength up, taken as a medicine, would be bad, father, do you?" suggested grandmamma, as they sipped their toddy.

"You know most about physicking, Susette," answered grandpapa.

And again I saw how Harry's eyes looked from one to the other with extreme interest.

* * * * *

I made the above entry in my Journal just at the beginning of our long stay at Penzance. To-morrow we go home.

Grandmamma carried out her plan, and gave Harry a glass of port wine every morning. She thought it improved his health, but I am quite sure it did not improve his temper. I cannot say how much misery that wine caused me. I was in such sore perplexity as to what was my duty. If I told my parents, I felt certain of their displeasure, and that my father would write to prevent his mother administering the wine. If I did not tell, I feared their just anger against myself. I was already burdened with the secret that I had weakly promised Harry to keep for him—the secret that our darling boy had broken his pledge. I felt now that I had made a grievous mistake in withholding this knowledge from my father, and incurred a heavy responsibility. But oh! I never thought till last week of the trouble that even a young boy can make for those he loves. Poor dear self-willed darling Harry! How shall I win him back?

One day last week I was sitting on the sand below the Esplanade, enjoying the balmy breath of a mild spring day with a favourite book for my companion, when a well-known voice accosted me. "Good morning, miss. May I speak to you here?"

"Why, Fred, how you startled me," I said ; "it is very good to see somebody from home. How are papa and mamma, and nursie, and everybody?" and I held out my hand to him. "But what is the matter?" I added, as I noticed his face.

Fred respectfully shook my hand. "All well when I left, miss ; I've brought a brig into Mount's Bay. I've been on shore an hour or two of an evening for some days, and I thought before I left I would make so bold as to ask if you had any message or parcel for home to send by me. Perhaps you would like me to take master Harry back in the cutter?" He spoke so gravely and looked at me so solemnly that I could not understand him.

"What *is* the matter, Fred?" I asked, looking up at him in bewilderment ; "do explain yourself."

(To be continued.)



THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

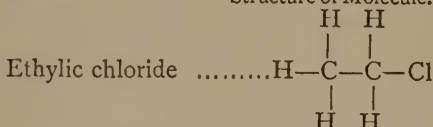
By F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &C.

ARTICLE X.

WE have already seen, when considering the general characteristics of the alcohol group, how deutylic alcohol, when diluted with water, is changed by the action of the air, under suitable conditions of temperature, into aldehyde, and finally into acetic acid, or vinegar; and also how, when acted upon by sulphuric acid and heat, it yields a peculiar and volatile substance called ethylic or deutylic ether, the formula and structure of the molecule of which we have already examined.

If we act upon alcohol by chlorine, we obtain a substance which has the composition expressed by the formula C_2H_5Cl , and which we may represent graphically, thus—

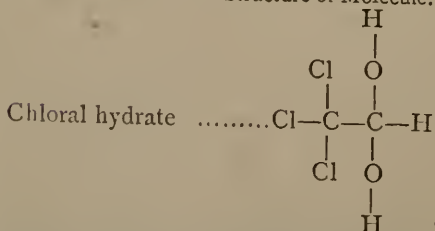
Structure of Molecule.



in which we see that an atom of chlorine has replaced the semi molecule of hydroxyl in the alcohol molecule.

If we continue the action of the chlorine upon the alcohol, so long as hydrochloric acid is formed, we shall also obtain another substance, along with the ethylic chloride, which is called chloral hydrate, the composition of which we may express by the formula $C_2Cl_3H_3O_2$, or by the symbol, thus—

Structure of Molecule.



where we have a replacement of hydrogen atoms in the central carbon nu-

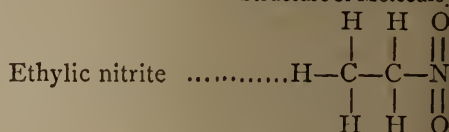
cleus, and the removal of the semi-molecule of hydroxyl from the end of the atomic chain, also to the central carbon nucleus, the same as in isoethylic alcohol. This substance has the peculiar property of inducing sleep, somewhat similar to chloroform, but its action is less energetic and less dangerous, and its effect does not continue so long.

If acted upon by iodine, alcohol yields an iodide, in which the hydroxyl in the alcohol molecule is replaced by an atom of iodine, so that its composition is expressed by the formula C_2H_5I .

Along with potassium, sodium, and other metals of the same class, alcohol forms compounds exactly analogous to the iodide, in which the hydroxyl of the alcohol molecule is replaced by an atom of these metals.

Nitrous acid also forms along with alcohol a substance in which the hydroxyl of the alcohol molecule is replaced by the nitrous acid, and which has the composition which may be expressed by the formula $C_2H_5N_2O$, or graphically thus—

Structure of Molecule.



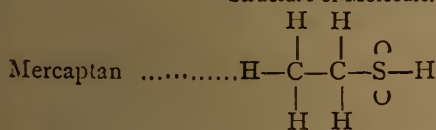
Here we see the atom of nitrogen exercising its five bonds, one in uniting with the last carbon atom, and the other four in satisfying the four bonds of the two oxygen atoms.

In all these changes we notice that it is usually the hydroxyl in the alcohol molecule which is replaced in the new combination, but alcohol also sometimes takes the place of water of crystallisation, and forms along with such bodies as zinc, calcium, manganese, etc., un-

stable salts, which are mostly decomposed immediately upon the addition of water, for which alcohol has a very great affinity.

Along with sulphur, alcohol also forms a very singular compound, called mercaptan, or sulphur alcohol, in which the hydroxyl of the alcohol molecule is replaced by a semi-molecule of hydrosulphyl, so that the formula expressing its composition is C_2H_5SH , and its molecular structure may be indicated thus—

Structure of Molecule.



Here it will be seen that the hydrosulphyl which forms the end of the chain is the exact analogue of the hydroxyl, the sulphur atom taking the place of the oxygen atom, and although it possesses six bonds, only using two of them, while the remaining four bonds neutralize each other.

This substance forms along with the metals, sodium, potassium, etc., compounds in which the hydrogen atom in the hydrosulphyl is replaced by an atom of the metal. These compounds are termed mercaptides.

Mercaptan is a whitish-looking fluid, lighter than water, and boiling at a temperature of 135° Fah.

It possesses a most disagreeable odour, so offensive, indeed, that it cannot be endured at all unless very largely diluted. When the vapour is breathed it produces an intense desire for sleep, not, however, accompanied either with insensibility or intoxication.

The effect produced in the system by this alcohol, when taken into the body, is less injurious than that of many of the other alcohols, and rapidly passes away in sleep, but there can be little doubt but that its continued use would ultimately introduce serious disturbing effects into the organisation. It is probable, indeed, that the habitual use of ordinary alcohol, in excessive quantities, is accompanied by the formation of a similar substance in the body, by the action of vital chemistry, and which imparts the peculiar odour to the breath of inebriates, and this is all the more probable when we remember that even within the body the same laws of combination hold good as in the laboratory of the chemist, the only difference being that in the one case the actions are controlled and modified by the exercise of a power which is absent in the laboratory, and which is ever tending to eliminate by proper channels all deleterious substances from the body so as to prevent them from accumulating to such a degree as to destroy life.

(To be continued.)

"FORGIVE AND FORGET."

"Forgive and Forget," for he still is thy neighbour,
But, bear him a grudge, you're his equal in wrong;
His bosom may now with remorseful thoughts labour,
Then *bless him*, and render his penitence strong

Yea, heap on him good, though he *never* repenteth,
And leave him to Him whose 'tis vengeance to send;
But if through thy kindness his spirit relenteth,
Thou lovest a foe—and gainest a friend.

ANNIE CLEGG.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER TWO PRIZES, one value 6s. 6d. for the best, and one value 3s. 6d. for the second best paper. Subject, "Why I don't use tobacco."—Length, about 500 words.

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; contributions to be solely their own productions, and be written on one side of the paper only, foolscap size, and must be sent to the Editors not later than September 1st.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

TIME.

TACT.

I.—CHARADE.

In buildings beautiful and fair,
My *first* in all the stately pile
Steals solemnly through each dim aisle,
And rises on the balmy air.

The priest before the altar kneels;
Sweet, subtle incense upward floats;
The white-robed choir in softest notes
Sing as the hidden organ peals.

All that can charm the eyes or ears,
All that can fascinate the mind,
But oh! what emptiness behind!
How blind and hollow all appears!

How useless to invoke repose
For those poor crumbling, mouldering bones
Entombed 'neath monumental stones;
For souls that long ago uprose.

My *second* is a piece of land;
Green meadows bathed with dew at morn,
Bright rippling slopes of waving corn,
Adorn *its* face on either hand.

Huge mountains rise grand and serene,
Cool hollows nestle at their feet,
Streams murmur on, sparkling and sweet;
A changeful, ever varied scene.

But how shall I describe my *whole*?
What words the story can unveil,
What tongue could tell the fearful tale
Of treachery so deep and foul?

How fair was France that August morn!
Ripe, purple grapes gleamed through their
leaves,
Piled high in heavy golden sheaves;
Glistened the sun on ripened corn.

But on that Sabbath morn was shown
What bigot zeal and art could plan,
When through the streets of Paris ran
A tide of human blood alone.

Away, bewildered in the gloom,
("Down with the Huguenots!" the cry),
The fugitives attempt to fly,
But flying only meet their doom.

Not age or sex to pity moved;
Those human tigers did not spare
The aged head or hoary hair,
The mother, or the babes she loved.

Written with blood, and sealed with tears,
That darkened page by history shown
As "Black Bartholomew" is known,
Through all the after-following years.

IVY.

2.—DECAPITATION.

Complete, I am an alcoholic beverage.
Change my head, and I am a well-known tree.
Now curtail, and I am a very useful article.
Restore my former head, I am a word meaning
to gain.

Now change my head again, and you have
what all of us do every day.
Behead, and I am a preposition.

EMILY M. PRICE.

3.—CHARADE.

Although my good *first* is an article small,
 'Tis patronised by both the great and the tall;
 It stands first on the list of a goodly array,
 And is found in the darkest or happiest day.
 My *second's* a mixture of many things nice,
 Of currants and flour, of sugar and spice;
 Its natural sweetness it never has lost,
 Though frequently beaten, and oftentimes
 crossed.
 My *third* is enjoyed by the lad and the lass,
 As they trip in it lightly upon the green grass.
 My *whole* speaks of plenty, and thankful
 we'll be
 If e'er it is given to you and to me.

FRANCES.

4.—GEOGRAPHICAL ARITHMOREM.

1150, and Ear.—A mount in Palestine.
 50, and A nose r.—A province of France.
 500, and Or ran.—A county in Wales.
 50, and Panes.—A town of Italy.
 550, and Sow.—Mountain in Yorkshire.
 500, and Sane.—Mountains in South America.
 1051, and Tree son.—A town in Hereford-
 shire.
 51, and Effy.—A river in Ireland.
 The initials will name a county of England.

MARIE.

5.—ACROSTIC.

The initials of the following read downwards
 will give a popular feature of "ONWARD."
 A chief of the tribe of Reuben.
 A prophet, the son of Shemaiah.
 An idol worshipped by the Syrians.
 A symbol of slavery.
 A King of Bashan.
 A man smitten by death for an act of irrever-
 ence.
 An idol of the Babylonians.
 A servant of Elisha.
 A procurator of Rome.
 A King of Israel.
 The grandmother of Timothy.
 A son of Ishmael.
 A King of Egypt.

GEORGE J. BELL.

6.—SQUARE WORD.

A flower,
 A man's name,
 A kind of net,
 A girl's name.

EMILY M. PRICE.

7.—CONUNDRUM.

What public officer is most deserving of
 universal sympathy? EMILY M. PRICE.

DEFINITIONS.

DECEIT.

The coward's cloak. A. HARRISS.
 The highway to lying. W. HILL.
 Trying to make any one believe a lie without
 actually telling one. EMILY M. PRICE.
 The virtuous visor that hides deep vice.
 (SHAKESPEARE.)

The means by which Jacob and his mother
 deprived Esau of his birthright.

S. H. McC.

DESPAIR.

A dark cloud which shuts out the sun of
 hope. H. HESFORD.

A cloud when the silver lining is invisible.

A. HARRISS.

Distrust of Providence. Selected.

That which people are driven to by drink.

M. M. BARON.

A formidable giant, whose residence is
 "Doubting Castle," where he captures and
 often executes many victims. S. H. McC.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On pages 108 and 109.

1. Rizpah guarding the bodies of Saul's
 seven sons, hanged by the Gibeonites in the
 beginning of barley harvest.—2 Samuel xxi.
 8-14.

2. Heroine.

3. NILE

IOUG

LUCE

EGER

4. Pot-a-toes.

5. Unite—unit.

6. A great bear (grate bare).

7. When he is deaf in it (definite).

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and
 make him your friend. You may not win him
 over at once, but try again. Let one kindness
 be followed by another, till you have accom-
 plished your end. By little and little, great
 things are accomplished.

"Water falling day by day

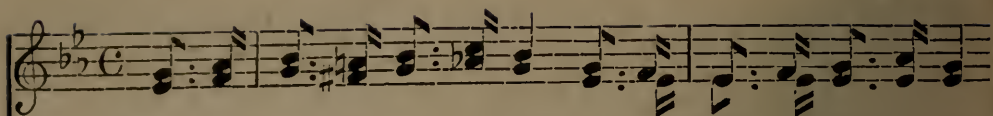
Wears the hardest rock away"—

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of
 stone.

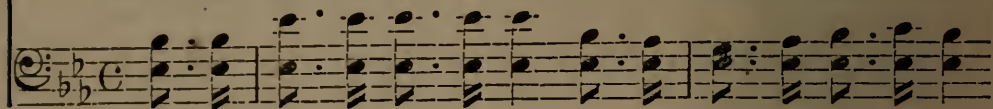


ANNIVERSARY SONG.

F. M. DAVIS.



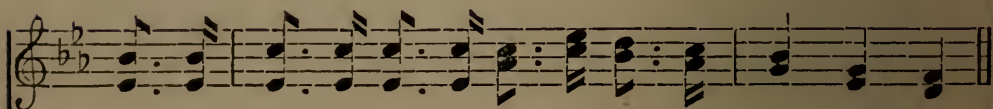
1. We are hap - py and re - joice, Giv - ing thanks with heart and voice;



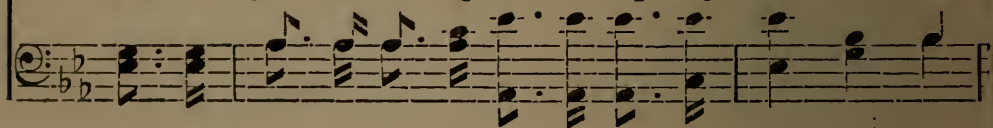
KEY Eb.

2. Gentle	m .,f	s .,fe : s .,l	s :m .,r	d .,r :m .,f	m
	d .,r	m .,re : m .,f	m :d .,d	d .,d :d .,d	d
3. Let our	s .,s	d' .,d' : d' .,d'	d' :s .,f	m .,f : s .,l	s
	d .,d	d .,d : d .,d	d :d .,d	d .,d :d .,d	d

friends, we turn to you, With a welcome fond and true;
 hearts be tuned to love, While the an - gels from a - bove

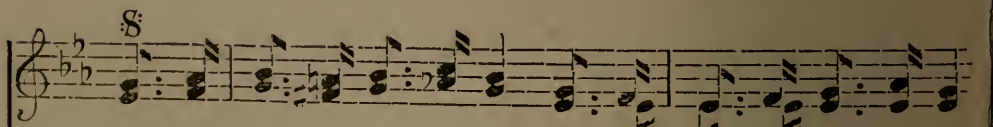


And we'll join the swell - ing cho - rus, Sing - ing loud and clear.

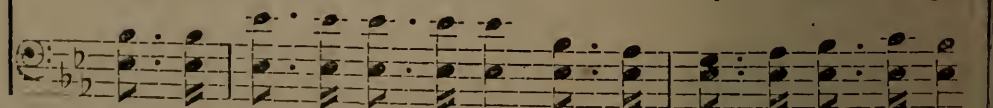


Hap - py	s .,s	l .,l : l .,l	l .,d' : t .,l	s :m	r
	d .,d	d .,d : d .,d	f .,l : s .,f	m :d	t
Scat - ter	m .,m	f .,f : f .,l	d' .,d' : d' .,d'	d' :s	s
	d .,d	f .,f : f .,f	f .,f : f .,l	d :m	s

hearts and smil - ing fa - ces Greet our na - tal day.
 bless - ings on our path - way, As we on - ward go.



Ring - ing out a mer - ry strain As this day re - turns a - gain



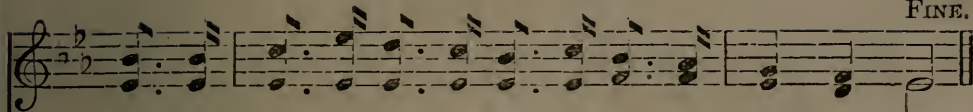
Chorus.—Hap - py hearts are ga - thered round, And our songs of joy re - sound

List - en	m .,f	s .,fe : s .,l	s :m .,r	d .,r :m .,f	m
	d .,r	m .,re : m .,f	m :d .,d	d .,d :d .,d	d
And when	s .,s	d' .,d' : d' .,d'	d' :s .,f	m .,f : s .,l	s
	d .,d	d .,d : d .,d	d :d .,d	d .,d :d .,d	d

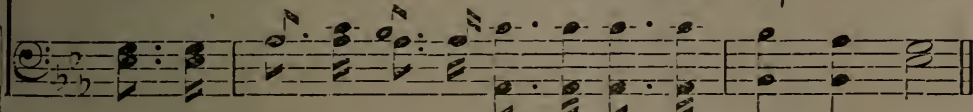
to the chil - dren's song, How its notes are borne a - long;
 years have rolled a - way, May the com - ing of this day

ANNIVERSARY SONG—continued.

FINE.



Bring - ing glad - ness and re - joic - ing, While we're ga - thered here.



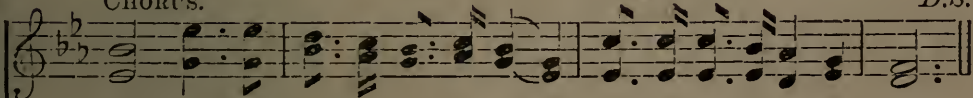
While we chant a mer - ry cho - rus To the clos - ing year.

FINE.

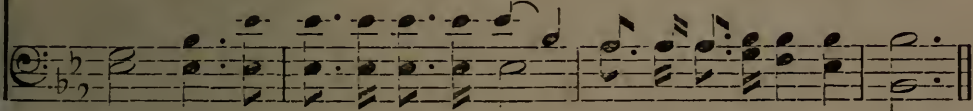
s	l	t	s	s	m	r	d	—
Bring - ing	rays	of	god - en	sun - shine	On	our	earthly	way.
d	d	d	d	d	r	r	d	t
d	d	d	d	d	r	r	d	t
m	f	s	f	l	l	l	s	f
Bring us	all	a	sweet	re - mem - brance	Of	the	"long a - go."	m
d	f	f	f	f	f	f	s	s
d	f	f	f	f	f	f	s	s
d	f	f	f	f	f	f	s	s
d	f	f	f	f	f	f	s	s

CHORUS.

D.S.



Sing, sing, we're hap - py while we sing, Chant the cho - rus loud and clear;



CHORUS.

D.S.

s	l	t	s	s	m	l	l	l	s	f	m	r	—
Sing,	sing,	We're	happy	while	we	sing,	Chant	the	chorus	loud	and	clear;	
d	m	m	s	f	m	f	m	d	d	d	d	t	t
d	m	m	s	f	m	f	m	d	d	d	d	t	t
m	s	d	d	d	d	d	s	f	f	f	s	s	s
d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	f	f	f	m	r	d
d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	f	f	f	m	r	d
d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	f	f	f	m	r	d
d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	f	f	f	m	r	d

WHISPERS TO THOSE WHO WISH TO ENJOY A HAPPY LIFE.

By REV. BENJAMIN SMITH, Author of "Sunshine in the Kitchen,"
"Gems Reset," &c.

WHISPER X.—AIM AT REAL EXCELLENCE.

YOU may have read that Julius Caesar once declared that he would rather be the first man in a village than be the second in Rome. That sounds like the language of pride. It would be undesirable and wrong for us to feel discontented because some acquaintance was stronger or handsomer, richer or more honoured than ourselves. But if we are to secure all the happiness possible to us, we must attain all the excellence within our reach. A gooseberry is not as large as a pumpkin, but may be first rate as a gooseberry. Strawberry plants do not grow

so high as apple trees, yet may produce fruit of exquisite flavour. Violets, though not so large as sun-flowers, are justly prized. Let us very earnestly aim at the excellence within our reach, that we may be admired and loved by the Great King, and may be constantly enriched by His bounty.

Diligently cultivate your gifts. The Rev. Richard Cecil declared that if a Christian was a shoe-black, he ought to be the best in the parish. This may possibly be accurate if he is the only Christian shoe-black in the parish. Polishing boots and shoes does not seem to demand any special endowments of nature. So in that determination and industry will prevail. In some departments of service it would not be speaking correctly to affirm that a man, because he is a disciple of Jesus, ought to be the best in the neighbourhood. He certainly ought to become as clever as is possible to him. A man, however, may not have mistaken his vocation when he selected music, yet no amount of painstaking may suffice to bring him into the front rank of organists, violinists, or vocalists. Let the man do his utmost. Others may have selected painting or sculpture as their profession, and may have found their right place in so doing, yet may have reason to know that others are more gifted. We dare not affirm that true religion will in all cases enable its possessor to excel his competitors even in the use of the plough, the awl, or the needle. But if we would not experience needless mortification, it will be essential that we should do our utmost in the cultivation of our power. Perhaps there never was an age in which first-rate skill was in greater demand; and dawdling, stupid, easy-going incompetence, however pretentious, was at a larger discount. An extra glass on some festive occasion will lead some men loudly to boast of what they can accomplish in the workshop. But no profit arises from such self-commendation. If their associates are sufficiently sober to understand the boasts, it is likely they will quarrel and engage in a free fight, so that they are adorned with bruises and black eyes the next morning. At best, nothing profitable results from the swagger. Abstinence from strong drink, and the possession of true religion besides, will not necessarily enable any man to become the first in his profession. He may possibly be excelled, by dint of natural endowment, by some who are morally his inferiors. But the sober and godly man will be far more expert than he could ever have become had he been a tippler, and will be approved by the Great Master.

Diligently cultivate your graces. For the present we must be content to fill well the place assigned us by God, though that place be a lowly one. We may be as truly happy and enjoy as much of the sunlight on the ground as on a pedestal, though certainly fewer people will gaze at us. But moral excellence is all important to all, and may be largely attained by all. Heavenly graces are far more essential to our real blessedness than splendid gifts. The Queen does not always, or even generally, wear her crown, nor does she carry her sceptre about with her. We may safely assume that the Lord Mayor does not sleep in his gorgeous civic robes, nor with his gold chain around his neck, nor would he rest more comfortably for wearing these. Mere ornaments, however prized by ourselves and admired by others, are only used occasionally. But a diseased heart or a sound one cannot thus be laid aside. The heart, such as it is, we carry about with us continually. So also do we constantly bear about with us our moral being, and it is of infinite moment to us that this be excellent. Crowns and sceptres, gold chains and robes, coin and scrip, and all such like, will be left on this side the river. What we *are* we shall take across the stream.

Those who are struggling up the hill, endeavouring to become more Christ-like, find many obstacles. They have to lay aside every entanglement or they would make no advance, but rather slip downward. There are many such entanglements, and it would be a mistake to fix our attention exclusively on one. Lay aside every weight, ye who would mount heavenward. But, in this country and at this time, the appetite for alcoholic stimulants retards the progress of many, and prevents more people from ascending than any other hindrance. Some years ago, there was a lad named Thomas G—. He had been led to desire to rise in both worlds, and gave himself to the needful effort. He was not specially favoured in external circumstances, but he had some few advantages and made the most of these. From obscurity he emerged into notice, and became a promising candidate for the Christian Ministry. But he acquired a taste for wine and spirits. Judicious friends warned him, but worldly minded admirers supplied him with the drink. Unpleasant rumours floated about ; but those who knew most were those who cared least for the purity of the Christian Ministry. So Thomas pursued his way until the time for his ordination arrived. He had, meanwhile, secured the affections of an estimable young lady who had lived at a distance and whose friends suspected not his failing. The day of his ordination was fixed, and he was to be married soon after. But the fabric of his prosperity had been undermined by his own hands. A letter was two or three days prior to that fixed for his ordination placed in his hands. "You must resign your position without any delay, or the charge of repeated and gross drunkenness will be preferred against you, and proof adduced." So the ordination never took place. The engagement of marriage had to be broken off. Worst of all, the thirst for strong drink had been acquired. So G— became one more added to the vast number whose holy aspirations after excellence have been thus destroyed, and consequent misery incurred. Lay aside every weight ! Secure real worth !

In Memoriam.

MRS. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

IT is our painful duty to record the decease of Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour, who was interred on Monday, July 8th, in Paddington Cemetery, London. During a long life her unceasing labours have been eminently successful in the promotion of religion, morality and temperance. The readers of ONWARD will doubtless be familiar with the many articles and serial tales which she contributed to our pages ; besides these, her numerous contributions in the *British Workman*, *Band of Hope Review*, etc., also her "Morning Dew Drops," and many other volumes, which have been read by thousands. The gifted Authoress has passed away, but her works will live, and continue to light up the sunshine of domestic peace and joy in English hearts and homes. Though dead she speaks, and like a bold, valiant champion, we hear her all-inspiring voice encouraging us to be faithful and fearless in the battle of truth and temperance.

CHICKEN-HEARTED HARRY.

1st Prize "Onward" Competition. Best story illustrating Kindness to Animals.

By EMILY MAUDE PRICE, aged 18 years. Coventry.

"FOR shame, Tom Lincoln, what are you doing?"

"It's nothing to you what I'm doing, Harry Wyles; mind your own business."

My friend Mrs. Clifford and myself were passing through a field when the above words caught our ears. Just before us was a cottage in a garden, separated from the field by a low fence.

In the field stood a boy about 12 years of age, his face flushed, his blue eyes flashing indignantly, and his hands tightly clenched. In the garden was another boy, who looked just what he was, a contemptible bully. In his hand he held a poor fluttering bird just out of the reach of a large cat which was secured by a cord to the fence. He appeared to be taking a delight in tormenting his victim. First he would hold it close to the cat, then when she prepared to spring he would as quickly withdraw it.

I had heard of "Chicken-hearted Harry," and now watched him eagerly to see how he would act. I had not long to wait. By a sudden spring Puss had nearly captured her prey, when Harry leaped over the fence, and in another moment Tom lay on the gravel, and Harry, bird in hand, was walking quickly down the path.

Mrs. Clifford spoke to him when we were sufficiently near, and in answer to her question he said, "It is a poor bird, ma'am, with a broken wing. Tom found it and was diverting himself—" Indignation prevented his saying more, so Mrs. Clifford said, kindly—

"Then you are fond of birds, Harry?"

"Yes, indeed, ma'am, I'm fond of all dumb creatures, and it does rile me to see them hurt."

"I am very pleased to hear it, Harry. But who taught you to be so kind to animals?"

"My father, ma'am. He always taught me that it was as much a sin to hurt a dumb animal as a human being. He says they are all God's creatures, and that it is an insult to God to injure or annoy the smallest thing that He has created."

"You would not do for a butcher," I said, smiling.

"Oh," replied Mrs. Clifford, "I should think he would make a good butcher, because he would find the most humane way of slaughtering the animals."

"But," I said again, "Harry does not believe in killing animals."

"Not for our selfish gratification," said Harry, "but for food it is a different matter. But my father would never buy meat of a butcher whom he suspected of acting cruelly to the animals. This is our cottage," he added, pointing to a little white house near by. "Will you come in and rest awhile? Mother will be delighted."

We accepted the offer thankfully, being somewhat tired, and entered the neat, well-furnished kitchen into which Harry ushered us.

A kind, motherly woman came forward to meet us, whom Harry introduced as his mother. There was a deal of pride and affection in the way he said, "My mother." While Harry ran for his father, Mrs. Wyles placed chairs for us, and poured out glasses of rich, foaming milk, saying politely, "You must be warm walking in the sun, and this is beautiful milk."

Nothing could have been nicer, and we were just enjoying it, when Mr. Wyles entered. He was a tall, fine

powerfully-built man, and we saw the resemblance to Harry directly. The same curly brown hair and blue eyes, and the same kind and merry though determined look about the mouth.

We were eager to know more of Harry, and his parents were as pleased to tell us.

"He never could from a child see a creature in pain, let it be what it might. He is such a tender-hearted little chap," said his father. "Do you see that dog? Harry saved that from being drowned three years ago, and we've had him ever since. A more devoted creature never lived. We call him Harry's 'body-guard.'"

"Yes," said the mother, "and so he is. Harry never ventures into any danger without Nero. But he is safe enough while the dog is by. He would not let a hair of his head be injured, would you, Nero?" she said, patting the faithful creature's head.

"Then there's the cat," she went on. "Harry found her nearly famished in that field at the back of the house, and brought her home and fed her, and now see what a beauty she is!"

"What will he do with the bird?" I asked.

"Why, miss, he will nurse it till it

is well, and then let it loose. He has rescued many a poor bird in that way. A few months ago a beautiful dove flew in here, and would not be driven out. When Harry came home he tried to find the owner, but failed, so we allowed him to keep it, and he has built a little pen for it. He is at work now, cleaning out his rabbit pen. Would you like to see the rabbits, ladies?"

"Yes, very much," we replied. So Mr. Wyles led the way into a large open yard at the back of the house. There we found Harry hard at work, while his little pets were contentedly nibbling away at the cabbage-leaves in the corner of the yard. Harry was very pleased to see us, and showed us his birds, and his rabbits, and then he opened the door of the dovecote, and the pretty little dove flew out, and settled on his shoulder, never moving its position even when he stepped across the yard and put one of the rabbits on the other shoulder.

We could not but be pleased with what we saw, and we left the house wishing with all our hearts that the day might soon be hastened when every boy and girl in the world would be as "chicken-hearted" as Harry Wyles.

THE HOLY BIBLE.

OH, precious Book, that teaches us of heaven,

The glorious land where sorrow is unknown !

How dearly do I prize thee—treasure given

By Him who reigneth on the heavenly throne !

What words of comfort do thy leaves contain !

What golden promises to man are given !

Oh, why do men in ignorance remain,

When thy bless'd leaves reveal the way to heaven ?

Blessed are they who read thy pages o'er,

And take to heart the lessons they impart ;—

They will be wise, though ignorant before ;

And, oh ! 'twill take a burden off the heart !

The sceptic may thy holy laws deride,

Yet thou art still the Christian's joy and pride !

JOHN W. CLAY.

THE PARTING HOUR.

"WHAT! must she die—the pride of my heart—my beautiful, darling child? It cannot—must not—shall not be!" he cried, in frenzy wild.

"Nay, doctor, for tender pity's sake, use all your art to save My lamb from the hungry jaws of death, from the dark and yawning grave."

Alas! the art and the skill were vain; he read in her face the truth,
The blight had smitten his cherished flower in the opening bloom of youth;
Nor prayers nor tears might now avail, he saw his child must die,
And the strong man writhed in agony as the parting hour drew nigh.

But she—the dying one—see her there—upon her placid brow
The touch of some unseen angel hand seems resting even now;
No fear, no terror, her spirit feels, she hath neared the pearly gate;
She knows there are blessed ones robed in white, for her coming that watch and wait.

One task remains yet unfulfilled; she had sought for strength and grace;
Her arm is around her father's neck, love's yearning in her face,
And gathering up her failing strength for that all-important task,
"My father!" she whispers, "ere I go, one precious boon I ask.

"You have ever wished to be kind and good, and but for one fell foe
A happier home than ours had been this earth might never know.
But the sly deceiver, the wily serpent, led you on and on,
Step after step, till the peace and plenty and comfort all were gone.

"Dear mother, before she went to Heaven, prayed that the deadly chain
That bound you might soon be broken off. Oh! shall her prayers be vain?
Nay, weep not so, dear father, she is only gone before;
She will watch and wait till you come to her on that happy, deathless shore.

"What message shall I bear to her? Shall I tell her you will come?
This changing earth is not our rest, that is our real home.
You know the way, dear father; Christ can break off every chain.
Oh! promise me now that by His grace from drink you will abstain.

"This, this is the boon my heart implores, then I can die in peace,
And you, dear father, your bitterest sorrows shall for ever cease;
You shall find a blessed and holy work, to lead to Heaven and God
Poor wanderers in the dangerous paths where once your footsteps trod.

"And when you think in lonely hours of dear ones now no more,
A whisper from Heaven shall cheer your heart—'Not lost, but gone before!'
The accents ceased—her strength fast failed—but still her eye implored;
The pledge is given—the vow is made—she hears the longed-for word.

She dies, but her death is her father's life. The slave from his chain is free;
There is joy where the angels dwell o'er one redeemed from misery,
And they watch and wait o'er the river there, on the bright, immortal shore,
Till the loved and saved one come to them, where partings are no more.

E. C. A. ALLE



"Her arm is around her father's neck, love's yearning in her face."—*l'age* 156.



Droylsden, Openshaw and District Union of Bands of Hope and Total Abstinence Societies—A successful Out-door Demonstration of the above newly-formed Union took place on Saturday, June 23th. Upwards of 1400 members and friends formed in procession, and paraded the principal streets of the village, the girls being dressed in white, and carrying bouquets of flowers. Three Bands enlivened the proceedings with selections of music along the route. The members were taken to a field in Baguley Lane, where they were regaled with buns and milk, &c., after which games were indulged in by the children.

Vale of Eden Band of Hope Union (Westmoreland).—The fifth annual de-

monstration of this union was held at Kirkby-Stephen on the 19th of June, under the most auspicious circumstances. Twenty-two Bands of Hope, numbering about 2,000 members, with eight bands of music, marched in procession to the fête ground. There were altogether about 5,000 people on the ground, which, when compared with previous demonstrations, was very gratifying to the executive. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. R. Watson, of Glasgow (late secretary). Powerful addresses bearing upon the several aspects of the Temperance question were given by G. Easton, Esq., of the Scottish Temperance League, and the Rev. C. H. Collyns, M.A., of the United Kingdom Alliance.

WISE COUNSEL.

A BLESSING I give thee, a blessing receive,

My counsel I give with it too ;

One thing to remember is never to leave

To fate what thou'rt able to do ;

And Dick, my boy, ever be on the look-out

For men who would lead thee astray,

As many a lion is prying about

For innocent souls on the way.

Thy pathway deceitful and stony will be,

Thy feet may grow weary and sore ;

But keep straight ahead ; 'twill be better for thee

The fortune that lieth in store.

Perchance thou wilt meet a man striving to make

Some progress along the dark road ;

If such be the case, Dick, I prithee to take

Compassion and lighten his load.

And here is the "guide," keep it next to thy heart—

'Twill make all thy cares appear light,

And if from the road thou should'st ever depart,

Then, boy, 'twill direct thee aright ;

But while thou dost travel, be on the look-out

For men who would lead thee astray,

As many a lion is prying about

For innocent souls on the way.

JOHN G. LUMSDEN.

DRINK.

DRINK, like a serpent, comes stealing along,
 Holding in bondage the weak and the strong ;
 Changing their gladness to sorrow and care,
 Corrupting the pure, the noble, the fair ;
 Alluring the maid, the youth and the sage,
 The parent whose hairs are frosted by age ;
 Entwining their hearts with tendrils of sin,
 And sapping the fount of virtue within.
 Like some giddy moth, enchanted by flame,
 The daughters of earth are lost in their shame ;
 Their innocence gone, their feet turned aside,
 They plunge in the deep their folly to hide.
 The gems of our youth, once bright as the spring,
 Are snared by the foe, and stung by its sting ;
 Their rare plans of life are nipped in the bud ;
 They wander astray from all that is good.
 And ignorance blooms where virtue should grow,
 While sadness dries up life's blood in its flow ;
 And Bacchus makes sad the great and the wise,
 When blessing should fall like dew from the skies.
 The children we love, the pride of our race,
 Are tainted thro' drink with shame and disgrace ;
 The bliss that should smile like blossoms in May
 Is shrouded in gloom, or swept quite away.
 We weep for the lost—the gems that have flown—
 The flowers of earth by tares overgrown—
 The lives, which thro' drink are dark and forlorn,
 And hearts that are crushed by sorrow's sharp thorn.
 * * * * *

Then, brothers come, with Bibles in our hand,
 Forth let us go, to save from drink our land.
 Come, let the fire of justice warm each breast,
 And show the world our faith can stand the test ;
 Come, crush the foe, and break his subtle rod,
 And point the slave to freedom and to God.
 No longer let our custom's binding spell
 Lead manhood down with faltering steps to hell ;
 Come, boldly fling the gage of battle down,
 If we would wear the victor's jewelled crown.
 Then loud shall swell the victor's joyful cry,
 And heaven's smile shall bless us from on high.
 Let right and truth be our eternal shield,
 And all the world our glorious battle-field,
 Come, crush the foe, shrink not in the strife,
 Then death shall bring a golden crown of life,
 And we shall soar beyond the starry skies,
 To rest in peace, where sunlight never dies.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

SURE way to turn people's heads—
Go late to church.

WHICH is the worst place for a rum
hole?—A man's face.

A SECRET warranted to keep in any
climate—A woman's age.

THE man who attempted to "cloak
his sins" could not find a garment
large enough.

NEW READING.—Do not ejaculate
before the forest's margin bursts upon
your enraptured vision.

A celebrated wit was asked if he
knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," re-
plied he; "Hook and eye are old
associates."

"WOMEN," remarked the contem-
plative man, "are as deep as the blue
waters of yon bay." "Ay, sir," re-
joined the disappointed man, "and as
full of craft."

SMART.—A minister, putting his
hand upon a young urchin's shoulder,
exclaimed, "My son, I believe the
devil has got hold of you." "I believe
so too," was the reply.

"PAY me that six-and-eightpence
you owe me, Mr. Mulrooney," said a
village attorney, "for the opinion you
had of me." "Faith, I never had any
opinion of you in all my life," was the
reply.

A SHREWD ANSWER.—Lady (at
Sunday school): "And what do you
understand by 'the pomps and vanities
of this wicked world'?" The Head
of the Class: "The flowers in your
bonnet, teacher!"

A POOR fellow in Scotland, creeping
through the hedge of an orchard, with
an intention to rob it, was seen by the
owner, who called out to him,
"Sawney, hoot man, whar are you
gaun?" "Bock again," said Sawney,
as he turned out at the same hole he
came in at.

MANY live miserably and meanly, just
to die magnificently and rich.

VICE stings us, even in our pleasures;
but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

STRONG as our passions are, they may
be starved into submission, and con-
quered without being killed.

BAD habits are the thistles of the
heart, and every indulgence of them is
a seed from which will spring a new
crop of weeds.

WHY is the letter M like the first
glass of alcoholic liquor? Because it is
the commencement of misery.

IF you can drink or leave it alone,
we say we believe the first part of your
statement; now prove to yourself and
your friends the second part, by leaving
it alone for say three months. You may
learn by the difficulty of keeping from
it how nearly the demon had you
chained.

*Extracts from evidence given by Sir
WM. GULL, M.D., F.R.S., before the
Peers' Select Committee on Intem-
perance.*

I HARDLY know any more potent
cause of disease than alcohol, leaving
out of view the fact that it is a frequent
source of crime of all descriptions.

I AM persuaded that lecturers should
go about the country lecturing to people
of the middle and upper-middle classes
upon the disadvantages of alcohol as it
is daily used.

I DO not see any good in leaving off
drink by degrees. If you are taking
poison into the blood, I do not see the
advantage of diminishing the degrees of
it from day to day. That point has been
frequently put to me by medical men,
but my reply has been, "If your patient
were poisoned by arsenic, would you
still go on putting in the arsenic?"

moments of time, I beheld several pictures of the happy past. I seemed to see him, in his sweet baby innocence, nestled in my arms; again I felt his little chubby hand in mine when I led him out in ^{ingenuous} pride to show how well our Harry could walk. I saw him the day he ^{won} his first prize from school, the bright, beautiful boy, and laid it ^{triumphantly} in triumph on our mother's knee. Oh! in what a warm, glowing tide my deep, abiding love for him rushed over my whole nature at these dear memories!

"Harry, dearest brother, you must not make us all miserable about you," I said, as I put my arm round him affectionately; "you must give up the drink, and for ever."

"Fred Tresize is mean to peach," said Harry.

"Just as mean," I answered, "as if he saw you drowning in the sea, Harry, and plunged in and swam to your assistance, if you call that mean."

"What stuff, Dorie! Don't you suppose I'm old enough to take a glass of drink or two if I like, without wanting Fred to come spying my actions and reporting them to you. I declare it's a burning shame, and he is mean; he isn't the fellow I took him for; I'll soon cut Fred if that's his little game."

The rude slang language my brother used surprised me painfully, but I went on—

"After all that has happened, Harry, we shall go home next week."

"You're going to tell papa," he said, and he looked rather frightened.

I was silent, and so was Harry for some minutes.

"Look here, Dorie," he said then, "if you'll just leave all that, and stay on here a bit longer——"

I interrupted him, "I cannot stay longer, Harry." I did not add what I felt, that the responsibility of keeping him from our parents was greater than I could bear.

"It is all grandmamma," he said, crossly; "if she hadn't given me the wine, and if they hadn't had drink every evening, I should not have thought about it, I expect."

"Oh! Harry, grandmamma did not make you break your pledge at St. Mary's. Cowards who yield to temptation always blame other people instead of blaming themselves, as they ought to do. I wish you would think about poor mamma. You know she is not strong, and this sort of trouble is the very worst thing that could happen to her."

"Then don't let her know, Dorie," said Harry, coaxingly; "it shan't happen again, really, Dorie. You may depend it shan't happen again. I won't say a word against going home if you wish to go, only promise me not to tell them, and try to forget it yourself, Dorie. You needn't look so scared. I've got too much pluck, now I understand better what the drink is like, ever to let myself take too much again."

He flung his arms about me, and looked into my eyes, and watched my lips to see if I would smile, and agree to yield to his wishes. I did smile at him, though sadly, but this time I would make no promise.

"And directly, Harry, that I see the least sign of your breaking your word," I said, "I must tell papa everything."

* * * * *

I have opened this book to-day the first time for two years. We were at the beginning of our trouble then—our trouble, that has weighed on us so heavily ever since. Amongst those remains of the old abbey churchyard that now form such picturesque part of the grounds of Tresco Abbey, and which was used until

comparatively recently as a place of burial, there is this inscription, on a flat tombstone partly overgrown with ivy—

"Sacred to the Memory

JAMES PINDER,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON

FRIDAY, THE 16TH OF MARCH, 1811,

IN THE

54th Year of His Age.

How loved, how valued once, avails thee not,
To whom related or by whom forgot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

These lines, which I learnt at papa's request when I was a child, have been ringing in my ears lately as I have thought of our Harry. We have lost him; not for two days and a night merely, as when Honest Joe found him wedged painfully in the Pulpit Rock, but for weeks, months, we have looked wearily into each others' faces, our eyes asking each other the questions we dared not shape into words, "Where is he? Where can he be?"

My father and brothers, aided by Fred Tresize, Honest Joe, and many of our stalwart friends amongst the fishermen, have carefully searched over all the islands, in every nook and cranny where a human form could, for any purpose, have concealed itself, and all in vain.

I have been haunted by the dread lest we should some day encounter in our rambles our poor boy's dead young form, starved and wan and cold and silent, or lest in after years a group of weather-bleached white bones alone should remain on some small island home of the birds amidst our archipelago to hint at a tragedy which had been enacted long before.

When Harry and I returned from Penzance, my father's suspicions were already aroused, and in this way. My decidedly expressed desire to return home had puzzled him, and a few days before our arrival he met Fred Tresize, who had just got back from Cornwall. To my father's extreme surprise Fred, for the very first time in his life, seemed to wish to avoid him, and would even have passed him with a civil "Good morning, sir," had not my father arrested his steps.

"Why, Fred, what makes you in such a hurry, man? Have you seen anything of my young folks at Penzance?"

"Yes, sir, I saw Miss Trevan for a few minutes. She seemed very well, sir."

"But where was Harry, Fred? Did you not catch even a glimpse of our boy?"

Fred's countenance fell, though he answered, in a tone of assumed cheerfulness,

"I can't say I didn't see him, but it wasn't for very long, sir."

"At my father's?" questioned papa.

"No, sir, 'twas on the quay."

"And how did he look? What was he doing? Does he seem quite recovered quite strong and healthy, as a boy should be?"

Fred hesitated, and papa, more and more astonished, questioned him more and more closely, till Fred, having tried in vain successfully to parry my father's interrogations, said, sadly—

"Sir, I have given my word, and I will not break it. Master Harry is well enough in health. Miss Trevan is the proper person to tell you everything else.

I detected the anxiety in my father's countenance directly I looked at him when he came on the steamer to meet us. It was so sweet to be at home again, to receive such a loving welcome from the dear ones, that for a while care stepped aside, and I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the evening. My mother's health was improved, her tender, gentle, playful presence was in itself an atmosphere of affection; Harry had come back stout and well—how much we had to be thankful for! The bright sweet faces of my sisters, Ernest's thoughtful smile, and George's honest sunshiny countenance and hearty laugh—how dear, how precious they all were to me! Only dear papa looked somewhat aged and careworn; he must have been working too hard.

That evening, when all the rest had said "Good night" and were gone to bed, my father called me into his study. There was a bright fire in the grate, and he seated me in one of the cosy easy-chairs that stood beside it, while he himself stood near the fire. Then abruptly, and with a firm determination to know all I could tell him, papa began, as he gazed down into my face, "Dora love, what wrong thing has Harry done at Penzance?"

My voice faltered when I tried to speak.

"Dearest child," he said, "can you not trust me? Am I not Harry's father? Is he not bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh? Do I not love him with a love which, dear as he is to you, you cannot measure? Have I ever treated my children so that they should desire to withhold their entire confidence from me? Dora, what is it? I have a right to know, and you have no right whatever to keep back that knowledge."

He stooped over me, took my hands in his, and looked anxiously at me as he asked, "Has he stolen anything from my father?"

"Oh! no, papa." And then finding my words with difficulty, I told of all that had happened at Penzance to Harry; told of our dear grandmother's terribly mistaken kindness, and of the secrecy she enjoined upon me.

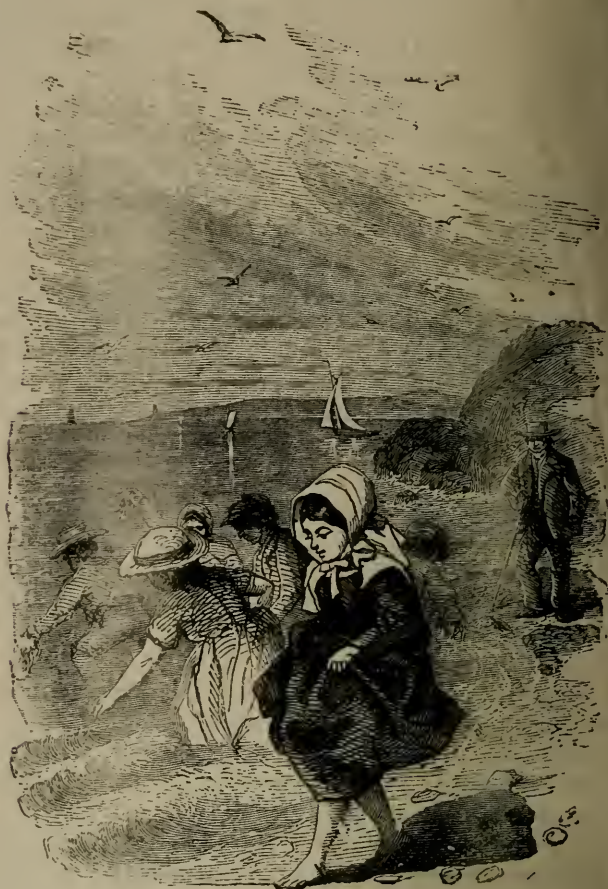
"Dearly as I love her," said my father, "I must say she was wrong in asking that, Dora, and you were wrong to yield it. A parent has the first right to a child's obedience. But how was it Harry did not himself resist and protest against the use of the wine?"

I felt now how wrongly I had acted from the first in hiding from my parents the knowledge that Harry had broken the pledge. My father, seeing my distress, urged me not to conceal anything from him now; he reminded me that if I had made any promises to do so, I had clearly mistaken my duty, and must no longer remain silent. Thus warned, thus counselled, for my darling brother's good, I told all. It was sad to feel that my father was disappointed in me—that I as well as Harry had incurred his displeasure. But he folded me tenderly in his arms when we parted for the night, and said, as he stroked my hair caressingly—

"My poor Dora, you have been to blame, through your blind unreasoning love for our Harry. God grant that we may be permitted to put an end to the terrible consequences of his self-will."

(To be continued.)





“HOW I SPENT A DAY AT THE SEASIDE.”

First Prize Paper. Written by BERTHA DAVIES, aged 14 years, Rice Lane, Egremont, Cheshire.

IT was one of the happiest days of my life, the first at the seaside. Everything was full of novelty. I had never seen the sea before, and was most astonished at the gentle ebb and flow of the tide. When people were bathing in it, it seemed to my imagination like an enormous bath, where everyone might wash themselves and splash about without fear of wetting any cross landlady's carpet, who said, “Everything spoilt in her house by visitors must be replaced.”

I, with my little friends, wandered about on the pebbly beach, watching with intense wonder and admiration the great waves as they rolled in so grandly and majestically; and then, when the tide had gone out, we delighted to take off our shoes and stockings and dabble with feet and hands in the clear, cool pools the sea had left—we thought for our especial benefit. But we had some tiny enemies to contend with before we had these pools to ourselves: these were the crab

that caught hold of our toes and fingers, and pinched them unmercifully whenever they got the chance. We took one or two of the crabs home, and asked nurse to cook them for our tea; we never thought that they would be too small, and thought nurse very unkind when she laughed at us, and we felt rather disconsolate when we left her; but we went down to the sea again, and found some jelly-fish and star-fish. We had no idea what the former were, but we carried one on a spade to a boatman, who kindly explained all about their habits to us; and as for the star-fish, we did not like to touch it, because it was so queer, and curled up its feelers when we touched it.

My greatest delight was in making sand houses, and something like gardens to them, with the different kinds of seaweed. The green wavy seaweed served for grass, and the straight sand-coloured, with little bits of green put here and there, was what

we called "variegated holly;" while we had a large piece of the black seaweed, with what we called "little lumps" on, hung up in our nursery, and this we used as a weather-glass, though I think what we said was going to happen did not always come about. It was rather a contrary weather-glass, and would not have done to depend on always, or else it was that we did not understand it properly. In the evening, when it was not so hot as in the middle of the day, we all went out, and sat on the parade or pier, and listened to the band. The music was very pretty indeed, and I thought that the young ladies and gentlemen looked very nice dancing away to the music, and I often wished I could dance too; but when my sister offered to teach me, I fear I got very impatient, and she sent me away, saying that she thought I ought to be good, considering how many pleasures I enjoyed at the seaside.

AT THE SEASIDE.

We have left the town behind us,
And the noise and gaiety;
At the seaside you will find us,
Where the sparkling wave doth bind us
To the bright and glassy sea.

'Mid the silv'ry sand and shingle,
Spade in hand we roam each day,
With the merry groups we mingle,
And our tongues go jingle, jingle,
For we have so much to say.

Up the rugged hills we scramble,
With our little, nimble feet;
And across the cliffs we ramble,
'Mid the heather, gorse and bramble,
Gaily plucking wild flowers sweet.

But the happy days are flying,
Oh! so very, very fast.
Pleasure now will soon be dying,
Farewell we shall soon be crying,
For our holiday is past.

HERBERT H. ADAMS.

MORNING PRAYER.

GENTLE Jesus, hear my prayer,
Make a little child thy care;
Thou hast called and blessed such:
I would love Thee very much.

Thou art always near to me,
Watching if I good will be;
Jesus, help me all the while,
For I want to have Thy smile.

Make me like Thee, Jesus, sweet,
Loving all the good I meet,
Pitying all the bad I see,
For Thou pray'st for them and me.

May I this day speak the truth,
Be what Thou wast in Thy youth;
Grateful and obedient be
To my parents dear and Thee.

So may I in favour grow,
Like a rosebud sweetly blow;
Doing all the good I can,
Pleasing unto God and man.

ANNIE CLEGG.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER TWO PRIZES, one value 6s. 6d. for the best, and one value 3s. 6d. for the second best TEMPERANCE STORY.—Length, about 1,400 words.

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; contributions to be solely their own productions, and be written on one side of the paper only, foolscap size, and must be sent to the Editors not later than October 1st.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

SLEEP.

SORROW.

1.—CHARADE.

My first's my last, my last's my first,
So neither can be best nor worst;
Second's my fifth, my fifth's my second,
You'll find it so as I have reckoned;
My third's my fourth, my fourth's my third,
'Tis true, 'tis true, upon my word.
My whole's a female Christian name,
In the Scriptures you may find the same.

A. SUTCLIFFE.

2.—CHARADE.

My first and last are both alike,
And I am in the middle;
My total is a precious gem:
Can you now solve this riddle?

A. SUTCLIFFE.

3.—HISTORICAL QUOTATION ENIGMA.

Take the 1st, 16th, and 17th letters of the name of a man who was present at the murder of Thomas à Becket, and wrote the life of that prelate.

Take the 3rd and 17th of an English navigator who fought against the Spanish Armada with determined bravery.

The 5th, 13th, 1st, 9th, 7th, and 8th of a patriot who had much of the old Norman in his composition, and during the civil wars in Charles I.'s time he sided with the Parliament.

The 3rd, 12th, 16th, 17th, and 1st of an eminent antiquary, historian, and herald who wrote "The Antiquities of Warwickshire," "The Baronage of England," and other works.

The 1st, 8th, and 12th of a poet who not meeting with the friends he expected, and having strong unbridled passions, in a fit of despair put an end to his life by a dose of poison.

The 6th and 8th of one who was called to the bar in 1806, made Lord Chief Justice of England in 1850, and Lord Chancellor in 1859.

The 5th, 9th, and 8th of one who shone less in private than in public life; and while we grant him the praise of learning and indefatigable application, we must deny him that of amiable manners.

The 6th, 10th, 11th of a bishop who was accused of treasonable practices in the reign of George I., and banished the kingdom.

The 15th, 17th, 11th, 18th, and 1st of one who was sent to dispossess the French of Egypt, and at the Battle of Alexandria, March 21st, 1801, received his death wound.

If these letters connected be,
Then a proverb you will see.

MARIE.

4.—CRYPTOGRAPH.

O, S, Y, T, W, C, T, C, O, O, N, S, Y, N,
H, I, W, I, O, L, D, I, I, W, F, N, B, D,
D, T, T, N, T, W, C, T, C, O, O, N.

O, h u n e h e i n e u p h e u r s e f u r a t i o n,
e e e o t o w t o r k s n u r a n d e v a t a t i o n,
n t s a k e f o l l o w s o t h i n g u t a r k e s o l a t i o n,
h e n o u c h o t h e i n e u p h e u r s e f u r a t i o n.

FRANCES.

5.—CHARADE.

Peter Jones was a man, and a drunkard as well;

To beat him in drinking not one could excel.
What wages he earn'd were spent all in drink,
Till at last it near brought him to the grave's awful brink.

He had a bad *first*, which would quickly give way,
And the manner he fought my pen can't portray.

The poor wife would work and buy what she could,

But he like a glutton did *second* the food.

At home Peter Jones was sitting one day,
Whilst his wife was out working a few streets away;

When lo! at the door there came a loud knock,

And to tell you the truth it gave Peter a shock.
But he opened the door, and in walked a man,
Who looked round the room, and the bare walls did scan.

Now this man was a preacher, and to Peter he spoke,

How many a wife's heart by drinking was broke.

The preacher brought food, and with Peter Jones dined;

To his great joy at last the pledge Peter signed.

A happy man's Peter, and to this very day,
His *first* is my *whole*, I'm most happy to say.

HERBERT H. ADAMS.

6.—ENIGMA.

My first is in cover, but not in book;

My second in crow, also in rook;

My third is in wheat, but not in corn;

My fourth is in bugle, but not in horn;

My fifth is in single, also in double.

But here I'm afraid you've had enough trouble

If not, follow on, and soon you may find

Something which clearly may bring me to mind.

I'm thrice in liquor, once in malt;

Twice in sugar, once in salt;

Thrice in eagle, once in owl;

Twice in poultry, once in fowl;

Once in trunk, twice in tree;

Twice in you, once in me;

Twice in mount, once in hill;

Twice in Philip, once in Phil;

Twice in water clear and bright;

Twice in morning, once in night.

I'm seen when 'tis wet, I'm seen when 'tis dry

I'm seen very low, and I'm seen rather high.

I'm seen upon wood, I'm seen upon glass,

I'm seen upon iron, I'm seen upon brass,

I'm seen upon paper, I'm seen upon stone,

I'm seen far away, and I'm seen close at home,

I'm seen in the castle, I'm seen in the train,
If you go to the schoolroom you'll find me again.

In the Temperance hall you'll find me to-night;

Look well when you go, you'll discover I'm right.

And I've not the least doubt if you CAREFULLY look,

That SOMEWHERE you'll find me in this little book.

You've seen me to-day a hundred times o'er;

But here I must leave you, I cannot say more.

PHIL. GARROOD.

DEFINITIONS.

TIME.

The old justice that examines all offenders.
—(SHAKESPEARE.)

The porch to the temple of eternity.—
(Selected.)

A precious jewel, once lost never to be found again.

A. HARRISS.

A precious gift, whose true value is only known by the industrious.

EMILY M. PRICE.

A ceaseless stream, which began its course when the world was made, and will continue flowing until the day of judgment.

A. FENN.

A rapid river, which rolls on, and carries everything in its course with it to the boundless ocean of eternity.

S. H. MCC.

TACT.

The way to do it. R. W. COPEMAN.

Hitting the right nail on the head.—Selected.

The art of knowing how to speak and act at the right time.

K. PETTETT.

The art of making apparently difficult things easy.

EMILY M. PRICE.

A talented handmaid, ever ready and willing to oblige those in whose service she is engaged.

S. H. MCC.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On pages 148 and 149.

1. Mass—acre.

2. Wine—pine—pin—win—sin—in.

3. A—bun—dance.

4. Carmel, Orleans, Radnor, Naples, Wolds, Andes, Leominster, Liffey.—Cornwall.

5. On, Urijah, Rimmon, Yoke, Og, Uzzah, Nebo, Gehazi, Felix, Omri, Lois, Kedar, Shishak.—Our Young Folks.

6. ROSE

O B E D

S E A N

E D N A

7. The City-crier.

MERRY FARMER'S BOY.

F. M. DAVIES.

1. A mer - ry far - mer's boy am I, My songs are gay and blithe;

KEY C.

:s	s :- :fe s :- :l	s :- :m d' :- :d'	r' :- :d' t :- :l	l :- :s :-
2. Thro'	flow - 'ry fields and	tan - gled woods	I love at will to	roam,.....
:m	m :- :re m :- :f	m :- :d m :- :m	f :- :f f :- :f	f :- :m :-
3. For	me the streamlet's	gras - sy banks	Un - fold their ear - liest	flowers,.....
:d'	d' :- :d' d' :- :d'	d' :- :s s :- :s	l :- :l d' :- :d'	d' :- :s :-
4. Then	let me live a	far - mer's life,	Nor chide me for my	wish,
:d	d :- :d d :- :d	d :- :d d :- :d	f :- :f f :- :f	d :- :s :-

For in my hum - ble coun - try home I lead a glad, free life.....

D.C.

:s	l :- :f r :- :f	m :- :s d :- :m	r :- :s fe :- :l	s :- :s :-
And	as I wan - der,	gai - ly sing, - This	is my own free	home.
:m	f :- :r r :- :r	d :- :d d :- :d	t :- :r r :- :fe	s :- :s :-
And	pur - ple grapes hang	rich and ripe	A - bove my wild	wood bower.
:d'	d' :- :l t :- :s	s :- :m m :- :s	s :- :t l :- :d'	t :- :s :-
For	o - ver all the	wide, wide world, There	is no life like	this.
:d	f :- :f s :- :s	d :- :d d :- :d	r :- :r r :- :r	s :- :s :-

Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la,

:d'	r' :r' :r' r' :d' :r'	m' :- :d' s :- :d'	r' :r' :r' r' :d' :r'	m' :- :s :-
:s	s :s :s s :s :s	s :- :m m :- :s	s :s :s s :s :s	s :- :s :-
Tra	la la la la la la	la la la,	Tra la la la	la la la,
:d'	t :t :t t :l :t	d' :- :d' d' :- :d'	t :t :t t :l :t	d' :- :s :-
:m	s :s :s s :s :s	d' :- :d' d' :- :m	s :s :s s :s :s	d' :- :s :-

MERRY FARMER'S BOY—(Continued).

D.S.

Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

D.S.

{ :d' | l :- :d' | s :- :d' | f :- :d' | m :- :d | r : r : s | t :- :r' | d' :- :- | :- :-
 :m | f :- :f | m :- :m | d :- :d | d :- :d | t₁ : t₁ : t₁ | r :- :f | m :- :- | :- :-
 Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.
 :d' | d' :- :d' | d' :- :s | l :- :l | s :- :s | s : s : s | s :- :s | s :- :- | :- :-
 :d | f :- :l | d' :- :d | f :- :f | d :- :m | s : s : s | s₁ :- :s₁ | d :- :- | :- :-

TURN RIGHT ROUND AND GO THE OTHER WAY.

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

By being long accustomed to artificial habits, we lose all taste for simplicity, and what might easily have engaged our affections when young we behold with aversion in the decline of life.—FENELON.

ARE there any boys and girls within listening distance of my pen? If so, come along and gather round, for I've a little story to tell you.

Once upon a time, a tall and handsome youth went forth into the forest, axe in hand, to cut down a tree. Stopping before a massive oak that had braved the storms of fifty years, he doffed his cap and jacket, and sticking his axe in his belt, with a bounding leap sprang into the branches, and began to ascend the tree. Having reached the summit, with that intrepidity of manner born of youthful vigour and earnestness of purpose he swung his weapon aloft in the sunlight, and down it came upon branch after branch, till the ground was strewn with the fallen boughs of the quivering tree. Presently nothing was left standing but a branchless trunk. Having descended he proceeded at once to hew down the rest, which, after a series of well-directed blows, he duly accomplished. Seating himself on the fallen trunk, he drew forth a knife, and proceeded to strip the branches of their foliage, carefully sorting and arranging the leaves and twigs, and neatly tying them into small bundles according to their size. For hours, days, nay weeks, he continued his self-appointed task of cutting up the oak bit by bit, leaf by leaf, twig by twig, branch by branch, till the whole tree stood before him in piles of odd-looking little bundles, all carefully packed into the smallest space imaginable. But possibly some of my little readers may be anxious to know what our eccentric wood-cutter intends to do with the result of so much hard labour, so I will explain at once. His intention is to put the oak back again into the acorn from whence it came. "Nonsense!" I hear you all exclaim; "no one in his senses would ever attempt anything so ridiculous." My dear young friends,

nothing is too wild or extravagant for the folly of man to attempt. "But," you ask, "is all this really true? Was any man ever known to set himself such an absurd task?" No, my eager little listeners. But there are many around us who act as unwisely with regard to themselves as did this wood-cutter with the tree, and when they attempt the removal of a bad habit, commence as he did, by lopping off the top branches, instead of putting the exterminating axe at the root of the evil at once. But come closer, little folks, ye who will be men and women before the world is a dozen years older, for I am coming to that part of my story which needs remembering; put those tops and marbles back into your pockets, and get out your memories, and be all eyes and ears for a few moments longer; then you may be off like the wind for a romp.

There is an evil thing in our midst called strong drink, and it is evil from its very birth, for it cannot be made without destroying the food of the people; and whether you wish it or no, so long as you live in this world, it will be frequently in your path. I want you therefore to clearly understand what you are to do whenever you come face to face with this dangerous thing, and here it is in a few words: *Turn right round and go the other way.* Don't stop to look at what you *think* you can see lying beyond—pleasure, fame, riches—for health of body and peace of mind are worth more than these, so turn right round and go the other way. Do not be misled into supposing that you can indulge in the use of this dangerous drink in small quantities, and then leave it off all in a moment at will when you find it is hurting you; it will be both painful and difficult to turn back *then*, and go in a path the very opposite of that to which you have been accustomed; you must reap then that which you sowed before. You can never, by turning back *then*, become what you could have been if you had started right at first. Turning back when all the mischief is done, is like trying to put the oak back into the acorn from whence it sprang. There, that's the lesson I wanted you to learn when I told you that fable about the wood-cutter and the oak-tree. Have you got the idea packed away safely in your minds? All right then; now you may go and play.

THE DEAD CHILD.

HUSH! 'tis the moaning of a broken heart;
See how the tears from her red eyelids start;
Trembling she lingers through the weary hours,
And weeps beside the coffin decked with flowers.

There has she laid upon its satin bed,
Him who once lived to love, but now is dead—
Her darling babe, the firstfruits of that life,
Since she became so young a childlike wife.

See how she lifts the lid with trembling hands,
Then, like a statue, motionless she stands;
But soon to weep, the flood-gates yield the way,
And scalding tears make gloom in spite of day.

"My darling child, thy prattling voice is hushed:
My sunny dreams, my nightly visions crushed.

I saw thee once, my blue-eyed happy boy ;
I heard thy laughter, and I shared thy joy.

“ In fancy’s dream I saw thy noble form,
The love of all, the bliss of every morn !
In manhood’s prime with beauty and with pride
I saw thee stem the world’s deceitful tide.

“ And when old age brought dimness to my sight,
Thou wast my guide, thou mad’st my darkness light ;
I saw thee stand beside my bed of death,
And felt thy kiss on my departing breath.

“ Alas, how changed ! thy cheek is like a stone,
Thy hand is weak, thy voice has lost its tone,
Thy flashing eye is dull, thy song is o’er :
I am bereft my child. Thou art no more.

“ But why complaints ? Is faith so weak and dead ?
Thou livest yet : thy coffin is thy bed.
I see thee now immortal with the blest,
But senseless clay my bleeding heart has prest.

“ Why not rejoice ? Thou’rt saved from many a snare,
No sin can stain thy fame, or load with care ;
Thou hast escaped the thorny path of life,
Hast left the field before the battle’s strife.”

The mother dried her tears : the gloom was gone :
Hope made her soul revive, though sad and worn :
The grave had lost its pangs, day followed night,
And love and hope made every prospect bright.

She laid her babe within its narrow tomb,
And o’er the grave spring flowers sweetly bloom,
The night-winds sing its gentle lullaby,
The murmuring stream in silver tones rolls by.

In winter’s cold there peepeth through the snow
The lowly snowdrop ; the violet there doth grow ;
In summer’s heat the willow bends its head,
And lovely fragrance o’er the grave is shed.

There’s not a spot made sacred to the dead,
In which we cannot find the children’s bed ;
Their cradles watched by guardian cherubim,
Who calm their sleep with many a holy hymn.

Among the choir that stand before the throne,
The children’s song excelleth every one ;
And infant voices loud hosannas raise,
And heaven’s high arches ring with children’s praise.

A. J. GLASSPOOL.

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

BY DR. F. R. LEES, OF LEEDS.

V.

IF the young reader would know the real effect of alcohol on the various parts of the body, he must carry with him in thought the fact that this volatile liquid always produces a *dilatation* or widening of the small blood-pipes, which is the explanation of the red face and skin and blood-shot eyes of the drinker of it. It does this by a direct and an indirect action. First, it *narcotizes*, or puts to sleep, the *nerves* which regulate the contraction of the pipes; second, it makes the heart beat faster, and send the blood with greater force into the vessels, so that they needs must expand for a double reason; third, this meddles with nutrition, both by taking away force and by injuring the vitality of the protoplasm of the blood which effects the repair of the tissues; so that the parts have less power of resistance. Hence arise, first, temporary *congestion* of the blood-vessels, and second, a permanent degeneration of them, with the gathering of oil and fat about them, which in turn hinders their function and impairs their strength.

Some years ago I published a series of colossal coloured plates showing to the *sight* the consummated result of these changes upon the liver, kidneys and brain: * but of course there is every degree of injury inflicted upon the organs between the small beginnings that are always invisible, and the terrible havoc seen in the cases which attract notice in the hospitals. In my teachings, however, for the last forty years, my

aim has been to get quit of the delusion that the great evils are not preceded by the little injuries that go before—which, indeed, are but the little ones accumulated, step by step, or stroke by stroke. The famous French professor TROUSSEAU, in his lectures to the medical students of Paris, has now reached the same conclusion. He says: "My chief purpose has been to show that alcohol exercises a *like action upon every part of the organism*, according to its quantity or its strength." Alcoholics being drunk, after doing the work we have explained in the stomach are absorbed, by following the circulation, into the great blood-vessels going to the liver and the heart. The absorbed alcohol, though it is now vastly diluted and less irritating, is still shown to be a very strong poison by causing the heart to beat faster; and its continued use in that form does not the less bring about grave *lesions* (i.e. organic injuries) to the heart and arteries. LANCEREAUX says that the *heart* of the drinker is very peculiar. At the first stage it is very little larger than in the natural state, but still fatty deposits may be seen on its sides, and at its lower end. "The fat does not merely line the heart; it penetrates between the muscular fibres, and causes them by pressure to waste away. It is dotted with milky-looking spots on the outside. Later on the fleshy tissues become yellow, soft, friable. A third stage, and they become granular or lardy; the myolemma (or muscle covering) is thickened, and the cellular-tissue, made exuberant by irritative congestion, in the end suffocates the

*A few copies of these remain, and can be sent by post, price 5s. They will illustrate the text at meetings.

muscles by compression."* Every-where sudden deaths are occurring amongst drinkers, owing to this fatty degeneration of the heart.

The *Endocardium*, or membrane which lines the heart, is affected after the same fashion. The same pathologist we have quoted found that the cardiac *arteries* had lesions of a most serious nature. The aortic *valves* also were thickened, being white or greyish, and shrivelled.

Professor HUSS, of Sweden, found "ætheromatous patches in the thoracic, aortic, and cerebral arteries; in fact throughout the whole arterial system traces of the ravages of alcohol are visible," and, comments TROUSSEAU, "the patches in the large arteries are in truth the starting point of the fatty degeneration of the small arteries everywhere, particularly of those in the brain."

Dr. BLACHEZ has presented this case. "A man, aged 46, in a state of furious delirium. Between the fits, he looked around with a stupid air; when touched, he cried out he was hurt. Pulse 120 deg.; skin covered with sweat. Next day, hyperæsthesia continued, without paralysis; coma and death followed at noon. There was found at the autopsy, double meningeal hæmorrhage"—in my opinion, hæmorrhagic meningitis. At the convexity of each hemisphere there was "a trembling gelatinous mass which elevated the dura mater." † On

cutting open the dura mater, a mass of bloody effusion was seen. Dr. BLACHEZ points out ætheromatous patches in the vessels at the base of the brain. On the thoracic pleura were numerous livid patches. The lungs were much congested. The heart had milky spots. The arch of the aorta was marbled with yellowish white stains, and the artery thickened. The liver was pale and hypertrophied (enlarged); the cells loaded with lard. *The size of the kidneys was enormous—the result of the hypertrophy of the cortical substance, which appeared grey and greasy, and was studded with ecchymoses.* "To sum up," says Dr. MICHEL PETER, "the irritant poison circulating from artery to arterial branch, and from branch to capillary, produced everywhere similar primary disorders and consecutive lesions, varying according to the diameter, or resisting power, of the vessel. Had the patient lived long enough, similar changes would have been observed in the liver and kidneys; there would have been found the fatty liver and Brightian kidneys. The pathological drama was suddenly stopped at the first act by death, the result of pachymeningitic hæmorrhage.* This abrupt termination was fortunate, looked at from a scientific point of view, since it enabled us to detect the first phase of a series of lesions which generally we do not observe save in the more advanced stages."

* See Alcoholism, in Laucereaux's *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique des Sciences Médicales*, 1865.

† *Union Médicale*, April and May, 1867.

* *Bulletin de la Société Médicale de Hôpitaux*, December, 1866.

"BEWARE of the glass with its tempting store,
Though the ruby wine may charm you;
For there lurks a taste that craves for more.
And the subtle spell
May be woven too well,
To be broken before it harm you;
And instead of a jovial friend, may be
The source of a fearful slavery."

HOME-BREWED BEER.

THE harvest of rich and golden sheaves
 Had been safely gathered in [Brown,
 From the well - tilled fields of Farmer
 And the feast and the mirth begin.
 There was good roast beef, there were
 puddings rich,
 And plenty of wholesome cheer ;
 But the glasses were filled from the
 crystal spring,
 Instead of with home-brewed beer.

And visitors wondered to see the change,
 For William Brown's farmhouse
 Had long and far been famed for the
 Of his clever, thrifty spouse. [skill
 And specially was it whispered round,
 In homesteads far and near,
 That none to beat her could be found
 In her tap of home-brewed beer.

"I'll tell you, my friends," the farmer
 As he met inquiring eyes, [said,
 "Why water instead of home-brewed
 To-day each glass supplies. [beer
 My firstborn son, dear to my heart—
 Words cannot tell how dear—
 To-day a homeless wanderer roams
 Because of our home-brewed beer.

"He learned to love it whilst yet a boy,
 And the taste grew with his years.
 I saw his danger when too late,
 I sought with bitter tears
 To win my boy, my firstborn back
 From the power of the deadly snare ;
 But all in vain—he cared for nought
 But to quaff the accursed beer.

"One day when drink had made him
 mad,
 And passion had made me wild,
 I struck him, and he returned the blow,
 And I savagely fought my child.
 I cast him forth from his childhood's
 home,
 I banished him—though 'twas here
 He had learned to love the dangerous
 taste
 Of his mother's home-brewed beer.

"But oh ! since then my stricken
 heart

Hath enlightened my once dark eyes
 To see my folly, and though so late
 To choose a course more wise.
 No child of mine again shall learn
 From father or mother here,
 Nor servant be taught by me to love
 The taste of home-brewed beer.

"And oh ! may God to my yearning
 The wanderer bring again !" [heart
 And from many a quivering lip was
 heard

A fervent, deep "Amen !"
 The feast was over, the guests dispersed,
 With sober heads and clear,
 Acknowledging they were none the
 worse

For want of the home-brewed beer.

A shriek was heard from the lane out-
 side,

A cry of distress and pain ;
 And father and mother wondering looked
 To see what the cry could mean.
 The youngest child came running in,
 With face all blanched with fear—
 "Oh, father, a man fell off our fence !
 I think he's had too much beer."

They ran to render what help they
 But oh ! the mother's cry— [could ;
 Her prodigal child, weak, wasted, worn,
 Was coming home to die !
 He lay with shattered broken leg,
 Writhing in torture there,
 A victim in manhood's early prime
 To the deadly power of beer.

The father's yearning prayer was heard,
 He had his son again ;
 And loving hearts and gentle hands
 Strove hard to ease his pain.
 God blessed their efforts, and he lived
 Through many a happy year,
 Free from the horrid drunkard's chain,
 And hating "home-brewed beer."

E. C. A. ALLEN.



"He lay with shattered broken leg, writhing in torture there."—Page 176.



Mr. J. B. Gough's Visit to England.

—Doubtless thousands of Temperance friends are anxiously waiting for the visit of this, the greatest of Temperance orators. Mr. Gough has a profound love for the children, and his addresses to the young are so deeply interesting, that we feel satisfied Mr. Gough's orations throughout our country will be of immense value in helping forward the Band of Hope movement. We append a list of Mr. Gough's engagements:—

- Sept. 24. London—Metropolitan Tabernacle.
 26. Liverpool—Hengler's Circus.
 30. London—Exeter Hall.
- Oct. 1. Gloucester—Shire Hall.
 2. Plymouth—Guildhall.
 3. Bath—Theatre Royal.
 7. London—Exeter Hall.
 8. Leicester—Temperance Hall.
 9. York—Festival Concert Room.
 10. Newcastle-upon-Tyne—Town Hall.
 14 to 17. Scotland—With the Scottish Temperance League.
 22. Leeds—Town Hall.
 23. Sheffield—Albert Hall.
 24. Oxford—Corn Exchange.
 25. Birmingham—Town Hall.
 26. London—Exeter Hall. 3 p.m.
 28. Norwich—St. Andrew's Hall.
 29. Cambridge—Corn Exchange.
 30. London.
 31. Southampton—Hartley Institution.
- Nov. 5. Brighton—The Dome.
 6. Derby.
 7. Hanley.
 11. Manchester—Free Trade Hall.
 12. Bradford.
 13. Hull.
 14. Nottingham.
 18. Ipswich.
 19. London—Exeter Hall.
 20. Bristol.
 26. London—Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Bradford Band of Hope Union.—

The Annual Gala was held in Peel Park, on Saturday, July 13th. The chief attraction was the juvenile concert by 2,000 voices, under the leadership of Mr. J. J. Bennett. There were upwards of 20,000 persons present.

Hibernian Band of Hope Union.—

The Tenth Annual Flower Show was held in the Exhibition Palace, on Wednesday, July 10th. A concert was given by 500 voices, ably conducted by Mr. A. L. Cowley, and a procession of upwards of thirty Bands of Hope. In the evening the concert was repeated. The festival was brought to a conclusion by a promenade concert by the bands of the 91st Highlanders and the Royal Irish Constabulary.

United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.—On Tuesday, July 16th, the Crystal Palace Fête came off, and was a grand success. There were present over 60,000 persons, and all the bars for the sale of intoxicating liquors were closed for the day, affording ample proof that full enjoyment may be had without the use of strong drink. The meetings, concerts and amusements gave great satisfaction. They comprised—cricket match, athletic sports, great Temperance meetings, Temperance brass band contest, Royal Handbell Ringers, organ performances, choral concerts by 5,000 voices, balloon race, display of fountains, illumination of the palace, etc. It will be remembered that on former occasions this fête was carried out under the management of the National Temperance League, but they having abandoned it, the fête was boldly undertaken by the Executive of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, who, with co-workers throughout the country, deserve great praise for the enterprise displayed and the success which crowned their efforts. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good which these monster fêtes must accomplish, and we trust the Committee may be able to repeat the effort next year.



OUR MISSION.

OUR mission is not our talents to hide,
But to seek and save,—the feeble to guide;
Provide for the lost, dejected, and poor,
A happiness sweet, and lasting, and sure;
To enter those homes made wretched by sin,
And banish the clouds of darkness within;
To lighten each load by a kindly word,
On those hearths where hope is a stranger bird.

To whisper in love a heart-cheering thought
To the weary soul with toil overwrought;
Or chase from his path some cloud of despair,
And this may be done by kindness and prayer.
The starving may pine and hunger for bread,
But a God on high in His love hath said
The birds and the beasts he will daily feed,
And never forsake his friends in need.

Go place some flowers by the sick one's bed,
And banish the pain from his aching head;
A vision of spring your flowers will speak,
And kindle a smile on the bloodless cheek.
Go lighten some care, go gladden some eye,
Looking for wisdom and strength from on high.
Try the strange magic of sympathy's tone,
And soothe others' woe, forgetting your own.

Friend of the friendless, Thou God of the poor,
Comfort of mourners, most steadfast and sure,
Grant but Thy blessing, to comfort each heart
Of those, who thro' drink in sorrow do part;
Help us to labour, to seek, and to save,
Drunkards by thousands from sin and the grave,
And never may we our armour lay by
Till summoned by Thee to mansions on high.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

WHATEVER you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick—
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

My wife can make money go as far as any person, or at least so far that I never see it any more.

AMUSEMENTS are to religion like breezes of air to the flame; gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out.

A PERSON'S character depends a good deal upon his bringing up. For instance, a man brought up by the police seldom turns out respectable.

A PIOUS old woman who would not say "amen" to the prayer for the destruction of Satan's kingdom, excused herself by saying she hated to see anything wasted.

A LADY concerned about her father taking snuff, asked the doctor if snuff would injure the brain. The learned gentleman kindly assured the lady that alarm was unnecessary, for people that took snuff had no brain.

IT is recorded of Sydney Smith that he was once asked by Landseer, the celebrated animal painter, to sit for his portrait. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" was the reply of the witty divine.

A REFORMED drunkard, who is lecturing through Iowa on intemperance, says that for forty years he was by turns "a beer-barrel, a rum-puncheon, and a whisky-cask." Now he is "a crystallised aqueous filter, dispensing a liquid stream of virtuous advice." Happy change!

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit" you must throw it off altogether.

HE is rich who saves a penny a year, and he is poor who is in debt that sum.

THAT man cannot be upright before God who is unjust in his dealings with men.

MAXIM FOR THE MILLION.—Action should follow thought. No farmer can plough a field by turning it over in his head.

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character, and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

THE time has come that it can no longer be innocent in a church to stand aloof from this (Temperance) glorious reformation.—*Rev. C. Finney.*

I THINK I would rather rot or feed the crows than earn my daily bread by the pence of fools, the hard earnings of the poor man stolen from his ragged children and his emaciated wife.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

Extracts from evidence given by Sir WM. GULL, M.D., F.R.S., before the Peers' Select Committee on Intemperance.

ALL alcohol, and all things of an alcoholic nature, injure the nerve tissues *pro tempore*, if not altogether; you may quicken the operations, but you do not improve them.

STRONG wine and strong stimulants have a strong effect, and people feel that they give strength. I believe a large number of people have fallen into that error, and fall into the error every day.

THE practice of drinking between meals would have my entire condemnation. . . . Domestic male servants (who have an "11 o'clock beer") are amongst the unhealthy classes of the population.

RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistake," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

THE STOWAWAY.

HARRY received my parents' expostulations and gentle reproofs with painful indifference. He promised them readily enough, as he had promised me, that he would not get drunk, but he would not promise to abstain altogether, nor to re-sign the pledge. He quoted grandmamma's arguments in favour of wine, and the practice of both her and our grandfather in favour of a temperate use of strong drink.

For a few months all went on apparently well; Harry resumed his studies and his games; his merry laugh, his gay song, his ready smile, his cheery whistle, resounded through the house as of old. I almost began to feel that we had been needlessly alarmed, and that the temptation to drink was less powerful in him than I had feared. He passed the summer vacation on St. Agnes, out in the fields, and in the atmosphere of teetotalism Grandpapa Hathaway kept perpetually about him.

In the autumn the "Wings of the Morning" put into port, and Uncle Frank came home for a long holiday after his voyage. Dearly as I loved him, I dreaded his return for Harry's sake. Papa and mamma told him all that had happened during his absence; both begged him, as he loved the boy, never again to tempt him to the use of stimulants. Uncle Frank expressed his sorrow, promised to do as they wished, and there is not the least doubt that he fully intended in those sober moments to keep his word.

But Harry was always about with him, fascinated, as he had been from a child, by the charm of Uncle Frank's humour and eloquence and goodnature, and this time he followed him into the public-house, and was treated by Uncle Frank's friends, if not by my uncle himself. One sad night, made miserable for all of us by our Harry's sin, he came home drunk, noisy, silly, excited at first, and then quarrelsome. Papa, with George's help, got him up to his room, and helped him into bed; then sending away my brother, he remained with his erring child till he was asleep. He locked the room door when he left him an hour later, and before breakfast papa paid every publican in St. Mary's a visit.

"If any of you supply my boy with drink," he said, sternly, to each of them, "I will not pay for it after this warning, and I will do my best to get your licence withdrawn; I will use every atom of influence I possess on that side."

One or two of the best in character promised readily not to draw any drink for Harry; three or four received the warning in silence, or protested they had no idea that either of his sons was likely to come to them for drink; one man, the most unscrupulous of all, told my father to his face that he would allow no man to come between him and his customers. My father next confided the matter to our good policeman, begging him to keep an eye on Harry's movements, and to bring him

away from any public-house where he might possibly find him. These precautions on my father's part chafed Harry's pride ; he resisted more and more his parent's commands, and assumed an air of injured innocence. For a whole week after his drunken fit, Harry was confined to his room, save that each day he joined us at meals, and went with my father on one of his rounds to ensure exercise.

Uncle Frank protested against such punishment for his favourite, but not until the week was expired would my father allow Harry unconditional liberty.

Shall we send him away to school ? What can we do with him ? These questions were asked amongst us. "Who," said my father in answer, "will take so much care of him as we can ?" During Uncle Frank's stay at home, Harry became tipsy several times ; once he was hidden in the public-house all night ; once in the warm summer-time he stayed out of doors. George tried hard to win him to better ways, to interest him in music, to get him to become a member of the band. The patience of my parents was exercised to the very uttermost, and yet it never failed ; at different times my father tried the effect of different punishments, then of gentle entreaty, then of expostulation, but of each as it seemed in vain.

Uncle Frank again left home, but Harry's conduct did not improve. Then came a time of hope for us, of apparent sorrow and determination to act better on Harry's part, which lasted some months, and then another fall as bad or even worse than before.

"Shall we find him a temperance ship, and send him on a long voyage in her ?" asked my father, in perplexity.

"I dare not banish him from us," rejoined my mother.

I don't think any home, any family, that has not been cursed with the evil of strong drink in its very midst, can fully realise our unhappy situation at this time. We had been so perfectly united in each other long ago—that happiness was now so ruthlessly destroyed ! In alternations of hope and dread the time stole on. Winter was coming again. Our winters in Scilly are almost always mild ; it is rarely indeed that a shower of snow falls, and still more rarely that it lies upon the ground. But the wild winds that sweep across the broad Atlantic, and whistle around our islands with solemn grandeur, or weird, moaning wail, serve sufficiently to remind us of the season. Floods have been known to come accompanied with these high winds, and overwhelm cottages and lands nearest to the sea. Such storms had brought into the comparative safety of St. Mary's Bay quite a large number of vessels both outward and homeward bound. Hugh Town, as a necessary consequence, was unusually busy ; all the farm and garden produce of our little islands was at a premium. The foreign captains and sailors, too, many of them found their way to the public-houses ; and drunken brawls disturbed our quiet streets at night. How can I bear to write it ? Harry, our darling Harry, took part in one of these. His love of adventure as much, or perhaps more, than his love of drink, led him to listen to the sailors' yarns and songs, sometimes given in broken English, as they sat carousing in the public-houses. The night of which I speak a quarrel arose between a French mate and an Italian captain. Harry, half drunk, rushed into the fray and fought a young French sailor-boy who took his mate's part. The whole party, the two men and the two boys, came out into the street fighting desperately. Our good policeman, troubled and surprised to find my father's son mixed up with this disgraceful affair, drew Harry away determinedly, and led him along the street to our house. The crowd followed for a while, and then drew back, hovering around to see Harry enter. The door was shut, and Dixon

returned to the foreigners. For Harry's sake he spared them ; he advised all three to go quietly to their lodgings, under the threat that for any further disturbance, however slight, they should be locked up. They took the hint with tolerable quickness ; Dixon escorted them to their temporary homes, and quiet reigned once more in St. Mary's.

But oh ! how battered and bruised and bleeding was the dear beautiful face that had been our pride so long. Poor mamma ! she turned faint as she looked at him, and suffered from the fright for days. "Oh, Dora," she said to me, as I sat beside her during some of those sad hours, "I could have borne dear Harry's disfigurement if it had been only in a good cause, but I cannot—oh, I cannot bear his sin !"

Plastered and bandaged, Harry was a prisoner in the house for days, during which the wind moderated, and the ships one by one spread their sails and glided away to their desired havens. And then—we missed Harry !

He left his room and the house unknown to us. He was content to leave the old home and Hugh Town and St. Mary's and the Cassiterides, all without a word of farewell to any of us. Oh ! Harry, Harry, Harry—Oh ! my brother, little pet of the household in your sweet infancy, pride of our dear home in your bonnie boyhood, how could you leave us without your father's blessing, without your mother's prayerful farewell, without your sisters' caresses, without your brothers' good wishes, without even one fond kiss from your poor old Dorie ? Is there anything that can harden the heart of mankind so terribly as strong drink ? For months we have mourned our lost one, for months we have sought him in vain. Papa sent advertisements to the London and American and colonial newspapers, but as yet no tidings have reached us through any of these.

Hark ! I hear my father calling me. I will put this old journal away. Can it possibly be news of Harry ? How wildly my heart beats !

* * * * *

We know now what became of our lost darling, but we still are in utter ignorance of his present life. Harry has been a stowaway ! A stowaway ! exposed to taunts and ridicule and hardship. Our Harry, whom we would have shielded from every privation ! How cruelly, how sternly, the demon drink holds its votaries ! This is the letter papa read to me when I answered his call ; it is written from New York :—

"Dear Sir,—I have had my attention directed to-day to an advertisement in an old Canadian paper, dated quite a couple of months back. I guess I can give you some information that you may still want, so I write this. My vessel, the 'Stars and Stripes,' put into St. Mary's, Scilly, at the time alluded to, to shelter from squalls. A few days after we got out to sea again my mate came and told me there was a stow-away aboard, a bit of a young boy, whose eyes looked as if he knew how to fight, but not how to avoid blows. The black cook had found him rolled up amongst the stores ; nobody could tell how he got there. I guess he had a friend in some boatmen. He refused to speak at first, but being threatened with the rope-end, he told us that he came aboard at St. Mary's, that his name was Tom Brown, and that he wanted to get away from the folks he lived with, who had behaved badly to him. I guess that warn't true. I had him into my cabin, and cross-questioned him as to his fixings ; I found him a cute youngster, real sharp, about the age you say in the advertisement, with his hands tender and soft, as if he didn't do any work, and his hair the same colour, and everything answering. He seemed less

scared than I guessed he would have been. 'Look here,' said I, 'your name isn't Tom Brown—what is it?' He flushed up when I said that, but did not answer. 'Do you know what skippers do with stowaways?' I asked, looking fierce.

"Guess they make 'em useful when they can, captain," he says, quite spry.

"I liked that spirit in him, and I said, 'What can you do, youngster?'"

"Anything, if your men will first show me how, captain," he answered.

"And what's your name—tain't Tom Brown?"

"I'm not going to give any other," he said, looking as determined and proud as a boy ever looked in his life.

"Well, he proved handy-like, and the men got fond of him; he could sing a song and tell a tale as well as the rest. He was a trifle too handy with the whisky-bottle as well; that was his only fault. When we came to New York, I asked him what he meant to do for himself.

"Go west, skipper," says he, quite sharp and ready, 'and thank you very much for not throwing me overboard, and for giving me a free passage.'

"How will you get west without money?"

"I'll manage," he answered; 'an active boy can pick up a cent or two in your country, can't he, skipper?'

"Well, I reckon he can, when he's got a tongue like an oiled eel," I said. And I gave him a trifle when he shook hands, for which he thanked me handsomely, like a gentleman; and I have never seen him since. Now, that's your boy, I guess; in fact there can't be a mistake about it, and I wish I could tell you where to find him at this moment. My home is at Boston, in Nile Street, and if I ever come across Tom Brown, real name Harry Trevan, I'll send him across the mill-pond to his old home, as sure as my name is

HIRAM ALLEN,

"Skipper of Brig 'Stars and Stripes,' at your service."

Mamma and all of us girls were crying when papa finished the honest, good-hearted American captain's letter. Ernest's eyes were moist with unshed tears, and George's merry face was unmistakeably solemn for once.

"Do you think we shall ever see Harry again, father?" asked Lottie, sobbing as she spoke.

"God grant we may," said papa, trying, but in vain, to steady his voice, "for though our poor wayward darling may run away from his home, he cannot run away from his heavenly Parent's love, nor from his earthly parents' prayers."

Papa put his arm around our mother as he spoke, and drew her very close to him; he laid her aching head upon his shoulder, and kissed her repeatedly. We all gathered round them.

Then mamma said gently, "Let us pray." She rose and knelt beside her sofa. Papa followed her example; we all, as if by common consent, dropped upon our knees at this family altar, while my father, after some moments of silent prayer, uttered a petition full of pleading tenderness for our beloved young wanderer.

"Though he may stow himself away to hide and to journey far from his earthly home, yet, heavenly Father, in his remote dwelling-place, unknown to us who love him, may he be found of Thee, and stowed away in Thy protecting care and goodness for ever and ever. Amen."

And all our hearts and all our voices said, "Amen."

(To be continued.)

A DYING REQUEST.

"My child, while life and strength remain,
I will tell thee a solemn tale;
And then I will ask a pledge from thee,
And pray that thou mayst not fail.

"Thou knowest the sorrow and bitter woe
That have darkened thine early years—
How thy mother's failing has grieved our hearts,
And wrung forth bitterest tears.

"Thou knowest how day by day she drank,
Till home was home no more,
Each hour unfolding some wretched scene
More dark than the hour before.

"Thou hast nobly striven, my precious child,
To lighten the grief that fell
On my heart with crushing, deadly weight;
How heavy no tongue can tell.

"But thou didst not know that thy father wrought
The evil and the woe,
Ere thou, my darling child, wast born,
In the years of long ago.

"Thy mother then was—oh! how fair!
Fairer thou ne'er canst be;
And good as fair, a treasure rare
Was my young bride to me.

"She hated then the drink, and fain
Would have had me hate it too;
But I mocked her scruples; my blindness then
No fears of danger knew.

"For years she steadily refused
To taste the social glass;
For years I urged, and urged at last
Successfully, alas!

"Her eye knew then a brighter flash,
Her cheek a lovelier dye;
I praised the rich red wine, but ah!
How madly blind was I!

"She learned to love it; she yielded her heart
To the spells its magic brought;
It bound her fast in an iron chain
By a quenchless craving wrought.

"Too late I saw the mischief done,
Too late my folly mourned;
The holy bliss of a love-lit home
Never to me returned.

"I need not tell *thee* the closing scenes
Of the life I blighted so,
But I wished thee to know what thy mother was
Before drink proved our woe.

"Thank God for the penitent tears that fell
From her eyes ere closed in death!
Thank God for the prayer of faith that rose
With her last expiring breath!

"I too, in anguish—oh! how deep!—
Have sought and found at last,
Where none e'er asked or sought in vain,
Forgiveness for the past.

"And thou, my darling child, I know
The Saviour is thy friend;
I leave thee not alone below—
He will thy steps attend.

"But oh! I ask before we part
A solemn pledge from thee
Never to taste the deadly drinks
That caused our misery.

"Though even by accents dearer far
Than any thou yet hast heard,
The depths of thy trusting, loving heart
In a dangerous hour be stirred.



“Though scornful laugh or persuasive
power
Be brought to bear on thee,
Though those thou lovest drink, and
seem
Uncursed, unblighted, free.

“Oh! promise, my child, in the
strength of God,
From strong drink to abstain ;

And then I can leave thee in peace—I
know
That we soon shall meet again.”

The solemn, sacred pledge is given ;
The father hears and dies,
And the tears of the mourner left be-
hind
The God of the fatherless dries.

E. C. A. ALLEN.

FOUND DROWNED.

"ONLY a child," the boatman said,
 "A youngster here afloat,"
 Then, gazing on the childish head,
 Leant over from the boat ;
 The slender form, so cold and pale,
 He clasped unto his own,
 O God ! too well he learned the tale !
 Its soul to Thee had flown ;
 But why so soon it did appear
 In fairer lands to dwell,
 Why snatched from those who loved it
 here,
 Was more than *he* could tell—
 How came it in the lake, or why
 A blank doth yet remain,
 Tho' still we know above the sky
 The flower will bloom again.

"Only a child" brought gloomy Care
 Into a modest cot,
 With whom a mother strives to bear,
 But yesterday knew not ;
 And on her young and loving face
 A frown we now may see,
 And lines of lamentation trace
 Where smiles were wont to be.

She mourns a child ; oh ! would that
 peace
 Her spirit could possess !
 Would that her agony would cease,
 Her soul be sorrowless !
 But no, with one dear child to part
 A death-like pang doth prove,
 Which strikes a terror to the heart
 That time will not remove.

"Only a child" is laid beneath
 The heather, free from care ;
 And day by day a floral wreath
 Is placed in pity there,
 While, standing o'er the spot, a stone
 Marks where she rests her head,
 And through the trees the zephyrs moan
 Their anthems for the dead.
 Oh ! there the grass is ever green,
 The flowerets ever gay ;
 Nor thorn nor thistle there is seen
 To choke the blessed way ;
 'Tis where the breath of heaven floats,
 The weeping willows wave,
 And carols from a thousand throats
 Do glorify that grave.

JOHN G. LUMSDEN.

HOME.

I LOVE my home ! 'tis there my mother dwells ;
 'Twas there my father drew his parting breath.
 Home ! 'tis a sacred spot ; 'tis dearer far
 Than any other place on earth to me ;
 There I find rest when daily toil is o'er.
 O happy home ! where peace and love are found.
 O happy home ! where temperance holds the sway.
 True are the words, "There is no place like home."
 What is't that fills the seaman's heart with joy,
 When back returning from a foreign land ?
 It is the thought that he will soon reach home,
 And all who make that home to him so dear.
 Sweet is the home that's given to us below,
 But sweeter far will be a home in heaven !

JOHN W. CLAY.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER TWO PRIZES, one value 6s. 6d. for the best, and one value 3s. 6d. for the second best TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE.—For not more than six characters; Length, about 4 pages of "Onward Reciter."

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; contributions to be solely their own productions, and be written on one side of the paper only, foolscap size, and must be sent to the Editors not later than November 1st.

CUSTOM.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

SELF-DENIAL

1.—CHARADE.

A memory bright that day will be
When we passed my *whole* on our way to the
sea,

Through meadows green and corn-fields brown,
By rugged cliff and heathy down,
Through purple thyme in fragrant bloom,
Where rabbits play and pheasants roam;
Past where, behind yon tree-crowned height,
A royal home stands fair and bright;
Past woodland slopes, adown whose sides
The timid deer in shadow hides,
And the children say, with joyful glee,
"Soon we shall reach my *first* and the sea."

In truth our sea-side views begin
With the masts of ships in the docks at Lynn,
But now appears before our sight
A quivering, gleaming line of light,
And grand old ocean before us lies,
Where seem to meet blue sea and skies:
Across my *first* we haste away,
Where bare-foot children dance and play,
Or seek for shells and pebbles bright,
Or tiny crabs with all their might,
And many a *second* dig with glee,
As they play with my *first* beside the sea.

What a scent of the sea, and of fish as well,
Live shrimps in my *first*, and shrimps to sell—
But of edibles all you can take with tea,
My *third* is the best when by the sea.
Now the tide comes in with steady flow;
The foam-capped wavelets gleam as though
A flock of white-winged birds had flown
Towards our island home from shores unknown.
But my *second* sounds from the station bell;
We bid Hunstanton pier farewell,
And with merry song, though tired are we,
Pass by my *whole* as we leave the sea. IVY.

2.—BURIED BIRDS.

a. We had the pleasure of hearing the Rev.
Winterhawk in chapel on Sunday; he is an
eloquent preacher, but how loudly he speaks!
(Two birds.)

b. There is a splendid tulip, love—reach it for
me, will you?

c. How strongly your clothes smell of gas
tar. Lingley!

d. I am grieved to hear that you have grown
so fond of your glass and pipe, Roland.

e. Can you leap over this wall, Owen? There
is no other way of gaining access to the wood.

f. The canal is not very deep; Eli can bathe
with safety.

g. Strong drink is the curse of this our land; it
renders man a kind of brute when indulged in
to excess. FRANCES.

3.—SQUARE WORD.

My first we do when we are glad;
My second is a thought, you'll see;
My third should be each lass and lad;
My fourth a kind of door will be.

MARIE.

4.—CRYPTOGRIST.

Tjho, cpzt, tjho uif qmfehf pg
nfssz ufnqfsbodf;
Dpnf boe kpjo pvs opcmf, ibqqz,
ufnqfsbodf cboe.

G. E.

5.—CONUNDRUM.

In yonder village inn we see
A man of humble means;
He whiffs his pipe, and lazily
Against the counter leans;

The language which he speaks is not
That which is undefiled,

But drinking from the fatal pot
Swears curses deep and wild.

But list ! the bells are tolling now

From out the belfry tower,
Which let the village people know

'Tis the appointed hour
That they've to go and hear a man,

Well skilled in Christian lore,
And one who guide them rightly can,

To the Elysian shore.

Now, reader, please explain to me

How those two men alike can be ?

JOHN G. LUMSDEN.

DEFINITIONS.

SLEEP.

Death's youngest brother.—(SIR THOMAS BROWNE.)

The gateway of dreamland.

EMILY M. PRICE.

Tired nature's sweet restorer.—(SHAKESPEARE.)

The cap worn with nature's night-dress.

AGNES.

The land of Nod. R. W. COPEMAN.

The silent falling of a curtain during life's scenes. A. A. HARRIS.

Nature's restorative. S. H. MCC.

The curtain of this world's stage, which shuts out for a brief space the busy scenes of life.

R. C. D.

Life's nurse, sent from heaven to create us anew day by day. (CHARLES READE.)

SORROW.

A dark scene in the drama of life.—(Selected.)

The angel that opens the gates of experience.—(Selected.)

A path that through thorns leads to heaven.

R. W. COPEMAN.

The school in which we learn life's hardest lessons. EMILY M. PRICE.

The fire through which we are passed to remove all dross. ARTHUR FENN.

The devil's tax on all mankind. R. C. D.

A sad consequence of the disease sent to tell us there is balm in Gilead. AGNES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On pages 168 and 169.

1. Hannah.

2. Diamond.

3. William Fitz Stephen, Sir Martin Frobisher, Algernon Sidney, Sir William Dugdale, Thomas Chatterton, John Campbell, John Potter, Francis Atterbury, Sir Ralph Abercromby.

Where reason rules, the appetite obeys.

4.—

Oh, shun ye the wine-cup, the curse of our nation ;

See ye not how it works in our land devastation ?

In its wake follows nothing but dark desolation,
Then touch not the wine-cup, the curse of our nation.

Key.—Take each capital in order for commencement of each word.

5. Temperate.

6. A vowel.

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers ; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more ; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

"Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,
To drive all wicked thoughts away."

LOOK BRAVELY ON BEFORE.

Look bravely on before, boys,

Look bravely on before,
And soon the clouds of dark despair
Shall vanish evermore ;

Yes, vanish evermore, my boys,

Like mist before the sun ;

And if you toil unceasingly

The goal will soon be won.

Look bravely on before, boys,

If you would win the prize ;

And "Onward" let your motto be,

The watchword of the wise ;

The watchword of the wise, my boys,

Who toil for precious store ;

Then labour on, though foes oppose—

Look bravely on before.

Look bravely on before, boys,

Though dark the path may seem,

Determined be, and falter not,

For brighter days shall gleam ;

Brighter days shall gleam, my boys,

Though clouds may hover o'er ;

Press eager on, and do the right—

Look bravely on before.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Words by MRS. DANA.

1. { Re - joice, for the day of de - liv - 'rance has come, O'er the
And voi - ces that wailed in the drunk - ard's sad home, Now are

KEY C.

2. {	d	d	:m	:s	d'	:—	:m' r'	d'	:m	:fe	s	:—	:s s
	Re -	joice	for	the	homes	that	are	once	more	made	glad,		For the
	Re -	joice	for	the	hearts	that	no	lon -	ger	are	sad,		For the
	d	d	:d m	:r	m	:—	:s s	s	:m	:r	r	:—	:s s
3. {	d'	d'	:d'	:r'	d'	:—	:d' t	d'	:s	:d'	t	:—	:t t
	Re -	joice	for	the	names		we can	now	call	our	own,		For the
	Re -	joice	for	the	fair,		they would	con -	quer	a -	lone,		It is
	d	d	:d'	:t	l	:—	:s f	m	:d	-r	s,	:—	:s s

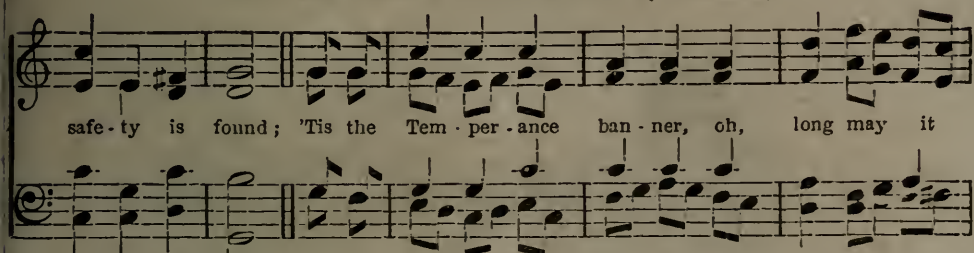
land and the sea waves the Tem - per - ance ban - ner; } Let us swell the glad
cheer - ing us on with a joy - ful ho - san - nah. }

m' :- r' d'	t :- :l t	d' :s :- f	m :d	m' m'	m' :- f' :s'
eyes that are	bright, where the	big tears were	streaming; }	Let the	rich and the
sweet tears of	joy, and the	smiles that are	beaming. }	s s	s :- :s s
m :- f :s l	s :- :f f	m :m :- r	d :d	d' d'	d' :- r' :m'
bro - thers we	claim who are	hold - ing high	pla - ces; }	Thro' the	length of the
well they have	joined us - God	bless their bright	fa - ces! }	d' d'	d' :- :d' d'
d :- r :m fe	s :- :s s	d m :s :- :s	d :d		

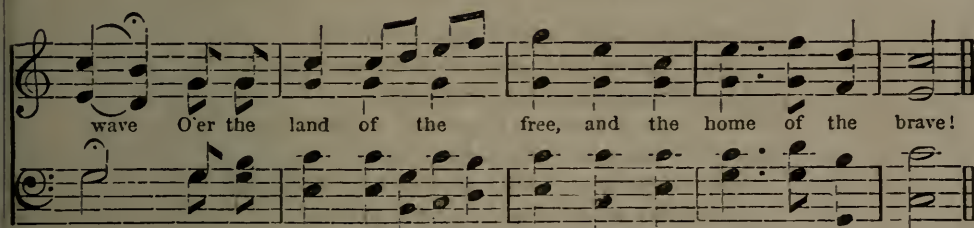
sound, send the cho - rus a - round, Oh! shout, for the pledge of our

s' :- :f' m'	r' :- :m' f'	f' :- :m' r'	m' :- :r' d'	t :- :l t
poor touch the	poi - son no	more, Oh, let	the red	wine cup be
s :- :s s	s :- :s s	s :- :s	s :- :s fe	s :- :f f
m' :- :r' d'	t :- :d' r'	r' :- :d' t	d' :- :r' r'	r' :- :r' r'
land, oh, let	none cold - ly	stand, And	proud - ly re -	fuse us the
d' :- :d' d'	s :- :s s	s :- :s	d' :- :t l	s :- :s s

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER—(Continued).



d' : m : fe	s : —	s . s	d' : d' : d'	l : l : l	r' : f' . m' : r' . d'
banished each	door,	Till the	Tem - per - ance	ban - ner	in tri - umph shall
m : m : r	r : —	s . s	s . f : m . f : s . m	f : f : f	f : l . s : f . m
d' : s : d'	t : —	s . f	s : s : d'	d' : d' : d'	l : f . s : l
warm helping	hand,	For the	Tem - per - ance	ban - ner	in tri - umph must
d : d : r	s : —	s . f	m . r : d . r : m . d	f . s : l . s : f . m	r : r . m : f . fe



d' : t	: s . s	d' : d' . r'	: m' . f'	s' : m' : d'	m' : - . f' : r'	d' : —
wave	O'er the	land	of the	free, and the	home of the	brave!
m : r	: s . s	s : s	: s	s : s : s	s : - . s : f	m : —
s : —	: s . t	d' : d' . s	: d' . t	d' : d' : d'	d' : - . r' : t	d' : —
wave	O'er the	land	of the	free, and the	home of the	brave!
s : —	: s . s	m : m . t,	: d . r	m : d : m	s : - . s : s,	d : —

MR. P. T. BARNUM ON TOBACCO.—There were certain habits that were stronger than nature, and unnatural habits were always repulsive at first. Any smoker would say, if he told the truth, that he did not like tobacco when he first used it. Nothing ever loved tobacco excepting a wretched tobacco-worm; but would it not be more of a sacrifice to smokers to give up tobacco than roast beef? He once used to smoke his ten cigars a day, but fourteen years ago he quitted them for ever. When he discovered that, notwithstanding his teetotalism, he every now and then had a rush of blood to the head and palpitation of the heart, he went to the doctor, who advised him to give up smoking, and in three months all these effects ceased. What applied to tobacco applied equally to alcohol. The more a man drank, the more he wanted to drink; and the more a man smoked, the more he wanted to smoke; and the dose in each case must be increased to produce the same effects.



AN AUTUMN EVENING SCENE.

SLOW sinks the sun behind the western hills,
 Deep shadows softly creep o'er vale and stream ;
 And gratitude for harvest plenty fills
 The farmer's heart, as homeward with his team
 He gladly turns, and ceases from his toil,
 When from yon fane the hour of rest doth chime.
 Well pleased he is to find his weary moil—
 The ploughing, sowing, watching, waiting time,
 Rewarded by the plenty which doth reign
 Around, for glowing Autumn still is young,
 And from her lap she scatters o'er the plain
 The fruitage he hath hoped and worked for long :
 With gladsome eyes he views the glorious feast,
 God's rich provision made for man and beast.

DAVID LAWTON.

WHAT THEY WOULD NOT DO.

OH, I do believe that there are thousands of good men and good women who, if they knew about this subject (intemperance) all they might know, would at least not do certain things. They would not look coldly and indifferently while others struggle. They would not think the drunkard a fit subject for a smile or jest. They would not oppose any legislative endeavours to diminish for the working man his worst and fatalest seduction. They would not meet the arguments of temperance by those feeble superstitions and exploded fashions of scriptural reasoning which have been used ere now to kindle the fagot of the inquisition and rivet the fetter on the slave. They would not supply to the cause of temperance the shallow sophism or the ensnaring epigram. But what they would do would be to join hand in hand in a holy crusade against this curse of nations, this worst stumbling-block on the path of moral, intellectual, and religious progress.—*Rev. Canon Farrar.*

THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

BY F. A. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S.

ARTICLE XI.

IT may not be uninteresting, before passing from the consideration of deutylic alcohol, to look for a short time at some of the tests by which its presence in a liquid may be detected. Undoubtedly, when it is present in any quantity, the best means to detect it is to subject the suspected liquid to the process of distillation. To accomplish this a very simple apparatus will be amply sufficient, and one which may be made for a few pence. A flask, such as is used for bottling salad oil, with a cork, and a glass tube inserted into it, will answer quite as well as a properly constructed glass retort; and another flask, in a basin of water, and covered with a wet cloth, will serve the purpose of a condenser. If the suspected liquor is placed in the retort or flask, and the contents boiled, the alcohol vapour will pass over and be condensed in the receiver, where it may be recognised by the smell, or taste, or better still by the application of a light, when the alcohol will burn with its characteristic colourless flame.

There are two colour tests by means of which the presence of alcohol in a liquid may be detected. The first of these has been known for a considerable length of time, and consists in treating the suspected liquid with a solution of potassic bichromate in sulphuric acid. When a liquid containing alcohol is added to this solution, there is a marked change in colour. The bichromate solution is a brownish red but on the addition of alcohol it changes to a green colour. This reaction is occasioned by the reduction of the chromic acid to the oxide of chromium, which is a green colour.

Where greater refinement is necessary, and especially where any quantitative determination of the alcohol present is desirable, it is better, after treating the suspected liquid with the bichromate solution, to use a standard solution of soda to determine how much acetic acid has been produced by the oxidation of the alcohol, and by that means estimate its quantity.

The second colour test depends upon the reaction between alcohol and molybdic acid, and this is of such a delicate character that alcohol may be detected in a liquid which contains only one part of alcohol in 1,000 times its volume of water. If one part of molybdic acid, along with 10 parts of strong sulphuric acid, is gently warmed in a white porcelain vessel, and a few drops of the liquid to be tested are allowed to fall gently into the vessel, if any alcohol is present, a blue coloration becomes apparent either immediately or a few minutes afterwards.

This reaction appears to be common to, at any rate, all the first five members of the alcohol group, and also to ether and aldehyde, and hence it cannot be used as a discriminating test amongst them, but it may be of great value in detecting the presence of alcohol in chloroform or chloral hydrate, and in all cases where it is not likely that any member of the group will be present except deutylic alcohol.

It is not necessary to go through the remainder of the alcohols in the group, although some of them are of great scientific interest, while many of them are little known, and some of them absolutely unknown; and therefore for all practical purposes, so far as their

scientific consideration bears upon the temperance question, they may be neglected. We may, however, remark that they all undergo somewhat similar changes to common alcohol when acted upon by other substances, but the changes are of course modified by the greater atomic complexity; and if this is duly remembered, it will be easy to construct the formulæ and atomic arrangement for any member of the group. In closing this series of articles, however, we cannot help noticing how closely the chemical and physiological effects of the different alcohols are related to each other; and how any attempt to isolate ethylic or common alcohol from the rest of the group as an article of diet, while the rest are rejected as poisonous or unfit for food, and to use it as a beverage which is free from any deleterious or noxious effects which the other members of the group produce, is as unscientific as it is untenable.

None can, we think, rise from the chemical consideration of this remarkable class of bodies without feeling that at least, if we are to judge of common alcohol by the company in which it is found, and the relations and affinities which it possesses, it must ever remain a substance which can have no place in the list of foods for man; and if it can be used at all, it must only be as a medicine, in the same quantities, and in the same way, as the other members of the group are capable of being employed. Nothing has been more satisfactorily proved, within the whole range of scientific enquiry, than that the basis upon which the temperance movement rests cannot be shaken either by chemical or physiological research, and that alcohol is not a necessity for man, even when he is placed under the artificial conditions imposed upon him by the advance of civilisation.

WHAT NEXT?

THE babe lies in its cradle, watched by its tender mother; helpless, dependent, knowing nothing, having no power to defend itself from harm, or provide for the supply of its daily needs. The life develops, infancy ceases—*What next?*

The lad is at school now—growing in strength, learning how to use his limbs and brain, and preparing for the future conflict. Bright pictures glow in his imagination, big hopes animate his breast. The time of youth passes by—*What next?*

The man is found in the midst of his business. Work has to be done, his family has to be provided for, provision for the future to be made. A busy life! Care has already ploughed its furrows on his brow—*What next?*

The aged man trembles beneath the weight of years. He lives in the past. His old mates have died, and the men around him belong to another generation. Eyesight grows dim, hearing dull, hands tremble—*What next?*

Darkened sick-room, bottles of medicine on side table, inquiries at the door, sufferings which only God knows, then a long breath, and all is over—*What next?*

The spirit-world; the dust sleeping to the resurrection morn; the last judgment; and then the final, irrevocable doom—*What next?*

Reader, what do you *expect*?

REV. I. E. PAGE.

A FATHER'S MISTAKE.

BY UNCLE DAVID.

JUST on the outskirts of the busy manufacturing town of Holmwold, one drizzly night in December, a belated traveller might have been seen pressing eagerly on his way, through the cold and wet, towards a pleasantly situated little villa which stood by itself on a slight elevation some distance from the main road.

"The children will be gone to roost," said he to himself. "And how surprised their mother will be, for she does not expect me before to-morrow night at the soonest."

Directly he saw by the light in his little sitting-room window that all the inmates of his home were not yet retired for the night, and in another minute his hand was on the bell, and his summons was answered by a young and beautiful woman, who, without waiting for any explanation, threw herself into his open arms with a cry of joy.

In a very short time Mr. Henley, for that was his name, was comfortably seated by the cheerful fire, having changed his wet things and encased his feet in a pair of warm slippers. With a tempting repast set before him, and an appetite sharpened by a long fast, he soon had made a good supper and was ready to converse with his wife, who he knew would be anxious to hear all about his journeyings and his successes, for he was a commercial traveller, and their income depended to some extent on the amount of business he was able to do for his employers. After a long talk on these matters, the conversation turned to their children.

"Ernest cried bitterly when your last letter came saying you would be a week before you returned, and to-day both Emmie and Ernest were rejoicing at the prospect of your return to-morrow night, and trying to bargain for an hour longer out of bed," said Mrs. Henley.

At this point they were astonished to hear some one evidently coming downstairs, and in another minute Ernest burst into the room in his night-dress, and was soon seated on his papa's knee, pouring forth with childish eloquence a glad welcome to his loving parent.

"Dear papa, I dreamt that you were come, and woke up and remembered that you were not coming till to-morrow; and I was wishing it would be to-morrow soon when I heard your voice and came down. Oh, I am so glad! Shall I go and wake Sissy?"

"No, my boy; and you had best go back to your little cot and let mamma tuck you in warm. Stay a moment, you feel cold. Drink a little of this port: it will help to keep out the cold."

"But, papa, I wanted to be a Band of Hope boy, and mamma said I had better wait till you came back, as I ought to ask your consent before signing the pledge. I may join the Band of Hope, mayn't I, papa? You know my teacher at the Sunday-school very well, don't you? And he told us last Sunday that a great many hundreds of little boys like us were without homes, had no fathers and mothers to care for them, and no nice clothes like we have to wear—all because of drink. And he told us that we ought to join the Band of Hope, and never touch the drink any more, because we might learn to like it, you see, papa, and become as bad as the worst drunkards we knew. So please, papa, I want to join, and most of the other boys in my class have joined already."

"My dear boy, I am sorry that you are so much taken up with this affair; you ought to remember that your loving parents know and will do what is best for you. This teetotalism is all very well for big strong boys who have good appetites, but you are not as strong as we could wish, darling, and we think that you may need something to help you through. And, besides, your papa is not a teetotaller, and why should you be?"

This last argument went a great way with Ernest, who quietly retired, and although disappointed, he fell asleep in a short time after his mamma had put him safe and snug into his little cot. Childlike, Ernest looked upon his loving father as the embodiment of all that is good and noble, and with a child's confidence he never thought of such a thing as refusing to comply at once with his father's wishes.

"Although he is so delicate, the dear little fellow is full of spirit," said Mr. Henley to his wife when she rejoined him in the sitting-room.

"Yes, and he is like his father in one thing: if he gets an idea into his head, it needs a good deal of driving out again. He has pleaded so hard to be allowed to join this movement that I have been very near giving my consent several times lately; and if I had not thought that you would object for fear of his health, I am afraid I should have done so before now."

"You did wisely, my love, to refer him to me, and I think he is pretty well satisfied now, with what I said to him."

"Oh yes, your influence over him is unbounded; and I'm glad that it is, for he is such a promising child, and who knows what he may attain to in the future with such advantages as we shall be able to afford him?"

"May he attain to all his fond mother wishes," smilingly replied Mr. Henley, as he finished his wine. Little did he think that out of his mistaken love for his child he was about to forge around him a galling chain whose weight would crush him to the earth. Mistaken, deluded father! He loved his son even as he loved his own life. And he was ready to do all in his power to promote his welfare. Yet the very means he took to save him, as he thought, from weakness and a premature grave, proved the cause of his child's ruin, body and soul. With the idea that it was conducive to health, wine was frequently placed on the table, and Ernest was encouraged to drink it freely. By and by he came to like it; but so long as he remained under the fostering care of his parents, the dangerous appetite did not make itself manifest. But it was implanted within him; a breach was made in the fortress, through which the enemy could enter at the first onset. Home influence, home training and associations were in its favour; and with such powerful allies, what wonder if Ernest fell an easy prey, as thousands like him have fallen through the same thing! At twenty, when he had finished his education and should have been ready to enter the profession of his choice, he was a confirmed drunkard, and instead of being the pride and joy of his affectionate parents, he was a constant source of sorrow and shame. One night in a drunken frenzy he got up and struck the man next him a blow on the head without any provocation, and immediately he himself was knocked down and kicked to death!

Alas for the fond hopes of his parents! The object of their tender solicitude was brought back to them a disfigured and bloated corpse. Oh! how bitterly did his father regret, now that it was too late, his refusal of his child's request to be allowed to join the Band of Hope. As he stood by his stricken wife and gazed on the lifeless form of his son, he realised the magnitude of his mistake, and with a breaking heart he sank down on the bed in an agony of grief. "I have no one to

blame but myself," he groaned. "If I had only let him alone he would never have come to this." It was an awful lesson for that loving father. Fathers, will you repeat the mistake, and run the risk of knowing yourselves the bitter consequences? Remember that "What ye sow, that also shall ye reap."



DUTIFUL TOMMY.

"Now run for water, Tommy dear,"
Said gentle Mrs. Bell;
And off went Tommy with the pail,
And filled it at the well.

With willing feet he took it home;
He did not stop to play,
Because with all his heart he loved
His mother to obey.

In little things he sought to please,
Whate'er she wished he'd do;
He knew she loved him, and he
He ought to love her too. [thought

Not like some naughty boys I know
Who think that they have grown
Too old to do what mother bids,
Forget her love to own.

He was both dutiful and true,
As sped the years away,
And grew to be a worthy man,
And useful in his day.

Now, children, like dear Tommy
Bell,
Obedient, loving be;
Jesus obeyed His parents here,
And wherefore should not we?

Remember, in God's Holy book,
"Obey your parents" stands;
And we ne'er grow too old or wise
To do what he commands.

DAVID LAWTON.



Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—ANNUAL PROCESSION OF MANCHESTER SOCIETIES.—The Bands of Hope in the Hulme district met on Saturday, August 3rd, and moved in procession to Alexandra Park. There were ten societies, numbering about 1,000 members. The weather turned out fine, and the various committees evidently intended to make the most of the occasion. There surely could not have been a grander display of garlands, mottoes, banners, bands of music, &c. One noticeable feature was a model life-boat, containing pretty little children mounted on a neat carriage. The Phillips Park Gathering was fixed for August 10th, but the weather was so unpropitious that the procession was unable to reach the park. Very great regret was manifested in consequence of the wet. The preparations had been on a large scale. Upwards of twenty societies had arranged to take part, but several were kept back through the rain. After passing along several streets, the children were taken back to their various meeting-rooms, where every effort was made to pass the day pleasantly. The Queen's Park District Gathering was fixed for Saturday, August 17th; but unfortunately this procession also was greatly marred by wet weather. There were nine societies and about one thousand members; but before the procession

got far on the route it was broken up, and beneath a drenching rain the children made their way to the various meeting-places. There was a ray of comfort in the kindness of Mr. Moore, Manager of the Coffee Tavern Company, who so generously gave a cup of tea to each child taking part in the procession.

Hackney Band of Hope Union.—The second annual demonstration of the Bands of Hope comprising this district Union was announced to be held in Victoria Park on August 10th, but was prevented by the unfavourable state of the weather, and postponed to the 17th, when it took place under very encouraging circumstances. About 2,000 children marched in procession to the park with bands and banners. After an hour or two spent in sports and games, tea was served to the members in one of the refreshment tents, and was followed by a public meeting. Harry Bowly, Esq., presided, and after a few earnest words introduced the speaker, Mr. Samuel Sims, of the National Temperance League, whose address was listened to by from four to five thousand persons. The singing, conducted by Mr. G. W. Williams, was all that could be desired; and as a whole the demonstration was of a most interesting and successful character.

O LET US BE CONTENTED.

O let us be contented,
Whatever be our lot!
For oft true happiness is found
E'en in the lowly cot.

O let us be contented,
And journey on through life
In peace, and love, and holiness,
And not in jarring strife.

If troubles come, let's take them
As trials, sent to prove
Whether our faith be firmly fixed,
Or easy to remove.

O let us be contented
With what the Lord may send,
And help the cause of truth and right,
While we have strength to spend.

Let's bear each other's burthens,
And not stand by and see
A brother crushed beneath the weight
Of dire adversity.

If we knock, the door will open;
If we seek, we shall find;
Asking in faith, we shall receive;
Our Father's always kind.

JOHN W. CLAY.

TO THE LAST FINE DAY OF AUTUMN.

When all we looked for was the winter coming on,
Thy warmth surprised us, and *thy* glory shone,
 Thou last fine day of autumn, bright, yet calm,
 And full of silent joy! Bear, then, the palm
 Amongst the sunny brotherhood of days.
Thy Giver sent us that our hearts might praise
 His bounty! We admire His gracious ways,
 Who clothes decay with beauty, and his head
 Adorns with lovely radiance round it shed,
 As though it grieved His soul the joys He gave
 To take away! O, Autumn! at the last,
 May *we* be *like* thee, nearer to the Sun,
 And full of all good fruits, so, ready for the grave,
 Our last day brightest far—"HEAVEN'S GLORY WON!"

ANNIE CLEGG.

THE BARON'S DEAD.

DRAW down the blinds; the mansion
 close;
 Let every one be calm and still,
 For the proud Baron seeks repose
 In that dear land where comes no ill.

The hunted hare in yonder park,
 In peaceful sleep, lays down his head;
 He does not hear the hounds' loud bark;
 He seems to know the Baron's dead.

The watchdog slowly moves about,
 And peeps in every unknown place;
 He knows there's something wrong, no
 doubt,
 And misses now his master's face.

No sound bestirs the stately hall,
 No cheerful ray lights up the gloom,
 For o'er its roof death hangs its pall,
 And makes it solemn as the tomb.
 From yonder church the deep-toned
 bell
 Rings out its notes in muffled tones,
 And through the air the solemn knell
 Pierces each heart in wailing moans.
 Then draw the blinds, and let the
 hall
 Be filled with morbid awe and dread;
 One more has answered to God's call—
 The Christian Baron now lies dead.

HERBERT H. ADAMS.

THE POOR BOY.—Do not be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace; it speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companion; and if a boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but work on. We know many a rich and bad man, my boy; and if you are poor, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and addicted to bad habits.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE BEST PLEDGE.—If a man would only look at himself when he was drunk, he never would drink again.

AN ASS.—Albert Smith says that when he writes his initials he is accused of telling only two-thirds of the truth.

THE DOCTOR'S BEST FRIEND.—The piano; for a young lady no sooner goes near one in society than she's immediately seized with a cold.

GRAMMATICAL.—An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

A MAN was earnestly looking into the bunghole of a whisky barrel, as if in search of something he could not find. "What are you doing?" asked a bystander. "Why, I'm seeking my reputation in the place I lost it," was the mournful reply.

CURIOUS EXCISE ENTRY.—Alexander Gunn, an excise officer in Scotland, being dismissed from his employment for misconduct, an entry was made in a book kept for the purpose as follows:—"A. Gunn discharged for making a false report."

CHEAP TRAVELLING.—"Plase, sir," said an Irishman to a traveller, "would yer be so oblaiging as to take me great coat, here, to Boston wit' yez?" "Yes," said the man in the waggon, "but how will you get it again?" "Oh! that's mighty aisy, so it is," said Pat, "for sure I'll remain inside uv it."

PERSPICUITY OF LANGUAGE.—A little girl being sent to a shop to purchase some dye-stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the shopman, "John, what do folks dye with?" "Die with? Why, cholera sometimes," replied John. "Well, I believe that's the name. I want to get threepennyworth."

CUSTOM is the plague of wise men and the idol of every fool.

WISE men learn by other men's harms, fools by their own.

AN ounce of help weighs more than a pound of pity.

HE that needs a thousand pounds to live

Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

HUMILITY.—It is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten; yea, better to be a humble worm than a proud angel.

THE Duke of Wellington used often to remark that the secret of success lay in embracing every opportunity of being useful, and that he never forgot the golden rule which he had learned in the Church catechism, of "doing your duty in that station of life to which it shall please God to call you."

Extracts from evidence given by Sir WM. GULL, M.D., F.R.S., before the Peers' Select Committee on Intemperance.

I SHOULD like to say that a very large number of people in society are dying day by day poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it.

THE public ought to know that of all the diluents or solvents for the nutritious parts of food there is nothing like water. Water carries the nutriment into the system in its purest form.

I THINK that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when they are exhausted, they might very well drink water or take food, and would be very much better without the alcohol. If I am personally fatigued with overwork my food is very simple—I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. I have had very large experience in that practice for thirty years.



TO A STREAM.

Emblem of the rush of time,
 Never pausing in thy course ;
 With persistency sublime
 Moving in restless force,
 Thou art hastening to the sea,
 As time seeks eternity.

Thou to me a teacher art,
 And from thee I well may learn
 How I ought to do my part—
 Wisdom in thy depths discern,
 As thy stainless waters pass
 Sparkling, clear as polished glass.

For where'er thy waters flow,
 Down the hill or o'er the plain,
 Stately trees more fruitful grow,
 Verdure follows in thy train ;
 Cattle browsing on thy brink
 Choose thee for their favourite drink.

And my life should be like thine,
 Full of good to all around ;
 O for grace and strength divine,
 That I may like thee be found
 Scattering blessings in my course,
 Ever pressing towards my Source.

DAVID LAWTON.

RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistake," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.

"FATHER, I HAVE SINNED!"

IT is years since I have opened this book, for was it not dedicated to Harry?—and of our darling, through the long weary silence of the on-marching days, I have had nothing to write. How often, when thought has been almost too painful to bear, I have looked closely at my conduct and at his in that far away past, and with bowed heart and saddened spirit have echoed the words of the dear old anthem, the still dearer parable, the words which are especially on my mind to-day, as even more applicable to my case than to Harry's, 'Father, I have sinned!'

Experience makes us pay, often with our very life-blood, for her precious lessons. If I had only known—how many use that same language when knowledge has come to them too late!—if I had only known the horrible fruit that would spring from the seeds of self-will that I am afraid I helped to sow and to nourish in my pet brother's character! If I had only known that the indulgences I granted him, that the punishments I spared him, would turn to the gall and wormwood of sin and rebellion even in his boyhood, oh, how differently I would have acted, for his own dear sake! I hope no loving elder sister, on our little Archipelago or on the mainland, or in any country under heaven, is planting for herself and for those she loves such a harvest of loneliness and distress as I unintentionally secured for Harry and me. The duty of every member of a happy Christian household is to uphold the parental discipline, and to carry it out thoroughly, consistently.

When I hid Harry's faults that he might go unpunished, I was burying his good qualities also. Poor dear Harry! where are you all these years, while so many changes have been happening here? Where, and amongst what society, have you laid down youth and taken up manhood? Are you living still? Sometimes, Harry in the solemn hours of night, when the soft moonlight bathes the world with magic beauty, and the stars and constellations in their splendour become to us living revelations of the power of God, when the soft winds sweep around the Cassiterides, and our little quiet island world is still, I am awake and watching unto prayer for you darling, praying with tears and sighs, and "groans that cannot be uttered," that my sin and your sin in the past may somehow and somewhere be atoned by purer, brighter, better deeds in the future of both our lives. And then I hope and believe you are not dead, darling, but will come back to us again. But often, Harry, when the night is dark, when the sombre veil of cloud shuts out the stars, when the fierce, wild winds rave and roar, and the noisy fury of the sea, as it surges and booms with mighty force against every resisting power, reaches my ears as I sit in my quiet lonely chamber, the dread that you are dead takes possession of my soul, and chill, my heart, and brings me sobbing to my knees pleading for grace to say—whether God withholds you or grants you to our mortal sight—"Thy will be done!"

Harry! Do you ever think of the dear old days of your innocence, before the foul fiend Strong Drink wrote his evil tracery on brow and life, when your loving

old Dorie heard you lisp your little simple prayers, and tucked you in your little bed? Have you quite forgotten the glorious spring days at Morning Point, when the world of sea and sky and rocky island was all aglow with sunlight, when the furze-bushes on the downs were burning with golden flame, like the bush that Moses saw, yet were "not consumed."

The soft light of this evening is tempting me abroad by its beauty. Papa and mamma are together, for Ernest relieves our father now of all work after seven o'clock, unless at exceptionally busy times. I will take one of my favourite walks—the moon is rising, and will light me pleasantly on my return—the walk to Old Town churchyard. Papa has always enjoined upon us so forcibly the duty and privilege of daily exercise that we none of us feel as if we had done rightly when night comes and we have spent the whole day indoors.

To-morrow we expect company. I have been busy this morning arranging our pretty guest chamber for our darling Rosie, her husband and little son; they come to-morrow by the steamer. The sweet face and gentle, loving heart of our island Rose attracted a young gentleman of good family from far-off Essex, who spent a winter here three years ago for his health. Our ba'my climate and papa's care, to whom his doctor had written, were the means of restoring him to perfect health, and the return he made for this was to carry off our treasure. But Rosie is so perfectly happy in her fine old English home, and her husband and his relatives cherish her so tenderly, that we have little cause to complain. Lottie and I have paid them one long visit, and to-morrow they come to us for two happy months, bringing little Theodore, my masculine namesake.

After preparing for the dear visitors, I unlocked our lost darling's room, and went in. Will he ever come back to it? Week by week I dust the room, and lay fresh sheets, sweet with lavender, in his bed, and place a posy on his mantel-shelf. Will this always be done in vain? Oh! not in vain! Things that keep our own hearts loving and true are never done in vain.

But I must not stay to write more, or it will be too late for my walk.

* * * * *

Oh! I am so glad I went. What would have happened if I had stayed away?

I cannot explain the strange sensations I felt as I walked over Buzza Hill, past Pulpit Rock, always associated in my mind with Harry, along by Peninnis Head, over the stile, and into the quiet churchyard.

The palms and foreign shrubs, the terraced walks, the tranquil graves, the white monuments, the simple headstones, all stood out visibly in the rich, warm crimson rays of the setting sun. It was exquisitely still and peaceful; even Honest Joe was not in sight; I had the place to myself. Like Hervey in the pretty little village churchyard of Kilkhampton, on the northern coast of Cornwall, I might without interruption meditate amongst the tombs.

Might I? I started, for even as this thought crossed my mind, I heard such sounds of agony and distress as I never remembered to have heard before. For a few moments a childish superstition and fright filled me with dread. I sat down on a headstone trembling and pale, with a cold, undefined horror freezing my blood. The next minute, ashamed of my weakness, I looked about amongst the shadows for the cause of my alarm.

At first I could not see anything. Then I went softly up the steps, and glanced along the pathway of another terrace; the sobs and low groans and cries had ceased; the hush and stillness of the place were again unbroken, save by my con-

sciousness of the presence of that other human being, whom as yet my eyes had not beheld. A few paces farther along the green, grass-grown pathway, and my footsteps were suddenly arrested. Under some palms there was a grave, and on it, extended at full length over it, in the apathy of despair or in a death-like swoon, was the body of a man—a man in sailor costume, in thick pilot cloth suit, the dress of a captain or mate. His round cap had rolled off, and lay on the ground at a little distance. A young man, if I could judge from the light form, and the curling brown hair that encircled the drooping head.

The headstone of the grave had been newly painted, and the letters were not yet all replaced. The words visible were—

“Sacred
to the memory of
Agnes,
the tenderly loved wife of
An ”

Here the painter had stopped abruptly. I had seen the headstone so many times before that I could supply from memory the omitted words, “Anthony Melhuish, Captain of the Schooner ‘Peri.’ She died at Hugh Town, March 4th, 1847, aged 48 years.”

The terrible stillness of the prostrate form lying on the grave startled me. He seemed not to stir hand or foot. Was he breathing? Was he dead? I must discover; I could endure the suspense no longer; medical aid might be immediately necessary. I laid my hand softly on the shoulder of the man, and said, gently, “You are ill, or in trouble, or both. Can I do anything to help you?”

He shivered, shuddered rather, from head to foot, paused a moment, and then turned his face round to mine.

“Harry!”

I knew him in a moment. The beautiful boy had become a handsome though careworn man; the golden curls had bronzed and deepened in hue; the blue eyes were sad, but I knew him still, should have known him and claimed him anywhere. He turned his head back again wearily without a word, and pillowed it anew upon the grave.

“Dearest Harry, speak to me!” I entreated. “You are ill! Oh! try to get up dear; kiss me, speak to me. God be praised that you are come back to us again!”

“Us?” he repeated, in the saddest tone I ever heard. He rose a little, and leaned his head on the arm which still rested on the grave. Now that I saw him more plainly, he looked, oh! so dreadfully pale and wan and haggard!

“Us, Dorie?” he said. “But I have killed my mother,” and he groaned as if his heart was broken. Poor, poor Harry!

“Dearest Harry,” I said, softly, slowly, cautiously, for I saw he could bear but little, “you are mistaken. This is the grave of Mrs. Melhuish; the stone is being repainted.”

Before I could finish, a cry that rang through not my ears only, but my heart, a man’s loud cry half of rapture, half of pain, pierced the soft balmy air of night, and Harry fell back heavily; he had swooned.

Experience in some such cases, when my father had occasionally called me to his aid, rendered me less nervous than I should otherwise have been. I raised his dear head upon my bosom, unloosed his collar and neck-tie, let the cool evening air blow over his face, and applied to his nostrils a bottle of smelling-salts which



"I laid my hand softly on the shoulder of the man."

I was in the habit of carrying, and which fortunately Ernest had refilled for me that very morning. In a few minutes I had the joy of seeing him revive.

"Always a trouble to you, Dorie," he whispered, with an affectionate inflection of tone that was like music to my heart. "I shall be better soon ; wait a bit, dear."

I bent and kissed him on brow and cheeks and lips, with difficulty restraining my tears, and kept silence, save that I murmured over him some of the loving words that would overflow from heart to lips for him. God and heaven seemed very near to us in those first blessed moments of reunion, when the earth, and sea, and sky were hushed as if in peaceful sleep, when the clear, fair gibbous moon, more than crescent and less than full, sailed slowly and solemnly across the heavens, when the sea-birds, surprised by night, flew screaming to their rocky nests, and the love of the Eternal Father and the co-eternal Redeemer of all the creatures of creation was the key-note of the unbroken music of the spheres.

Then a sweet smile broke over Harry's lips. "Mother will welcome her boy again. Oh, Dorie, I haven't deserved it ! God is good. And father?"

"Father is well too, darling. There is only one break to tell you of ; I mean by death."

He turned ashy white again, and his lips refused to form the words he fain would speak.

"Dear grandpapa," I hastened to say, "has gone to the better home ; St. Agnes does not seem the same place without him, Harry. George lives with Aunt Dorothea, and manages the farm."

"Dear old George, dear grandfather ! Go on, Dorie, tell me all."

"Ernest is married, Harry."

Harry drew my left hand to him, and examined the ring finger. "No ring ; I shall have you to nurse me, Dorie ; I'm glad you're left to take care of me"

"You are ill, Harry."

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

THE plants are withered, and the trees are bare ;
 The swallows wing their flight to other realms ;
 No more sweet Flora's scents pervade the air ;
 No more the sturdy oaks or lofty elms
 Invite the traveller to accept their shade,
 Or at their base to rest his weary feet ;
 But man must wander through the leafless glade,
 Nor rose nor lily in his pathway meet.
 Where erst the fairest flowers of earth were seen,
 The thorns and thistles and the hemlocks grow ;
 And but a few dry stalks are left to show
 The anxious stranger where the plants have been ;
 But still dear Nature's work is not yet run,
 The soul awaketh when its sleep is done !

JOHN G. LUMSDEN.

WHY I DON'T USE TOBACCO.

First Prize Essay. By ROBT. H. LORD (age 19 yrs.), 125, Stockport Road Manchester.

MY two chief reasons for not using tobacco are: 1st. Its evil physical effects; 2nd. Its evil social and moral effects. If I light a cigar and commence to smoke it, what follows? Well, in the first place, the noxious principle contained in the smoke penetrates the delicate lining of the mouth and throat, often causing blisters and a sore throat, creating an unnatural thirst, and finding a passage into the blood. The stomach and digestive organs next come in for a share of the injury. Sickness and indigestion result from the use of the pipe, and a large quantity of *saliva*, which is needed for the proper digestion of the food, is wasted, for to swallow it when impregnated with tobacco poison would indeed be dangerous. The heart is also injured to some extent, for the action of tobacco on it causes irregular beating and palpitation. The disease known by the name of the "fatty heart" is sometimes brought on by tobacco alone, and sometimes by tobacco and alcohol conjointly. The blood too suffers from the use of tobacco. This "stream of life" consists of a colourless watery liquid called the serum, in which very minute red bodies swim about. These red corpuscles give the colour to the blood. Now, when nicotine is absorbed by the blood, the corpuscles are altered in their form and character, and the blood is made impure. The brain and nerves are likewise seriously injured by tobacco; the use of that article has a dulling and stupefying effect on the

brain, and impairs the memory. There are other injurious effects which arise from smoking, chewing, and snuffing, but the above are the most common. I will now pass on to the consideration of my second reason for abstaining from the use of tobacco, viz. its *evil* social and moral effects. And the most conspicuous of these are the selfishness and disregard for the comfort of others which accrue from long indulgence in the consumption of tobacco. The slaves of this habit of smoking are almost totally indifferent to the annoyance and discomfort felt by certain individuals when they (the smokers) smoke either in prohibited or unprohibited places, and it would be the last thing in the world for them to think of giving up their self-gratification merely to promote the comfort and pleasure of non-smokers. The use of tobacco also conduces to slovenliness. Young men who *are* scrupulously neat and clean in their appearance and attire when they first commence to smoke and chew, gradually become more and more careless as regards their outward appearance, until the stains of tobacco juice can be traced on their garments, and black streaks are visible in the corners of their mouths. Lastly, the use of tobacco leads to intemperance, for the unnatural thirst begotten by smoking craves to be satisfied with stronger drink than water, and thus is begun a downward career, swift and sure, which often carries the poor deluded victim to the extremes of poverty, vice, and *crime*.



1.—SCRIPTURE DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- a. The wood which God commanded Noah to make the ark of.
- b. Another name for Edom, which is situated to the south of Palestine.
- c. A large bird of prey, declared unclean by Moses.
- d. The name of that field wherein the Israelites were defeated by the Philistines, when the ark of the Lord was taken.
- e. The second and third letters of the name of the fifth son of Japheth.
- f. In common speech, one who gives security for another; and hence it has become prevalent among theological writers to confound it with the terms substitute and representative, when applied to Christ.
- g. One of the words that appeared written on the wall at the sacrilegious feast of Belshazzar.
- h. One of the minor prophets of the Old Testament. A province of Syria, beyond Jordan.
- i. A very precious ointment, spoken of in St. Mark's Gospel.
- j. A city situated in the tribe of Judah, about ten miles west of Hebron.
- k. One of the sons of Aaron, who, with his brother, was destroyed by fire from God.
- l. The fourth and seventh letters of the name of the third Person in the Trinity.

The initials read downwards and finals upwards will give a portion of a prayer with which we are all familiar.

MARIE.

2.—CHARADE.

When the fierce war is raging,
And the battle's at its worst,
The poor wearied, wounded soldier
Calls out loudly for my first.
At that old man now gaze awhile
As he totters down the street;
See, he leans upon my second,
To aid his faltering feet.
My whole was used ages ago
By brave, daring Robin Hood,
Who with his band of merrie men
Long lived in green Sherwood.

KATE DODD.

3.—CHARADE.

Summer over, winter coming,
Trees are shedding all their leaves;
Bees are ceasing from their humming,
Swallows flit from cottage eaves;
And my primal, dank and dreary,
Seems to travellers worn and weary.

If you want to know my second,
Look around on every side;
There its presence may be reckoned
Underneath the ocean wide;
On the vale, and on the mountain,
Beautiful by flower and fountain.

For my whole, how bleak and barren
On a stormy day it seems;
Heath and marsh, and rabbit warren,
Stone, and furze, and peaty streams,
Where the starving cattle travel,
Over rushes, clay, and gravel.

G. J. BELL.

4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A lofty place ;
2. A certain time ;
3. Part of the face ;
4. This is sublime ;
5. A heathen name ;
6. To pine away ;
7. A town of fame ;
8. Felt every day ;
9. A magazine ;
10. This means instead ;
11. In Russia seen ;
12. We're often bled.

The initials of the above read down
Will name a soldier of renown ;
His dying words the finals tell,
When he in battle nobly fell.

G. J. BELL.

5.—CHARADE.

With the aid of a vowel my *first* you will see
A short word of kind invitation will be ;
And now, I'll assure you I make no pretence,
My *second's* a castle or place of defence.
My *whole* you may now make yourself, and
resolve

That if you're my third, this puzzle you'll solve.

FRANCES.

6.—CHARADE.

My *first* is my mother,
And I am her *second* ;
My *whole* suits my brother,
His trade it is reckon'd.

A. SUTCLIFFE.

7.—SQUARE WORD.

To dart, to issue forth a flame ;
A truly English maiden's name ;
A metal very useful too ;
A river not unknown to you.

KATE DODD.

DEFINITIONS.

CUSTOM.

The law of fools.—(CIBBER.)

The pole-star of tradesmen.—R. W. COPEMAN

An iron chain, which weighs heaviest upon
the weak.—(Selected.)

SELF-DENIAL.

The hardest lesson in life.—(Selected.)

The antipode of selfishness. J. R. L.

That which gives the martyr a crown of
glory, and exalts the beggar above the dignity
of a king.—(Selected.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On pages 188 and 189.

1. Sand-ring-ham.
2. Hawfinch. Owl. Plover. Starling.
Sandpiper. Swallow. Pelican. Manakin.

3- S I N G
I D E A
N E A T
G A T E

4.—

Sign, boys, sign the pledge of merry temperance;

Come and join our noble, happy temperance band.

5. Because each is a pa's son (parson).

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

Mind what you run after. Never be content
with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that
ends in smoke and darkness. Get that which
you can keep, and which is worth keeping—

"Something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away."

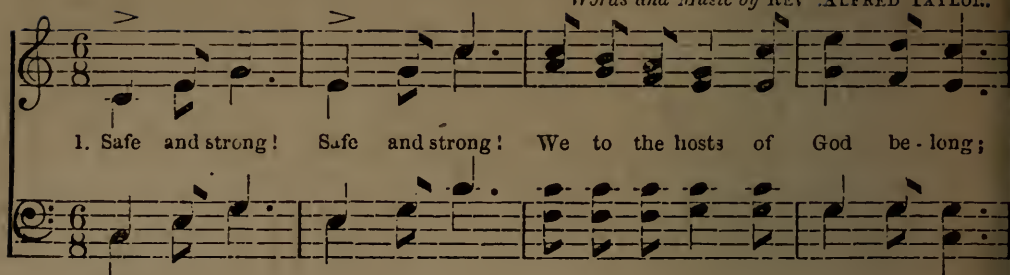
BILLY BRAY ON "TOBACCO,"

BILLY was particularly hard upon preachers, through whose example many he believed of the Lord's people were induced to depart from the right way. He considered no favour should be extended to them; he was hardly at liberty to be charitable in the matter, for it was the Lord's work, and soon all would have to answer for their conduct in the judgment, some for continuing to smoke, and others for giving it up, and he felt confident what the decision of the Great Judge would be. "If the preachers smoke, I may smoke too," was the argument he felt he could not answer, except by bringing a *charge* against the preachers, which he was most unwilling to do. "*Defile* not yourselves with idols," and "*Mortify* the deeds of the body," were, in Billy's view, such definite commands, that for Christians to smoke seemed to him to be the most glaring inconsistency.

He and a preacher of something of the same type of character as himself were holding a missionary meeting at F——. Billy opened the meeting with prayer, and the preacher and others fervently responded to many of his petitions. Observing this, he began to be more minute and pointed in his requests. "O Lo-a-rd, help the people to give up their idols." The preacher said, "Amen." "May the children be saved from the love of the world's fashions." "Amen," again said the preacher. "Help Thy people to give up their ribbons and feathers." "Amen," was still the response of the preacher, and again "Amen" when he added, "And their cups and drinks." "And their pipes and tobacco," but to this there was no "Amen" from the preacher. Billy at once said, "Where's your 'Amen,' Brother B——? Why don't you say 'Amen' to the pipes as well as the cups? Ah! you won't say 'Amen' to the pipes!" He then proceeded with his prayer. And what would be irreverent in most persons did not appear so in him. But the preacher afterwards remonstrated with Billy on his impropriety in administering this personal rebuke in public. He justified himself by saying, "You were hearty and loud enough in your 'Amens' for others to give up their idols, but you are not willing to part with your own. Bless the Lo-a-rd! I have given up *all* for my Saviour."

SAFE AND STRONG!

Words and Music by REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

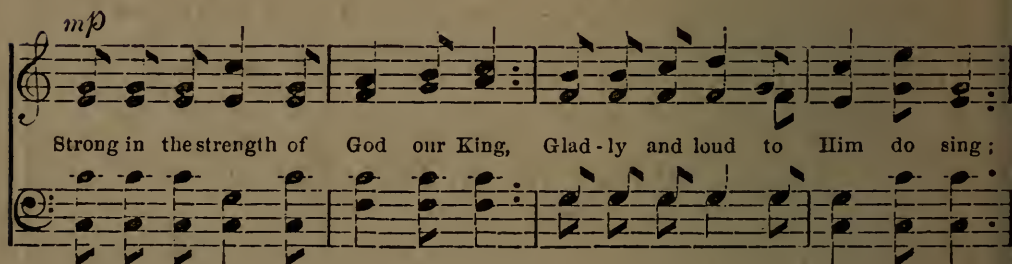


1. Safe and strong! Safe and strong! We to the hosts of God be-long;

KEY C.

2. Safe and strong!	Safe and strong!	We to the hosts of God be-long;
d :- m s :- :-	m :- s d' :- :-	d' : t l s :- : d' m' :- r' d' :- :-
d :- m s :- :-	m :- s d' :- :-	l : s f m :- m s :- f m :- :-
3. Safe and strong!	Safe and strong!	We to the hosts of God be-long;
d :- m s :- :-	m :- s d' :- :-	d' : d' d' d' :- : d' s :- s s :- :-
d :- m s :- :-	m :- s d' :- :-	f : f f s :- s s :- s d :- :-

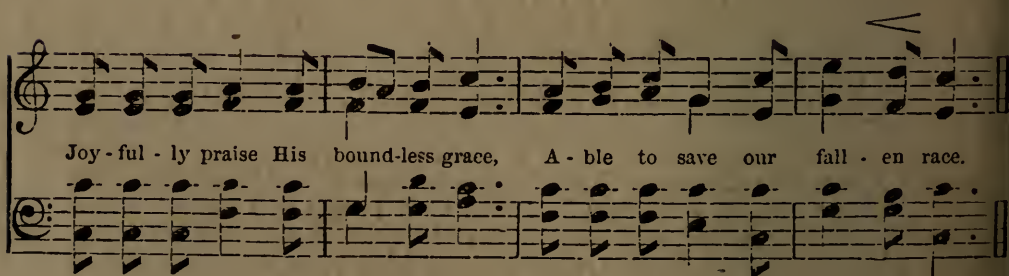
mp



Strong in the strength of God our King, Glad-ly and loud to Him do sing;

mp

We in ourselves are poor and weak,	Father of all, Thy strength we seek;
m : m m m :- m	f :- s l :- :-
d' : d' d' s :- : d'	d' :- : d' d' :- :-
s : s s s :- : s	s : s s s :- : s
d : d d d :- : d	f :- : f f :- :-
s : s s s :- : s	s : s s s :- : s
d :- : d d' :- :-	s :- : s d' :- :-
d :- : d d' :- :-	s :- : s d' :- :-

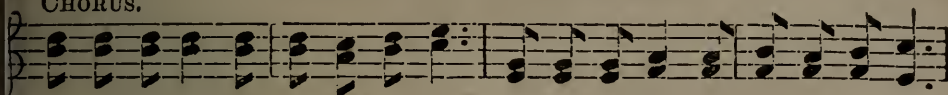


Joy-ful-ly praise His bound-less grace, A-ble to save our fall-en race.

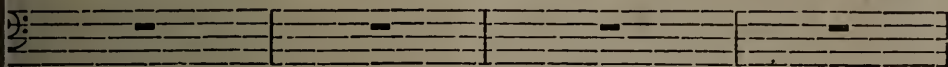
Keep us in all we do or think,	Safe from the power of dead-ly drink.
m : m m f :- f	f :- f m :- :-
d' : d' d' d' :- : d'	s :- : r' d' :- :-
s :- : r' d' :- :-	d' : d' d' d' :- : d'
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s :- : s d' :- :-	s :- : s d' :- :-

SAFE AND STRONG—(Continued).

CHORUS.

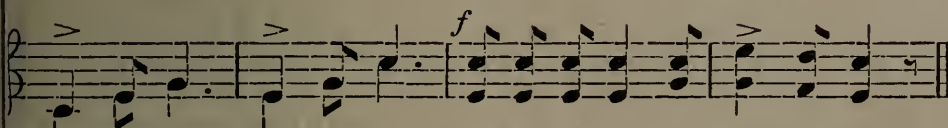


Look-ing for vic-t'ry, on-ward we move, Trust-ing our Fa-ther's in-fi-nite love;

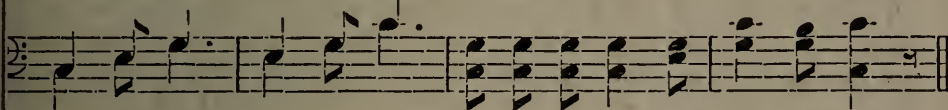


CHORUS.

r ¹ :r ¹ :r ¹	r ¹ :-:r ¹	r ¹ :d ¹ :r ¹	m ¹ :-:-	s:s:s	l:-:l	t:l:t	d ¹ :-:-
Looking for	vic - try,	onward we move,		Trusting our	Fa - ther's	in - fi - nite	love;
t:t:t	t:-:t	t:l:t	d ¹ :-:-	m:m:m	f:-:f	f:f:f	m:-:-
:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:
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Safe and strong! safe and strong! We to the hosts of God be-long.



d:-:m	s:-:-	m:-:s	d ¹ :-:-	d ¹ :d ¹ :d ¹	d ¹ :-:d ¹	m ¹ :-:r ¹	d ¹ :-:-
d:-:m	s:-:-	m:-:s	d ¹ :-:-	m:m:m	m:-:s	s:-:f	m:-:-
d:-:m	s:-:-	m:-:s	d ¹ :-:-	s:s:s	s:-:s	d ¹ :-:t	d ¹ :-:-
d:-:m	s:-:-	m:-:s	d ¹ :-:-	d:d:d	d:-:m	s:-:s	d:-:-

Safe and strong! safe and strong! We to the hosts of God be-long.

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

BY DR. F. R. LEES, OF LEEDS.

VI.

THE last and most serious evil work of Alcohol in the body now remains to be pointed out, that which concerns its relation to the sentient Nerves and Brain, the *instruments* of Intelligence. Man's body, in truth, is made to do three sorts of work—first, *living* work (breathing, eating, digesting, circulating, nourishing, excreting, &c.); second *voluntary mechanical* work, such as,

talking, ploughing, walking, weaving, &c.; third, *feeling and thinking*, which is the work connected with the moral purpose of our life, as capable of happiness and of doing our duty, as the means to being happy. Three distinct influences upon the office (or function) of the nervous system must at least be noticed. First, that Alcohol *injures* organism; second, that it *perverts* the function or use

of the organ ; third, that it *wastes power* (including vitality, as we have already seen.)

That intoxicating liquors *do* affect the intellect is an observation of the oldest times. A Greek writer, three thousand years ago, said, "Wine darkens the mind." A Hebrew prophet, Habakkuk, declares that "wine is a defrauder." Solomon has not only said the same thing, that "Wine is a mocker," but has specified the mental changes which it induces. "Thine eyes shall look (with desire) upon strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things." This is of course due to the action of Alcohol upon the *brain*, for no physical agent can affect the mind through any other channel.

The experiments of Dr. Binz and others have proved beyond all doubt that alcohol tends to relax the finer blood-vessels, and to *dilate* their diameter, "especially those of the head." Hence there is a constant tendency towards *fullness* (called congestion), which at any time may run into inflammation. Again, Alcohol, it is equally certain, tends to make the blood darker, by using up the *oxygen* (*i.e.* the fresh air which induces healthy change and life), and so defiled and morbid blood circulates within the delicate brain-cells, obscuring the perceptions and blunting the finer feelings of the drinker. The man who, as a water-drinker, sees things as they are, as a drinker of Alcohol sees things as they are not; and anger, jealousy, or other brutal feelings become dominant, and excite to actions which create misery all around. The higher organs become dormant, the lower unduly stimulated, and the beast triumphs over the man. England has often been the theatre of events that illustrate this. Nearly all *riots* have their origin in drinking, which creates a permanent state of feeling on which

jingoism can fittingly operate. The celebrated Horace Mann, secretary of the American Board of Education, has said, "Let there be an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout the country during a single generation, and a mob would be as impossible as combustion (or fire) without oxygen." All history is crowded with examples of the truth that Alcohol depraves the human brain, and the saddest excesses of the first French Revolution, as painted by Carlyle, were due to this agency.

The revolting development of sensualism and ferocity in Paris during the reign of the Commune has been universally connected with the use of Wine and Brandy, but it is only a milder type of the same *Bass* influence operating at home in a chronic form which creates our crime and jingoism. Stimulants and Narcotics necessarily tend to sensuality and immorality by a double action—1st, by *reducing* the normal energy of our nature which supplies the conditions of a happy life; and 2nd, by *narcotising* or deadening what faculty is left. The higher and more complicated organism of thought is the first to suffer loss, while the animal instincts are brought into intenser play. "Substances," says Herbert Spencer, "which, like opium and hashish, *exalt the rate of molecular change* in the nervous centres, so intensify the feelings and ideas as to *cause illusions* . . . Alcohol, ether, chloroform, nitrous oxide, etc., when their anæsthetic effects begin, the *highest* nervous actions are the first to be arrested; and the artificial paralysis implicates, in descending order, the lower or simpler nervous actions. *Incipient intoxication* [being 'jolly'] shows itself in a failure to form involved and abstract relations of ideas."*

* Principles of Psychology, vol. i., pp. 610-11, etc.

In plain words, the drinker cannot reason—he only fancies and feels! Hence the dangers lurking in our large cities, and even in country villages cursed with beer-shops. Wages being misapplied, the men are insufficiently nourished, badly housed, live in a state of *malaise* (or bad feeling), and consuming Alcohol and tobacco in ever increasing quantities, the brain gets into a state of *chronic excitement and weakness*, so that the people become the fit victims and ready dupes of men who preach impossible and wild means of bettering the condition of society. Thus it is that a stupid Conservatism connected with an institution like the liquor traffic must some day end in bringing about a sanguinary Revolution. Let our Young People reflect on this, for they have to be the Politicians of the future.

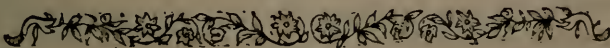
But loss of intellectual power takes place in a nation by the use of drink directly, as well as in the way described. Last year the cases of lunacy and idiocy increased by nearly 2,000, and there has been a gradual advance of cases of brain disease for some years, in spite of the many and great improvements of society—a fact pointing to a *fixed and enlarging cause* at work in their production. When it is recollected that—owing to the legis-

lative multiplication of drink-shops throughout the land, and the consequent increase of temptations and facilities for drinking—the cost of the consumption of drink and tobacco has increased from sixty millions to one hundred and fifty millions of pounds, we cannot fail to perceive the effect of such a vast amount of poison upon the national nerves and brain. Each ounce of Alcohol occasions 4,300 extra *heart-beats* per day, and if power goes out in this way, it cannot be reserved for the uses of the body to resist disease-producing agents, or for the use of the brain to *think* and *feel* with. It is calculated that the amount of alcohol consumed wastes as much force as would be equal, if applied to productive labour, to £40,000,000 sterling, and this, being deducted from the power available for thought and feeling, which is ever the *surplus* power not required for vital and voluntary physical work, represents a loss to the treasury of moral progress and civilisation which no man can estimate. What art, science, morals, patriotism, Christianity, have suffered by this deterioration of brain, and this waste of mental force, is known only to the Infinite Being whose glory has been obscured by this senseless, this wilful, and this wicked waste of our vital talents.

* It will be a confirmation of Dr. Lees' articles if we add two high medical authorities—one home, and the other foreign.

"I do not over-estimate the facts when I say that if such a miracle could be performed in England as a general conversion to temperance, *the vitality of the nation would rise one third in value*, and this without any reference to the indirect advantages that would of necessity follow."—Dr. B. W. Richardson.

The new French *Dictionary of Practical Medicine*, recently published, has the following:—
"Alcoholism is a social calamity, one of the scourges of modern societies. It is incredible for what a vast loss of power, intelligence and vitality it is answerable to humanity. From the moral point of view, it depraves, degrades, and brutalizes; from the physical, it wounds the organism in its principal parts and perverts its radical functions, as regards the species, it debases and renders barren. Official statistics show us in an undeniable manner the ever invading march of this scourge. The hereditary consequences are truly appalling."



GEORGE'S LESSON.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

ONE lovely afternoon in spring a party of boys from Roswell Academy were out for a half-holiday. The day was beautifully clear, and the warm sunshine and balmy breezes had quite an exhilarating effect upon them.

By-and-by the party broke up into groups of threes and fours; and they rambled here and there, gathering the lovely wild blossoms which were just beginning to peep forth from the hedges, and stopping now and then to examine the birds' nests which they found hidden in the banks and bushes. At length one of them came to a robin's nest, and he drew it out of its place and began to pull it in pieces.

"George, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," indignantly exclaimed little Willie Marston. "How can you be so cruel as to destroy the poor birds' home in that way?"

"What a muff you are, Willie, to be sure; why, 'tis only a robin's nest. There!" and so saying, he threw the little nest away, eggs and all.

"I tell you it is a cruel thing to do, and your conduct is a disgrace to the school. It should never have to be said that one of the Roswell boys did a thing like that."

"My conduct a disgrace to the school!" said George, in a towering passion. "I'll teach you to speak to me like that," and he struck Willie a heavy blow on the chest.

"I wouldn't stand that," said Harry Turton, who came up just in time to see George strike Willie.

"Thrash him, Willie, thrash him, he deserves it," exclaimed several of the other boys; and they all came crowding round, eager to see and hear what was going on.

"No, he is too much of a coward for that," said George, defiantly. "He would rather preach than fight any time."

"Suppose I was to be so foolish as to fight with you, it would not make your conduct in destroying the poor robin's nest any better, and I should only be disgracing myself, as you have done. I suppose you think it is a very brave thing to take and destroy the nest of a poor defenceless bird; but if that is your bravery I'll have none of it," said Willie.

"Did he throw the robin's nest away?" asked Harry.

"Of course he did," replied Willie.

"Boys," said Harry, who was a sort of leader among them, "George has disgraced us by his conduct this afternoon. Let us all go and leave him till he is ashamed of himself."

"Yes, go," said George, "and hold a prayer-meeting along with the Rev. William Marston."

One of the boys who stood near lifted his arm, and would have felled the young scoffer to the ground, but for the ready interference of Willie. "Hold!" he exclaimed; "two blacks will not make one white, you know. Let him alone; he will have to answer for what he has done to the principal."

When George heard that he turned pale, and all his bravado left him; for the principal of Roswell Academy was very strict with the boys over their conduct on these holiday excursions; and cruelty to animals was one of those things which he always punished with the greatest rigour. And besides, George very well

remembered that he had already exhausted that gentleman's patience by his misconduct, and he dreaded lest he should now be turned out of the Academy and sent home in disgrace, in which case he knew he would lose a beautiful gold watch which his papa had promised to give him if he came home from school at the end of the term with a good character.

When the boys returned that evening, Harry and Willie were a little ahead of the others, and they met the principal in the doorway, and made him acquainted with what had taken place.

When George returned directly afterwards, the principal called him aside, and said, "I want some explanation of your conduct this evening. I am given to understand that you wilfully destroyed the nest of a robin, and when Willie Marston remonstrated with you on the cruelty of your conduct, you struck him, and used very abusive language. Is this correct?"

"Yes, sir, but I am sorry for what I did. Please forgive me this time. Do not send me away, please, sir," pleaded George, very humbly.

"You ought to ask God to forgive you, and give you grace to overcome your love of mischief and your proud, angry spirit. You know that I have repeatedly charged both you and all the other boys to be kind to all God's creatures. They are His, not ours; and when we inflict needless pain and suffering even upon the smallest of them, we sin against Him, and incur His righteous displeasure. You might, perhaps, think it was a trifling thing to destroy a bird's nest; but remember that anything which gives pain to a fellow-being can never be a trifling thing; and let me urge upon you to seek strength from God to overcome every desire to do harm, even to the smallest thing that lives. You may go now. To-morrow I will tell you what your punishment will be; for although I intended at first to send you home, I will give you another opportunity to regain your position and good name in the school."

With many thanks George left the presence of the principal, and I am happy to say that the lesson he had received from that gentleman on kindness to all living creatures was not lost upon him. He afterwards became one of the best boys in the school, and is now a good, kind-hearted, and useful man; and he often says that if schoolboys would only have the moral courage to report one another's misconduct to their superiors, as Willie and Harry did in his case, instead of fighting about it, far more good would be the result; for he believes that the timely check which was put upon his thoughtless cruelty, and the firm but kind rebuke which he received from his tutor, influenced all his after life for good; whereas, if Willie had fought with him, and he had been allowed to go on unchecked in his evil course, he might have grown up a bad, hard-hearted, cruel man.

Boys! never be afraid of doing as Willie and Harry did, whenever your better judgment tells you it is necessary. Many boys, I know, think it is mean to report the misconduct of a schoolfellow, forgetting that very often it would be a kindness to do so at once, as it might lead to the reformation of the culprit. And should you feel it hard sometimes to do what your conscience says you ought to do in this respect, remember the good results of "George's Lesson," and be sure that it is always the truest kindness to others, and the best for yourself, at all times to do that which you know to be right.



CROSSING THE STREAM.

BABBLING onward goes the stream,
While the silvery ripples gleam,
Dancing o'er the pebbly ground,
Breathing forth a joyous sound.

On the bank, with looks so mild,
Stands a little blue-eyed child,
Gazing at the stream so wide,
Then upon the further side.

Not a moment does she lose ;
Quickly she removes her shoes,
And with snow-white feet now bare
Wades she through the water there.

Carefully she moves along,
Wrestling with the current strong ;
And at last, with heartfelt pride,
She doth gain the other side.

H. H. ADAMS.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, always true to the cause of temperance, in a recent sermon upon the influence of little things, referred to tobacco and intemperance. He is reported as saying :

"AGAIN, it is so in the formation of bad habits. Take the habit of lying. A man begins with what is called a white lie, and after a while there is no limit to his falsehood. So in the habit of using tobacco. There is no danger of my being personal in my remarks, for you all use it. I quit that habit because it made my hand tremble, and I too easily lost my patience, and I thought I had no right to do anything that would make my hand tremble or make me lose my patience. But we all know how hard it was to get the habit, how sick it made us at the start. You began, perhaps, with a cigar which your father or some minister has thrown away, and you have gone on till you are a slave to a habit which is ruinous to any man of nervous temperament. How gradually you came on toward it ! There are hundreds of men in this house to-day who would confess that the habit is injurious to them, but somehow they cannot stop. How, my brother, did you get this bondage on you ? In one day ? In one hour ? No. 'By little

and little.' So with the habit of intemperance. The first day a man don't go and wallow in the ditch. If he is well off, he begins with sparkling champagne or lively Clicquot or three X's. Now in the midnight, while trying to kill the snakes on his delirious pillow, he cries out to the doctor to give him rum. O, young man, stand off from the beginning of evil ! Though you should charge me with a Hibernicism, I will risk it, and say, Stop before you start. You say, 'I mingle with evil associates, and yet I am not contaminated.' But if you stand anywhere near them, you will get splashed with mire and pollution and moral dirt. This panther of evil habits has a velvet coat and sleek skin, and comes softly through the night to a man's temptation and squats before the soul. But if you have felt the clutch of his claw and sharp cut of his teeth, God pity you ! Remember we may not only go down gradually ourselves, but take others with us little by little. A minister of the Gospel stood in a reform meeting, and he was showing how that a man might take strong drink moderately and yet do right, and how the head of a family might have strong drink on his dining-table and yet do right in all this matter ; and after he had made a powerful and eloquent argument, he sat down in the pulpit. Then an aged man arose in the audience, and said, 'I have a broken heart. I have buried my only son. He started life with beautiful prospects. He is to-day in a drunkard's grave, and when he was dying he told me that he started that awful habit at the table of a Christian clergyman, and that Christian clergyman is the man who just sat down in the pulpit !' Oh ! may God keep us from ruin and keep us from taking others to ruin !"

HEAVENLY HAPPINESS.

WHEN we reach the bright realms above,
Where all is happiness and love ;
When we meet friends who've gone before—
Dear friends !—and meet to part no more ;
When we see our dear Saviour's face,
And feel His sweet refreshing grace :
Oh ! shall we not be happy then,
Under our Father's care,
In the glorious land of heaven,
To dwell for ever there !

But shall we all enter that place ?
Shall we all see our Saviour's face ?
That depends 'pon our actions here.
The Bible points out very clear,
That all who walk with God below,
Before His throne in heaven shall bow.
We should prepare our souls for heaven
Ere we are called away,
That all our sins may be forgiven—
At the great judgment day !

JOHN W. CLAY.



Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—We are pleased to notice increasing signs of life and vitality in this large and enterprising Union. As the parent organisation of Lancashire and Cheshire it is the object of the Union to extend the movement, and to promote the formation and management of Bands of Hope throughout the two counties. The operations of the Union include the issuing of two monthly magazines, *ONWARD* and *ONWARD RECITER*, the employing of competent agents and lecturers, the holding of conferences, public meetings, festivals, etc., the sustaining of Bands of Hope by the aid of voluntary speakers, the supplying of pledge cards, music and hymn books, prize books, and Band of Hope requisites. Hitherto but a small proportion of the large centres of the population has been reached; indeed, many important towns have not yet been brought under the influence of the Band of Hope movement. It is impossible to estimate the blessings which would accrue to the young and rising genera-

tion were these outlying districts faithfully missioned, and brought under the benign influence of temperance. Viewing the wide-spread evils of strong drink, and the dangers to which young people are thereby exposed, it is essential that greater efforts should be made to promote more direct and efficient temperance teaching among the young, by the establishment of Bands of Hope throughout these densely populated districts. The committee intend to hold a bazaar in the month of February next year, to raise a sum of money which shall clear off a debt now embarrassing the Union, and also place a fund at the disposal of the committee which shall enable them more efficiently to carry on operations. An institution formed to arrest the course of juvenile depravity, and to encourage the growth of better habits and a purer social life, we feel sure will merit the approval and enlist the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the friends of youth. It is proposed to raise at least £1,000 by the bazaar, and we hope their expectations will be realised.

LAME SARAH.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"**L**AME SARAH," the neighbours used to call her, or "the cripple;" but the girl knew nothing of that. She only heard the names of love her mother and grandmother showered upon her. Though at times she suffered much, she was not really unhappy. There was only one real trouble in Sarah's life—she could hardly remember her father at all, and if she asked about him, her grandmother frowned and her mother cried. She knew he was not dead, for sometimes her mother had a letter from him with money in it; but never since she had been lame had Sarah seen her father.

Poor child! she did not know that her own father was the cause of all her suffering—that in his drunken fury he had thrown her headlong down the stairs. When he saw what he had done he was sobered. He thought she would die, and so he ran away to escape punishment; and when he heard that she still lived, but was crippled, he could not bear to come back. Whether he still drank no one knew. Now and then he sent them money, but the poor wife had to sew from morning till night to keep the wolf from the door. Still Sarah had everything they could get to tempt her appetite, and they tried to be bright and cheerful for her sake.

At last one day, when grandma had gone out, Sarah said, "Mother, I do wish you'd let me write a note to father. You know I can write quite nicely now. I want to see him so much! Won't you let me write?"

The mother did not know what to say. She knew that her mother would not hear of asking Sarah's father to come back. Mrs. Price, the grandmother, was a stern woman. "Let him drink himself to death—only let him keep away," she would often say. But his wife forgave him, and she longed to tell him so. She felt that her child's wish might be given her by God, and dared not refuse.

"Well, dear, you write and I'll post it; but never say a word to grandma." So whenever the two were alone, Sarah would ask for her letter and painfully write a few more words. At last it was finished, and her mother, without reading it, sent it to the father, praying that it might touch his heart. About a week after, as Sarah sat trying to play with her doll, but secretly fretting a little because she had no answer to her letter, a knock came at the door and in walked a tall man. Sarah guessed in a moment who it was, but her mother's cry, "Frank, Frank!" would have told her.

"I'm come back. Sarah herself asked me, and, wife, I've never touched a drop since——"

"Hush!" whispered the wife. "Sarah knows nothing of that."

"God be thanked for that! I thought she knew. I've not made money, but I've been steady."

The poor man could hardly bear to look at the crippled child, but after a day or two, Sarah's favourite resting-place was in her father's strong arms, and the two were hardly ever separate.

As Sarah grew older and understood how it was she had become crippled, she often said that, since it opened her father's eyes to see the danger of drinking, she was glad it happened. But oh! it was a fearful price to pay. May none of you risk it by ever touching strong liquor!

FALLING LEAVES.

Now the withered leaves are falling
From each quivering branch and
bough;

And the sighing winds are calling,
O'er the mountain's cloud-kissed brow,
Unto Winter, ice-crowned seer,
Slowly drawing nigh apace;
Dying autumn's leaf-strewn bier
Sinks into forgotten space!

And I muse, and vainly ponder
On life's changing destinies;
More perplexed, I sadly wander
O'er its barqueless, trackless seas—
O'er the turbid sullen waters,
Stretching far from mortal sight,
Where the fallen have besought us
To give o'er the crownless fight.

Oh! my soul, the hours are telling
On the record of thy life;

Day by day thy time of dwelling
'Midst this dark, satanic strife
Lessens quickly, lessens surely,
Till death's ordeal looms before,
And thy feet, decrepit, poorly,
Tread the crumbling earth ne'er
more!

Thus the storm-clouds of existence
Hover o'er us constantly,
Whilst our day's hard-fought subsistence
Mingles with their lullaby.
So the hours shall wander onward,
Often sorrowed, often gay,
Till our souls shall, turning heavenward,
Glide into eternal day!

THOS. BEDDING.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"WERE you ever at Cork?" inquired a Father Matthew man of a tipsy Irishman. "Faith and I nivver was there, but I've seen a good many drawings of it."

A MEMBER of the Society of Friends was accosted in the street the other day by a sturdy mendicant in a state of inebriety, who said he wanted a little aid. The Friend recommended lemonade.

A GENTLEMAN remarks: "If in our school days the Rule of Three was proverbially trying, how much harder in after life do we find the Rule of One!" He has been married only fourteen months.

AN old Scotch lady gave a pointed reply to a minister who knew he had offended her, and expressed surprise that she should come so regularly to hear him preach. She said: "My quarrel's wi' you, man, it's not wi' the Gospel."

A DRUNKEN, worthless country man returning from a fair, fell asleep by the roadside, where a pig found him and began to lick his mouth. Sawney roared out 'Wha's kissen me noo? You see how it is to be weel liket among the lasses.'

"I WANT to ask you a question, Uncle John," said a little boy to his intemperate relative. "Well, my lad?" "Why is a rum hole like a bad twenty-five cent stamp?" "Well, really, I can't tell." "Because you can't pass it!"

A NAUTICAL PUN.—Two gentlemen, a few days since, took a boat at Blackfriars Bridge to go to the Tower. One of them asked the other if he could tell him what countryman the waterman was? He replied he could not. "Then," said his friend, "I can. He is a Roman (*Row-man*)."

A cockney, on hearing the above, said "'twas a wherry good pun."

PRACTICE flows from principle, for as a man thinks, so he will act.

Wine often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin.—*Addison*.

CONTENTMENT is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and happy purchase.

IMITATE the example of the locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water to wet his whistle.

A BEAUTIFUL smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one.

THE pursuit in which we cannot ask God's protection must be criminal; the pleasure for which we dare not thank him cannot be innocent.

MANY a man shifts his sins as men do their clothes; they put off one to put on another. This is not serving God, but is waiting upon the devil in a new livery.

THE BONDAGE OF SATAN.—A man of talent, and familiar with various languages, by the vice of drunkenness was reduced to the workhouse, and there made this awful confession: "I could not refrain from drink if it were to secure to me a crown of glory." Of such men may it not be said, "They are tied and bound with the chain of their sins?"

DR. JOHNSON says, "Abstinence, if nothing more, is at least a cautious retreat from the utmost verge of perdition, and confers that security which cannot be reasonably hoped for by him who dares always to hover over the precipice of destruction, or delights to approach the pleasures of which he knows it fatal to partake."

THE RUNAWAY'S RETURN.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

HE stood near the doorstep of his childhood's home. The light from the sitting-room window fell full upon him for a moment, and revealed a haggard face with anguish written on every feature, and a poor shivering body attired in rags, which the pitiless cold seemed determined to make into its victim, as it numbed his trembling limbs and laid its chilly hand upon his heart.

"Ah! me," he groaned; "I might have been within that home, honoured and blest. I wonder if they think of me still? Years ago I left its hallowed influences and holy restraints to indulge in a wild career of sinful pleasure. And this is what I have come to. Alas! alas! it is now too late to repent of the folly of my youth, for very soon it will be all over with me. I know it, I have felt it for some time past; and I longed for a last look at the dear old home faces; and to ask father and mother to forgive me before I die. Would they receive me back again?" He took a step forward; another step and he would be within reach of the bell, but he dared not ring. The remembrance of his past life rushed into his mind, and he felt as if his very presence would pollute the atmosphere of the home he so longed to enter. And as he thought of all the sorrow and shame his parents had suffered on his account, how he had disappointed their fondest hopes, and slighted their love, he shrank back for a moment irresolute; then hearing footsteps in the hall, as if someone was coming to the door, he slunk away into a dark entry close by, and overcome with his excitement, and exhausted by long exposure to hunger and cold, he became unconscious, and sinking down on the pavement, the fast drifting snow soon covered him with an icy cold sheet.

* * * * *

"I feel strangely uneasy to-night," said good old Dr. Henry to his wife, as he opened

the door of his splendid town residence and peered out into the darkness.

"I wonder where that runaway boy of ours is to-night. Will he never come back?" he wailed, still standing in the doorway as if looking for his son's return. Little did he think that his beloved one lay insensible in the street but a few yards from where he stood.

"Come in, dear," said Mrs. Henry, taking his arm; and gently drawing him in she closed the door carefully, and then led him back to the cosy sitting-room he had left but a short time before.

"They are all here except Arthur," he said to himself, as he looked round on the bright young faces gathered at his hearth that New Year's eve; and a tear stole down his cheek as he thought of the many New Year gatherings which had taken place there since his beloved and only son had left to wander in the byways of sin. Indeed he had begun to despair of ever beholding his son's face again, and his heart sank within him as all hope of his boy's return seemed to die away, leaving nothing but uncertainty and suspense behind.

"Cheer up, my love," said his devoted wife, trying to console him, while her own heart was well-nigh breaking; "he may come back yet, who knows? and he is in God's hands; let us try to leave him there for the present, and be cheerful for the sake of the dear children who are still with us."

Just then there was a shuffling of many feet on the pavement outside, and the sound of many voices in eager consultation was heard from the street; again Dr. Henry went to the door, and seeing that a number of men were evidently removing the snow from the body of a man, he seized his hat and hastened out to see if he could render any assistance.

"Poor fellow," said a policeman, "I found him lying here in the snow as I was

passing. I am afraid it is all over with him. What do you think, doctor?"

"There is life in him yet," replied Dr. Henry, after a hasty examination. "Bring him into my house, my wife and daughters will know what to do for him," said the kind-hearted physician.

Very carefully did those rough-looking men convey the poor unfortunate into the doctor's house, where in a short time he was placed in a warm bed and proper restoratives were given and applied by Mrs. Henry and her daughters, assisted by the servant-man, James, who gladly gave all the help he could; for, like his employers, he had a kind heart, and he greatly pitied the poor creature who had so unexpectedly come under their care. The policeman, at the doctor's suggestion, searched the pockets of the patient to see if anything could be found by which he could be identified.

"He may have friends who will be anxious about him," said Dr. Henry, again reverting in his mind to his own trouble.

The policeman found nothing except an old pocket-book, which he opened, and on the fly-leaf he read—"Presented to Arthur Henry, with the love and prayers of his affectionate father, Jan. 1st. 18—"

The doctor gave a start; it was his own son, his long lost son, whom he had taken in and tended so carefully. But oh, how changed he was! So much so that he could trace but little resemblance between the sufferer before him and the youth who had once been the pride and joy of his life.

The doctor and his wife both wept bitterly as they gazed on the wreck of their hopes. Glad indeed were they to receive him back, but sorrow filled their hearts as they read in his emaciated appearance the tale of his dissipated life.

The policeman respectfully withdrew and left the now re-united family to their joyful and sorrowful surprise. Mrs. Henry bent down over her son, and pressed a mother's kiss of forgiveness on his forehead, whilst her husband paced to and fro lost in his own conflicting emotions. "Oh! that we had taught him to avoid the wine-cup in his boyhood," he groaned. "Before he went to college he was everything we could de-

sire—dutiful, affectionate and full of promise. Oh! if we had only bought him up a thorough abstainer, he would have gone to college surrounded by the safeguard of total abstinence, and then he could never have thus become a victim of intemperance. Wife," he exclaimed, turning suddenly towards her, "we have made a terrible blunder in allowing the wine-cup a place on our table. We are greatly to blame, I fear, for our poor boy's fall, for he learned to take wine first at home, and thus he would be easily led into dissolute habits when brought into contact with bad companions. Oh, that we had warned him from the first to beware of these seductive drinks, for they ruin both body and soul!"

Here the sufferer began to show signs of returning consciousness; and on opening his eyes he slowly realized that he was once more within the dear old home of his happy childhood and youth. Very tenderly his stricken parents bent over him, as he murmured feebly, "Forgive me, forgive me! alas, I have sinned!"

He could say no more through weakness; from that time he gradually sank, and when the bells rang out their glad welcome to the new-born year, the soul of Arthur Henry had passed to its final account. Thus the gifted and beloved son of fond affectionate parents, with all the advantages of education and social position, became a broken wreck on the rocks of intemperance before his bark had been fairly launched on life's ocean. From that time forward the wine-cup was banished from the doctor's home; and in his declining years he strove by example and precept to remove the evil which had darkened his home with a never-to-be-forgotten sorrow.

SIXPENCE a day saved from the public-house, if invested in a building society, and allowed to accumulate, would amount to £301 9s. 6d. in twenty years.

I HAD the greatest of blessings that could be bestowed on a man—a mother who was anxious and capable to form her children to what they ought to be.—*J. Quincy Adams.*

MIND YOUR Ps AND Qs.

A MODEL BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

BY REV. JOSEPH JOHNSON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

As I wish to give you a model Band of Hope address, I am quite sure that you will behave like model members of a Band of Hope. All those people who are *well*-behaved, whether they are great or small, young or old, rich or poor, are ladies and gentlemen. It is not living in fine houses, or wearing smart clothes, or having grand things to call our own, that makes us ladies and gentlemen; but in being courteous and kind, patient and gentle to all. Since all good boys and girls in Bands of Hope know how to behave, and what good manners are, they will not be puzzled when I say every one in the Band of Hope should mind their Ps and Qs.

Now, can you tell me any temperance Ps and Qs that should never be forgotten? What does the Pledge do for us? Why I think it

- (1) *Pre*-pares us for the evil of strong drink.
- (2) *Pre*-serves us from the evils of strong drink.
- (3) *Pre*-vents the evils themselves.

(1) *It Prepares us.* There is an old saying which is very true, and which we all should do well very often to remember, "*forewarned is forearmed*"—that is to say, that knowing evils and dangers beforehand will make us ready for them. If we knew that a road was infested with robbers we should not go unless we were provided with weapons. If we knew that there was small-pox or fever about, and that we were liable to catch the disease, being prepared we should avoid the evil. If we knew a certain train was liable to accident we should not go. If we thought an enemy or foe meant to kill us, we should take every precaution, and try and get him shut up, so that he could not do any harm.

Now, our Band of Hope prepares us for after life. Here we learn all about the evils our enemy, strong drink, can do, and here, too, we find the only weapon that will slay the giant.

- (2) *It Preserves* or protects us. It is

necessary to be more than warned of danger. Many there are who know and feel all the evils arising from the use of drink in others, but never seek to protect themselves or others from its evil influences. Our pledge is an invaluable armour against the foe—it is a fort and shelter behind which we are always safe. It is more than a way of escape from danger—it guards while we fight, and so completely shields us, that while we keep it we are always safe. When we go out in very cold weather we put on thick clothes to protect us from the inclement frost and snow. Now, before we go out into the temptations of life, we should take the precaution of having a safeguard from one of its greatest causes of ruin. Our pledge protects us like a lightning-conductor protects high chimneys—the little electric wire will render the scathing lightning harmless in the most dreadful storms.

(3) It does more than prepare or protect, it *Prevents* the evil. It not only removes danger and helps effectually to stay the evil at all times, and under all circumstances, but it entirely removes the very cause. It is the most sure "*pain-killer*" that has ever been discovered. No other remedy has been thought of, and it is so perfect that no other will ever be needed. So if you only keep the pledge and mind your temperance Ps, you will be Prepared, Protected, and Prevented from suffering any evils from drink.

Now, I wish you to mind your Qs in the temperance work, and there are three for you to remember—

- (1) That the Band of Hope work is *Quiet* work.
- (2) " " *Quick* work.
- (3) " " *Quite* sure work

It is *Quiet* work—all good and great work is quiet. God works quietly. This is how the spring comes, and the flowers grow. Our fight against wrong is not with guns and cannons, but one of love, and patience, and faith.

Though quiet, the work is *Quick* in remedying the evil; and, what is more than that, the work is growing quickly—more people see and feel the importance every

day; doctors and ministers are coming on to our side.

And above all, we may be *Quite* sure the work is good. The motive is pure, the end for which we work is noble, and the plan we adopt is as wise and good as the results. And no more beautiful work can children do than to unite together to quietly and quickly drive out the evil. If every boy and girl in England did this, we are all *quite* sure the end would be one grand triumphant victory that would help to bring the reign of God's blessed and heavenly kingdom.

Therefore remember the Band of Hope Ps and Qs.

What the Band of Hope does for us :—

Prepares us	} from strong drink and its evils.
Protects us	
Prevents us	

How the Band of Hope works :—

Quiet work	} against strong drink.
Quick work	
Quite sure work	

SONNET FOR THE NEW YEAR.

COMETH the New Year with new hopes
and joys,

Leaving behind us in the past old ways,
All evil that distracts us and annoys,

Sorrows and tears, regrets of other days,
Lost in the night that none can e'er recall :

Bringing new light for service and for
Fresh opportunities for each, and all [love ;

To spread our wings, and seeking like
the dove,

The olive-branch of peace far o'er the
waste

Of time's unmeasured sea, till at the last
We show to men "goodwill on earth"
firm placed [past,

Above the floods of strife and tempest
Then enter in the ark to find the rest,
For in the end God giveth each the best.

TOM BLAKE.

TOM BLAKE, the street-sweeper,
Was ragged and poor,
He had not a shilling
To lay by in store :

Yet true and kind-hearted,
Though tattered and bare,
The small birds in winter
His bounty would share.

They sang him sweet ditties,
And picked up each crumb—
With Tom for companion
They felt quite at home.

With besom and shovel
So busy each day,
Tom earned well the little
He got for his pay.

A gentleman passing
Took pity on Tom ;
He bought him new clothing,
And found him a home.

To school he then sent him
To learn all he could —
And Tom was attentive,
Obedient, and good.

By close application
Tom mastered each rule,
And soon was considered
The best boy in school.

Tom next went to college,
And took a first prize,
And soon was competing
With men great and wise.

At last, through the wide world
Men heard of his fame—
The ragged street-sweeper
Professor became.

And now, my dear children,
The secret I tell :
Whate'er Tom attempted
He learned to do well.

He rose to high station
From very low place—
And you, by right effort,
May win in life's race.

If honest endeavour
Your rule you would make,
Remember the story
Of ragged Tom Blake.

W. HOYLE.



"The ragged street sweeper
Professor became."—p. 4.

A FRESH START.

A DIALOGUE BY W. HOYLE.

CHARACTERS :

BROWN *a Drunkard.*
 JONES *a Teetotaler.*
 MRS. JONES *his Wife.*
 LUCY *his Daughter.*

Brown. Well, here I am at last in a pretty fine condition, however ! Out of work, out of home, not a friend in the world, not a shilling in my pocket ! What's to be done ? Where must I go ? While I had money I thought it right to be jolly, but it's awfully serious now—awfully. Fancy me sleeping to-night at the workhouse, like a common pauper ! Of course they'll have to take me in ; I can't lie in the street. I shall get a night's lodging and a breakfast, and then tramp on to the next town. Oh yes, they'll take me in. Take me in !—ah, I've been taken in before now ; it's all before my mind like a panorama. While I was working and had plenty of money, the landlord was always pleased to see me. I thought him the kindest fellow in creation—so polite, so obliging. He would say, "Good morning, Mr. Brown ; rather cold, step inside and warm yourself. Oh, by-the-by, have you heard ?" and then he would go on to tell me something wonderful that had just happened. Of course I could not listen to such interesting news without having a pint or two. Then, as I was leaving, he would say, "Oh, did I tell you we are having a professional gentleman to sing at our free-and-easy this week ?" What a simpleton I've been ! I went in, of course, night after night, fooled away the time with smoke, drink, and song. I am not the only fool in the world, I know, but the knowledge that thousands are caught in the same trap does not make my case less miserable. I feel enraged at my own folly. I can't rest ; no work, no home, not a shilling in my pocket, not a—(Enter Mr. JONES.)

Jones. Mr. Brown ! Mr. Brown ! Really, is that you ? My old friend Brown that I went to school with twenty years ago ! Ha, how glad I am to meet you. But, dear me, how strangely you have altered !

Brown. Ah, Mr. Jones, don't—don't ask any questions. The fact is, what is done can't be undone. If a man plays the fool the best ten years of his life he can't recal the past. No, I'm reaping the reward of my own folly, and I deserve it all. Good bye, Mr. Jones, you may never see me again !

Jones. Nay, Mr. Brown, I don't part with an old schoolmate so easily. You're in great distress, and it is in my power to help you. I have just come to reside in this town again, and I heard you were out of work, so I determined to find you. I have a situation ready for you.

Brown. Have you ? Heaven bless you, Mr. Jones ! I would rather break stones on the highway than endure this remorse. Oh, Mr. Jones, bless you ! Give me your hand. (*Shake hands.*)

Jones. I have bought large works on the hill-side yonder, and I can promise you permanent employment and good wages ; but—now mark what I say, Mr. Brown—one condition you must observe, and that is, you must have no drink.

Brown. Mr. Jones ! Will you try me ?

Jones. I will. Meet me at five o'clock at my house this evening. Take this ; you will find my address in it (*gives him a letter*). You must excuse me now, I have an appointment. Good morning. (*Shake hands.*)

Brown. Good morning. (*Exit JONES. Opens the letter.*) There's surely some mistake here (*reads*). "Dear Mr. Brown, please accept the enclosed five pounds ; it will be useful to you. Your old friend Jones, Woodland House, Sunnyside." What have I done to deserve such kindness ? Nothing. A friend in need is a friend indeed. I will work like a man and pay him back every penny. (*Looks at his old clothes.*) I haven't spent a shilling in clothes for three years ! Bad trade, eh ? We may well have bad trade while such noodles as I are all over the country, instead of finding work for tailors, hatters, shoemakers, drapers, and a score of other productive industries, taking our hard-learned money to the landlord. Oh, when

I think of it and now turn to the other picture and look at my friend and benefactor, Mr. Jones, the proprietor of Woodland House and a large employer of labour, I feel enraged at my own folly. What has made the difference? He has been sober, industrious, persevering, while I have been drinking and letting every opportunity pass unheeded. Never mind, I'll have a fresh start. My friend shall not see me again in these old ragged clothes; I'll let him see that I know how to spend his money. I'll have a new suit. No more calling at the "Green Dragon." No, no! I've been green too long. I daresay the landlord will try to get me into his net again; it's too late this time. Self-government, self-respect, sober, industrious, persevering—God helping me, these shall be my watchwords. Let me see, where is there a respectable tailor's shop? Why, it's striking twelve and I've ever so much to do, I must be off. (*Exit BROWN. Enter Mrs. JONES and Daughter.*)

Mrs. Jones. Lucy, dear, set the tea-things; I expect pa directly.

Lucy. Yes, ma. (*Makes all ready. Enter JONES and BROWN.*)

Jones. Mr. Brown, allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Jones and my daughter Lucy. (*Shake hands, etc.*) Now, Mr. Brown, without further ceremony, draw up to the table. Pour out the tea, ma. I've had a long walk and feel hungry, and my friend can do with his tea. (*They sit down and get tea together.*) Mr. Brown, I always enjoy a cup of tea, I suppose you do? (*Brown wipes his eyes.*) Now, Mr. Brown, don't give way to sadness, there's a good time coming—do take something.

Brown. Thank you, Mr. Jones, I will. I was thinking of twenty years ago.

Jones. When you and I started in life, I suppose?

Brown. Exactly. I had larger means and a fairer prospect than you, but—

Jones. Well, well—never mind. Take another cup.

Brown. Drink has ruined me, Mr. Jones. It took away my prosperity and made me a bankrupt. I got a situation, but lost it

through drink—in fact, drink has robbed me of money, friends, character, and—

Jones. There, that will do. We know it all, Mr. Brown. It is the old, old story. But you are going to have a fresh start in life. I want to take you over to see my works, but before we go you must hear Lucy sing a song or two, I am very fond of home life and I like to make it cheerful. Lucy, what will you sing?

Mrs. Jones. Pa, Lucy's got a slight cold to-day. Will you favour Mr. Brown with that new song you sang us last night, you know—"The Jovial Abstinence." Do, please, I like it; Lucy will accompany you.

Jones. All right, ma. (*JONES sings—*

THE JOVIAL ABSTAINER.

A glass of cold water for me, boys,
'Tis better than brandy or beer;
Old toppers may say what they like, boys,
I'm not to be caught with a jeer.
I'll hold to the pledge while there's life, boys,
A traitor I never will be,
Then here's to the jovial abstainer,
A life with the merry and free—
The brave-hearted jovial abstainer,
A life with the merry and free.

I pity the poor fallen drunkard,
Fast bound with false habit he lies,
The landlord with fine house and music,
His traffic so artfully plies.
In vain are his gilded allurements,
The beauties of Temp'rance I see—
Then here's, etc.

A glass of cold water for me, boys,
I'll hold to it while there is life,
'Tis better for all we hold dear, boys—
Home pleasures, fond children, and wife.
My heart it goes bounding before boys,
Where lov'd ones are waiting for me—
Then here's, etc.

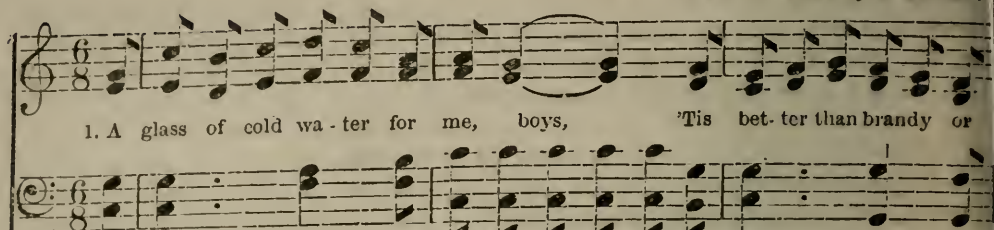
Brown. Thank you, Mr. Jones, thank you. It is all true and excellent. I have learned the secret of success in life to-day, and, God helping me, those sentiments shall be mine through life.

Jones. Come along, Mr. Brown, a walk will do you good.

Brown. Thank you, Mr. Jones, I will, and therewith I begin the Fresh Start. (*Exit all.*)

THE JOVIAL ABSTAINER.

Words and Music by W. HOYLE.

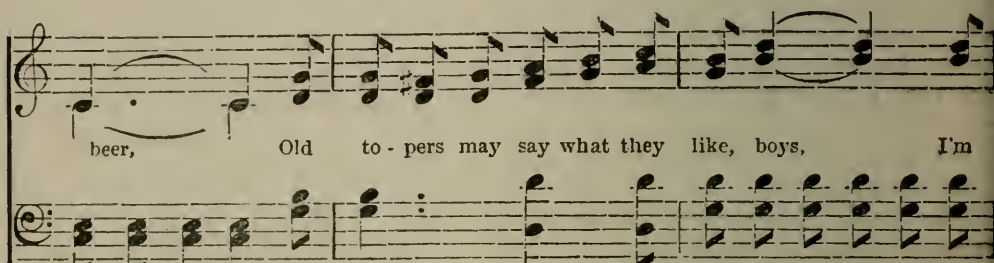


1. A glass of cold wa-ter for me, boys, 'Tis bet-ter than brandy or

1. A glass of cold wa-ter for me, boys, 'Tis bet-ter than

1. S d' : t : d' | r' : d : l | l : s : - | - : - : f m : f : s | f : m : r
2. I pi - ty the poor fal - len drunkard, Fast bound with false habit he
3. A glass of cold wa-ter for me, boys, I'll hold to it while there is

1. S s : - : - | l : - : t d' : d' : d' | d' : d' : s s : - : - | s : - : f
2. I pi - ty the poor fall - en drunkard, Fast bound with fa'se
3. A glass of cold wa-ter for me, boys, I'll hold to it
d : - : - | f : - : f d : d : d | d : d : t, d : - : - | s, : - : s,

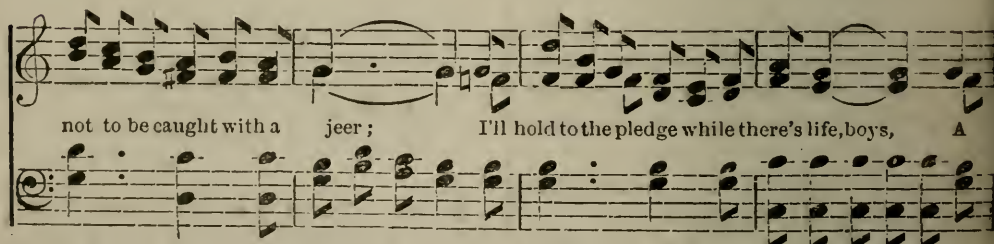


beer, Old to - pers may say what they like, boys, I'm

bran - dy or beer, Old to - - pers may say what they like, boys, I'm

KEY t. G.

d : - : - | - : - : s d d : t, : d | r : m : f m : s : - | - : - : s
lies; The landlord with fine house and mu - sic, His
life; 'Tis bet - ter for all we hold dear, boys, Home
d : - : - | - : - : r s, s, : s, | t, : d : r d : m : - | - : - : m
m : m : m | m : - : t m m : - : s : - : s s : s : s | s : s : s
ha - bit he lies; The land - lord with fine house and mu - sic, His
while there is life; 'Tis bet - ter for all we hold dear, boys, Home
d : d : d | d : - : - : s d d : - : - | s, : - : s, d : d : d | d : d : d



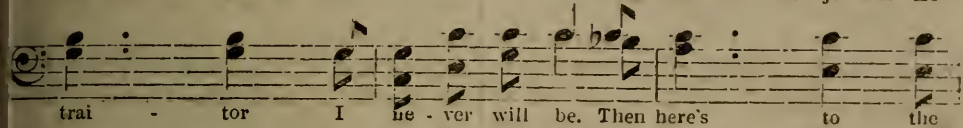
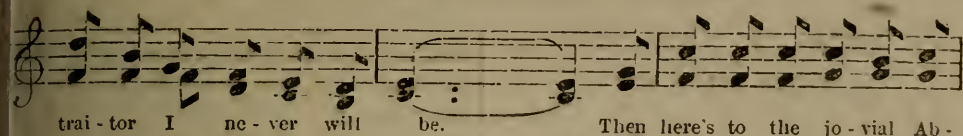
not to be caught with a jeer; I'll hold to the pledge while there's life, boys, A

not to be caught with a jeer; I'll hold to the pledge while there's life, boys, A

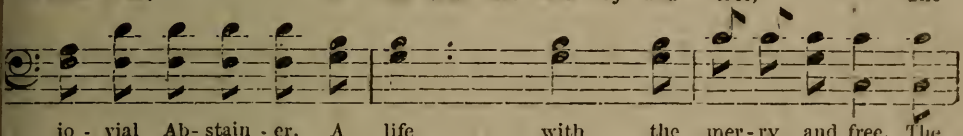
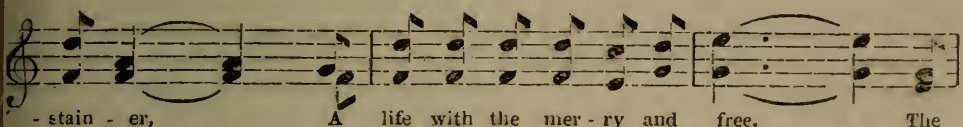
KEY C. f.

s : f : m | r : m : r d : - : - | - : - : d s r' : t : s | f : m : f l : s : - | - : - : s
traffic so art - ful - ly plies; In vain are his gilded al - lurements, The
pleasures, fond children & wife, My heart it goes bounding be - fore, boys, Where
m : r : d | t, : t, : t, d : - : - | - : - : t a f f : f : f | r : d : r f : m : - | - : - : f
s : - : - | f : - : f m : s : f | m : - : m t t : - : - | t : - : t d' : d' : d' | d' : d' : t
traf - fic so artfully plies; In vain are his gilded allurements, The
plea - sures, fond children and wife, My heart it goes bounding before, boys, Where
d : - : - | s, : - : s, d : m : r | d : - : - : d s s : - : - | s : - : s d : d : d | d : d : s

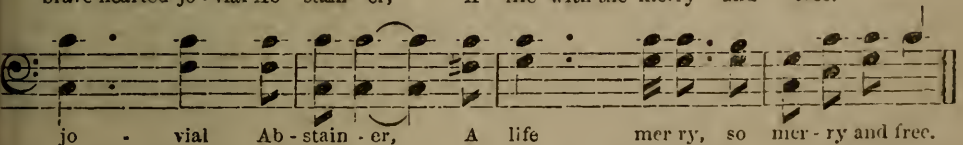
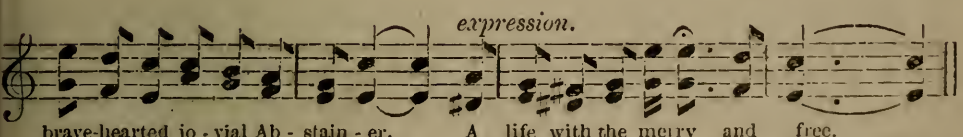
THE JOVIAL ABSTAINER—continued.



r' : t : s	f : m : r	m : — : — : — : s	d' : d' : d' d' : t : d'
beau-ties of Temp'rance I see. }	loved ones are wait-ing for me. }		Then here's to the jo - vial Ab -
f : f : f	r : d : t	d : — : — : — : m	f : f : f s : s : s
t : — : — : t : — : s	s : d' : d' d' : — : d'	d' : — : — : d' : — : d'	
beau-ties of Temp'rance I see. }	loved ones are wait-ing for me. }	Then here's to the	
s : — : — : s : — : s	d : m : s d' : — : ta	l : — : — : m : — : m	



r' : l : — : — : s	r' : r' : r' r' : d' : r'	m' : — : — : — : s
stain-er, A life with the mer - ry and free, The		
f : f : — : — : f	f : f : f f : m : s	s : — : — : — : m
l : r' : r' r' : r' : t	t : — : — : t : — : t	d' : d' : d' d' : — : d'
jo - vial Ab - stain - er, A life with the mer - ry and free, The		
f : f : f f : f : s	s : — : — : s : — : s	d' : d' : s d : — : d



m' : r' : d' d' : t : l	s : d' : — : — : l	s : fe : s m' : m' : — : r'	d' : — : — : — : —
brave-hearted jo - vial Ab - stainer, A life with the merry and free.			
s : f : m l : s : f	m : m : — : — : re	m : re : m s : s : — : f	m : — : — : — : —
d' : — : — : d' : — : d'	d' : d' : — : — : d'	d' : — : — : t	s : d' : d' d' : — : —
jo - vial Ab - stainer, A life mer - ry, so merry and free.			
d : — : — : f : — : f	d : d : — : — : fe	s : — : — : s	d : m : s d' : — : —

A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS.

IT was not as easy for Alice King to become a member of the Band of Hope as it is for some of our young friends, who receive every encouragement from home-relatives anxious to see them devoted to the temperance cause. There was no one in Alice King's home to encourage her to join the temperance ranks : indeed, whenever she mentioned that her schoolfellows were persistent in their appeals to her to join the Band of Hope, Alice's father and mother quietly discouraged her from taking such a step, saying that there was no necessity for it ; that since only the example of strict moderation was before her in her home, they did not think she was in any danger of ever becoming a drunkard, and consequently there was no need for her to sign the pledge.

It was quite true that no member of the King family, excepting two or three relatives in distant towns, was a hard drinker ; and so, not having the evil directly under their eyes day after day, Mr. and Mrs. King took no pains to inquire into the evil nature and influence of drink. All around them were drunkards—men and women whom they knew, hurrying down to destruction ; but the sight of these miserable people did not affect them deeply ; they could shut their eyes to their sad condition and force them out of mind.

Alice's father and mother were in comfortable, well-to-do circumstances, and Alice was shielded from the troubles which fall so early upon the shoulders of less-favoured children. When she first attended a Band of Hope meeting in connection with her Sunday-school, she was much shocked and pained by what she heard of the sorrows of the drunkard's home ; and when it was urged upon her that the influence of all who habitually used intoxicating drink helped to foster the evils over which so many mourned, Alice felt that she would like to throw her influence, small and poor though it might be, in the scale of right, and become an earnest Band of Hope member.

One evening, after attending a little meeting, and being much affected by what she had heard, she brought the subject up once more in a quiet chat with her mother. Her younger brothers and sisters were gone to bed, and as Alice sat enjoying her supper of bread and milk beside a delightful fire, the warmth of both being very grateful to her after her homeward walk through the cold of a rainy November evening, she said, thankfully, "What a thing it is, mamma, to have a peaceful, cosy home, and everything one wants !" Her mother looked pleased, and smiled as she replied, "I am glad to see you appreciate your blessings, Alice." "Oh ! I do more than ever after going to a Band of Hope meeting," replied Alice. We hear such sad tales of dear little children who know nothing of comforts, whose homes are so wretched through their parents' drinking that they have often to go without food, and fire, and warm clothes, and all such needful things. Isn't it dreadful ?"

"Yes ; and their parents ought to be very much ashamed of themselves, my dear, for being so wicked and unnatural," answered Mrs. King, indignantly. "It is really awful to think that human beings can be so devoid of feeling." "But they say at these meetings, mamma, that when they begin to drink they have no intention of wronging their families in this way ; they are just moderate drinkers at first, and then the craving for more gradually grows upon them till they are drunkards almost before they know it. And then they seem to have no wish or will to give it up, and so everything goes to ruin, and the poor dear children suffer dreadfully. I sometimes think, suppose if we—Bertie and Mabel, and Willy and Florry and me—had parents who drank, and a terrible home like the drunkard's home, oh ! what should we do ? It would kill me to see those dear children suffer as some do."

From this little speech you will perceive that Alice, although only twelve years old, was a tender-hearted little woman. Her mother rejoiced to see her so feeling, and after looking grave for a moment over the words she had spoken, Mrs. King suddenly

smiled, and said, "You don't fear that papa and I are going to turn out wicked, I hope, Alice?"

"Oh, no, mamma," answered Alice, smiling also. "But this gentleman was telling us this evening that people who were as unlikely to go wrong as we are at home here, were sometimes led on step by step to crave for more and more drink, until they became drunkards. And he said that some of them had hearts as loving towards their children as our parents have towards us; and he said that in their sober seasons they grieved dreadfully to think how their children suffered through their wickedness."

"Well, it seems very strange to me, Alice, if their hearts are loving, that they don't give up the drink for their children's sakes, when they see how they make them suffer through it."

"Well, mamma, I don't know how it is, but I should like to give up touching it now, for fear I should ever grow to like it too well, as so many people do. I would indeed like to give up taking the little beer I have at dinner, if you will let me; and when I can join the Band of Hope. Then you will be sure that however long I may live I shall never become a drunkard."

"You seem to think, Alice, that *only* those who don't drink at all are *sure* of not becoming drunkards."

"And what do you think, mamma, dear?" asked Alice.

"Well, of course, those who never drink *cannot* become drunkards; but at the same time it is certain that thousands of people who now drink moderately will never become intemperate."

"But we are not nearly so certain about them as about those who don't drink at all, are we, mamma?"

"I suppose we cannot be *quite* so certain, dear."

"Then I think it's better to be on the *very* safe side, mamma," remarked Alice, smiling. "More especially," she added, gravely, "when our example may help to save others from becoming drunkards."

"Well, my dear, if you are really

desirous of joining the Band of Hope, I have no objection, and I don't think papa will have any. We do not think there is any *need* for your joining; but as you seem so wishful to do so we shall not oppose you." Alice rose from her seat to wish her mother good-night, and to give her an extra kiss for this permission; and then she went light-heartedly up to bed. She had to mount four flights of stairs, for her bedroom was over her mother's, both being in the front of the house. Alice drew aside the blind before she turned up the gas, as she was in the habit of doing every night, to see what the weather was like. The rain had ceased, and the moon was struggling with the clouds—now shining out clearly, now disappearing behind a heavy cloud, then presently shining clear again. There was a street-lamp just outside the house, and it revealed the wet pavements, and the thick mud in the road. There were no houses opposite, but a high wall that bounded the garden of the corner house in the next street. There was very little to look at, yet Alice stayed at the window many minutes, thinking deeply. She was thinking of some of the scenes which the fair moon was looking down upon—of dingy courts and alleys filled with drunken clamour, of miserable men and women reeling through the dreary streets, of still more miserable children, homeless and forsaken, crouching about doorways from the chill November wind.

Alice had a tender, pitiful little heart, and tears filled her eyes as she turned at length from the window and knelt to pray earnestly for her suffering fellow-creatures. Before undressing herself she went and leaned over a little crib in the corner of the room to kiss her chubby-faced sister, Florry, who was sleeping peacefully. This little three-year old girl was Alice's only bedroom companion.

Having kissed her and given her an extra tuck-up, Alice hastened to get to bed, for she was getting cold now, and it was late for her to be up; the town-hall clock struck ten just as she crept into bed and wrapped herself cosily up. But although it was late, Alice felt no inclina-

tion to go to sleep; perhaps she was a little excited by what she had heard that evening—but at any rate sleep at present seemed to be quite out of question. She heard the servant lock up the doors and come upstairs with a slow and heavy step; then she heard her papa's step; and not long after the town-hall clock struck eleven.

Still Alice was not sleeping. Occasionally a hurrying pedestrian passed along the street; then she heard the measured tread of a policeman; whistles sounded from the railway-station in the neighbourhood, and the puffing of distant trains; then when other sounds ceased, she took notice of the gusts of wind, and the pattering of rain now and then against the window.

With a feeling of intense thankfulness for her warm and comfortable bed, she tucked herself up and resolutely closed her eyes to go to sleep.

But in a few minutes she was startled by the pitiful wail of a child, and she half rose in bed to listen. "Mammy! Mammy!" cried the little voice; "get up, mammy! Take me home!"

Alice listened breathlessly for a response; but the wind rattled the window, and the rain dashed against it, so that she could hear nothing, until the little voice rose again, piteously calling, "Mammy! Mammy!"

Alice sprang out of bed and drew aside the blind, for the sound seemed to come just from below. The little one who was in such trouble was not, however, directly under Alice's window, but on the opposite side of the road, crouching under the high wall, beside a woman lying full length along the wet pavement. "Mammy! Mammy!" she continued crying; and then she sat down in the wet beside her mother, looking this way and that, as if for help, and sobbing piteously.

"Oh, if it was our Florry!" sighed Alice, with a great heart-throb that brought the tears like rain from her eyes. "And she's only just as big as our dear Florry—poor little pet! To think of a baby like that sitting out in the wet streets crying, at eleven o'clock at night, instead of being

cosy in bed like our children. And to think of her having a drunken mother."

Alice had no doubt that the woman *was* drunk. It did not cross her mind that she might be ill, or in a fit. But in a few moments she was assured of the real state of the case; the little one dragged desperately at the woman's clothes, and raised her cry of "mammy!" louder than ever. Upon which the woman made an effort to get up, and striking savagely at the child, sent her rolling into the gutter.

It nearly broke Alice's heart to see how the little one got up and stood some distance from its mother, crying more quietly in its desolation and misery.

Some one else was looking out upon this sad scene; at the window below stood Mrs. King, all her motherly tenderness aroused on behalf of that forlorn child over the way; her heart heaved with pity, and her eyes filled with tears, as she said to her husband, who was beside her, "Poor little thing, I wish we could do something for her."

"It is a common enough sorrow that," remarked Mr. King. "I suppose the children are the greatest sufferers through the drunkenness which prevails in our country."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. King, thinking of her own darlings, shielded from want and sorrow, "I fear we don't think half enough about such miserable little ones as that child across there. What tongue can tell the wretchedness of her young life, day after day, with such a mother as that? And, oh! what will her future be?"

"She will probably take to drink to drown her misery, following the evil example set before her," remarked Mr. King, thoughtfully.

Mrs. King stood pondering a minute, with that piteous cry ringing in her ears, then she said, "Oh, dear! what a dreadful thing this drink is! Alice is wise and right to wish to have nothing to do with it. As she says, her example may do good, and it can never do harm in that sad direction."

After another pause she went on, "Would it be any good to go and fetch that poor dear child in, and keep her comfortable till morning, do you think? But see! is not

that a policeman coming along? Ah, now I suppose the little one will be looked after."

They stood watching with extreme interest the efforts of the policeman to make this soddened specimen of womanhood "move on." The child cried worse than ever when she saw the policeman touch her mother; but he stooped and spoke to the frightened little one and soon calmed her. And in a few moments they began their march to the station, the policeman holding the woman firmly by one arm to keep her from falling.

Alice then crept back to bed, weeping tears of sympathy.

"Lord help me to do *something* for such miserable creatures as these!" she prayed earnestly. "Help me to fight against the evil of drink."

In the room below, her mother lay awake a long time, thinking more seriously and deeply on this point than ever she had done before. "Surely it's our duty as Christian people," she said to herself, "to fight against this dreadful drink to the utmost of our power. And surely the way to begin is to set the example of total abstinence, as my dear Alice wishes to do. Well, I must consider about it."

The next morning at breakfast this little incident of the night was freely talked over, and much sympathy was expressed on all sides for the suffering child. Mrs. King referred to some of the thoughts which had passed through her mind as she lay awake, to which Alice eagerly responded: "Oh, mamma! do let us all sign the pledge, and become a teetotal family. I'm sure we might do a great deal of good if we did."

"We must give the subject our serious consideration, must we not, papa?" said Mrs. King, looking across the table at her husband.

He looked grave for a minute, then he smiled and nodded, and said, "Yes, we will; and if Alice should get her heart's desire, what a consummation it will be! Why, if the cry of every drunkard's child could produce such results, England would very soon be a sober nation!"

"These cries go up to God every night from miserable young children," said Mrs.

King, with tears in her eyes. "It will become us, I think, to regard this one which sounded at our very doors, and to let good come out of it."

The face of our new Band of Hope member grew radiant; and she silently thanked God that they had heard that pitiful cry in the night, and also for the good which was to come of it.

THE DISCONTENTED LABOURER.

BY T. H. EVANS.

ONE day a farm-labourer, far better educated than the majority of his class, picked up a scrap of newspaper on his way home from work. It contained a very sweet little poem in praise of country life. Ben sat down by the wayside to read it.

"If I could only write something like that," said Ben, talking aloud to himself, "I should feel that I was really somebody, and of some use in the world; but I'm little better than a poor beast of the field, living unknown, and when dead I shall soon be forgotten."

Ben was so absorbed in thought he had not noticed the approach of the good old rector of the parish, who, having crossed the field behind where Ben was standing, stopped at the stile and overheard the conversation our humble hero was having with himself.

"Do not be cast down," said the kindly voice of the rector, "nor think so meanly of yourself or your occupation. He who faithfully performs his allotted task, however humble it may be, plays an important part in the battle of life. It is only a few who, by some mighty deed, or deeds, can become famous. Only one in a whole nation can be a king, and wear a crown. But although the honours and distinctions of the great may excite the envy of those less favoured, be not deceived by all the pomp and glitter that fame can bestow, for the wealth and greatness of a nation depend not upon the titled few, but on the nameless heroes and

uncrowned kings around us, who earn their bread by honest toil. Be proud of your toil-worn hands and sunburnt brow, and dusty suit of russet-brown, for though your life may never give to the world a poem sublime or grand romance, it is within itself a grand old piece of prose. Do you catch my meaning, my worthy friend?"

"I see it all quite plain," said thoughtful Ben, who had listened most attentively to every word the rector said.

"You must not think the place you fill is of no importance because the world takes so little notice of you. Labour on and be contented with your lot, honest in all your ways, simple in all your habits. Keep near to Nature and learn of her, remembering that he best serves and honours God who loves his neighbour as himself, and strives to do his duty."

Shaking Ben warmly by the hand, the rector departed. Ben felt, as he wended his way home, strengthened and refreshed in spirit, stronger in heart and purpose for the contest in future; for he could see, though he had not the ability to express it in words, that there was dignity in honest labour—that it conferred honour upon even the humblest, and that though his hard and obscure life had nothing in it of poetry or romance, yet it was something even better still, a "grand old piece of prose," and that he was as important in his place as those the world calls rich and great, though fickle fame knew not his name, nor crowned him with a wreath.

THREE THINGS A WOMAN CANNOT DO.—To pass a bonnet-shop without stopping; to see a baby without kissing it; and to admire a piece of lace without inquiring "how much it was per yard."

AN American lady coming from Canada assured the Customs Officer that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunk; but he dived down and found a dozen bottles of brandy stowed away. "Madam," demanded he, slowly, "do you call these wearing apparel?" "Yes," the lady demurely replied; "these are my husband's nightcaps." She had him there.

DOES ALCOHOL MAKE US WARMER?

BY UNCLE BEN.

AS the weather is cold, and it is winter time, we all like to keep ourselves as warm as we can. Now, we often hear people say, "Why don't you take a glass of wine or beer? It will make you feel so warm—just try a glass of spirits, put that inside you, it will keep the cold out, and you will be as warm and comfortable as you wish." Well, this seems like very good and kind advice, and if it were really true it would be a good argument to induce many to "take a little something" when it is very cold. But even if it were quite true, there are some abstainers who know and feel that strong drink does so much harm that they would not touch it though it might make them warm; but would be glad to make the sacrifice of being a little colder, if need be, and thus show others how firmly they believe in temperance as a principle.

But the question we wish to answer now is, "Does alcohol make us really warmer?" I have often heard this matter taken up by teetotal speakers and lecturers, but nowhere has it been answered more clearly than by Dr. Richardson. I remember a 'bus driver in London telling me that "though he warn't a teetotaler, and didn't hold with 'em, yet," he said, "I know from myself, and I have watched others for years, that drink does *not* keep you warm on a cold night; for a little time it's all very well, but about forty minutes after 'you begin to go regular dead cold.' And the chaps that do take to drinking to keep the cold out is obliged to go on with it, till it be drink here and drink there, till they can scarce hold the reins in their 'ands—and I says it ain't safe for the public," with which remark I quite agreed. Let us see if we can tell why the 'busman's experience was right.

First look at a thermometer, and you will see "blood heat" marked about 98 degrees. That is the natural standard for human beings, no matter what age they are, and no matter what the time of year is, whether it is the hottest summer or coldest

winter; to be above or below this temperature shows that we must be out of health, and an alteration of 10 degrees either towards heat or cold will soon produce death; therefore, to be in good health, this equal temperature of the body must be preserved.

When people feeling cold and take a little alcohol, enough to produce a pleasant, glowing sensation, which would be very little indeed with those unaccustomed to its use, and a much larger quantity with those who always take it, the blood is caused to flow more rapidly through the veins, the face is flushed, and a feeling of excitement and greater warmth produced by the blood being more suddenly brought to the extremities of the body. And if at this time the thermometer was placed in the mouth of the individual who has taken the alcohol, it would be found to rise about half a degree, or in some cases even so much as a degree. This is a proof that for the time people are made to feel much warmer. The warm blood having rushed to the surface, to the skin, the most sensitive part of the body, a sense of warmth is produced; but the blood and the body are actually no warmer than before—in fact, the real warmth of the body is set free, it is given off in contact with the colder surface; it has escaped by this exposure, and the blood returns to the heart with greater loss of warmth than ought to have taken place, and the whole body is soon made colder at the expense of the alcohol, and the fall can easily be marked by testing it with the thermometer, which will often sink below a degree. To go out into the cold air either during the time of increased heat, or when the body is chilling and getting languid, is always to run the risk of cold, and the temperature of the body may become two degrees below the natural standard, and the liability to catch a severe cold very much increased, which is often the beginning of more injurious disease.

Should, however, all kinds of evil consequences be escaped, it takes time for the body affected by alcohol to regain its natural warmth; this, under favourable conditions, and with care, may be done in two hours.

So the *advantage* of being warmed by beer, wine, or spirits for a few minutes is, that we actually are made colder for two hours, or until the blood has gained its natural standard.

The best way to keep a good fire and a warm room is not to let the fire go down, but put plenty of coals on, and so keep the fire giving out plenty of heat. This is the common-sense way of keeping our bodies warm; keep the blood supplied with good, wholesome, substantial food—which is like fuel to the fire—plenty of fresh oxygen and regular exercise, that the blood may have healthy circulation—then, with comfortable warm clothing not to let the heat of the body escape too fast, we shall enjoy the cold weather, and laugh at Jack Frost, and drink our cold water “with three times three,” and be as merry as merry can be.

ALCOHOL AS A BEVERAGE.

I SHOULD join issue at once with those people who believe that intellectual work cannot be so well done without wine or alcohol. I should deny that proposition and hold the very opposite. It is one of the commonest things in English society that people are injured by drink without being drunkards. It goes on so quietly that it is even very difficult to observe. There is a great deal of injury done to health by the habitual use of wines in their various kinds, beyond good food. It would not at first supply the craving, but it would ultimately overcome it.

I do not see any good in leaving off drink by degrees. If you are taking poison into the blood, I do not see the advantage of diminishing the degrees of it from day to day. That point has been frequently put to me by medical men; but my reply has been, “If your patient were poisoned by arsenic, would you still go on putting in the arsenic?”

I should say, from my experience, that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country.—*Sir Wm. Gull, M.D., F.R.S.*

A PARABLE FROM NATURE.

AN old Eastern fable beautifully illustrates the weakness of discontent and the longings we have for strength. For many years, it is said, a quiet valley lay watching the mighty hills that rose around. At length the valley spake and said to the mountain, "I am weak and helpless, low and level. How I envy thee, oh mighty mountain! Thou art so great and strong, the storms cannot hurt thee, the floods never mar thy beauty, thou rearest thy proud head amid all the tempest, and in the wildest hurricane thou only seemest more majestic; the sunlight first smiles on thee, and its parting rays linger last on thy still peaks. The youngest born of fleecy clouds will come and nestle on thy bosom. The mists wreath themselves around thy brow, and at night the clear sweet stars do crown thee with their light."

To which the mountain said, "Oh, gentle valley, envy me not, I pray. I am bleak, and bare, and desolate. The lightning scathes me, and I am scared by storms; and all for thy sake. I am strong to shelter thee, I stay the rough and bitter winds from thee, down the deep furrows of my side pour the rills that water thee, I am thy shade by day; my strength is only to protect thee. I yield no crops, I am



fruitless: thou givest grass for cattle, and food and corn for man. I am stern and sad, but great and strong to help thee, little valley. Without me thou wouldst yield no increase, I nourish thee, I bear the blast of a thousand storms for thee, and to help thee I am ever strong." And ever after the valley was contented.

And the old fable is a parable for us today. Are we not often crying out for strength, discontented with the power God has given us, longing for the might of others? And this too when all the strength we need is close at hand. For the "strength of the hills is His also," and "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people. And to every life, however weak, God still says, "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 228.

DEAR YOUNG FOLKS,—It appears to me to be almost impossible when I think that twelve whole months have flown since we welcomed Old Father Christmas of 1877, and yet close at hand is his successor of 1878, waiting for the same welcome from us. Let us give him a hearty one. With the compliments of the season. —I am, yours truly, MARIE.

KEY. Each figure signifies a letter, commencing at the end of the alphabet, thus:—z 1, y 2, etc., etc.

2.—The sentiments which in these lines I'd express,
Are wishes for your and ONWARD'S success;
And may you experience, puzzlers dear,
A bright merry Christmas and happy New Year.

3.—Hill-fort.

4.—
a M (mistletoe)
b U N I (t)
c S U G A R
d (m) I S T
e C
(H)

Music—Mirth.



"A rough, dirty lad outside, insisted upon seeing the young master."—p. 35.

TWO WAIFS.

“EVENING paper, mum? Second edition, latest war news. Queen’s Speech!”

Two shrewd, dirty little faces looked up at me wistfully from behind a huge placard in the foggy November twilight, and I stopped to search my pockets for a stray half-penny.

“It is cold work for you,” I remarked to the senior partner, as he carefully folded up the paper and handed it over.

“Yes, mum; but father’s dead, and mother’s down with the fever, and——”

And there he broke off short, and both suddenly disappeared round the corner. I looked after them in astonishment for a moment, then went on my way to the ferry-boat. On the passage I made two discoveries—one that I had paid for my paper with a stray shilling instead of the half-penny, which quite accounted for the recipient’s flight; and the other that the paper itself, “second edition,” was four days old. I dropped it into the workhouse box, and with it subsided the passing pity which their desolate appearance had roused.

Coming home from a concert with my brother Tom one bitter cold night we met again.

“Buy a box of fusees, sir; two boxes a penny—big uns!”

“Why, they are the same boys that went off with my shilling!”

“We was very hungry, mum; and mother was orful bad—she was, indeed.”

The dirty faces looked blue and pinched with cold, and Tom looked at me quite reproachfully for being mean enough to remember such a trifle; certainly it was my shilling, and it could not be expected that he should feel it as keenly.

“You ought to have been in bed hours ago, my lads; where do you live?”

“16, Court, Grafton Street; ony ’arf a mile off.”

“What do you call yourselves?”

“Jim and Ikey, sir—I’m Jim.”

“All right, I’ll look you up in a day or two.”

The next time we saw these young hope-

fuls they were in the hands of the police—Ikey at least, while Jim followed disconsolately behind. The man told us, in answer to our questions, “That they were the two aggravatingest young varmint in town; and now he had found this one beastly drunk, and he hoped he would get a month for it.”

He deserved it, doubtless; yet he looked such a little lad for a prison cell, and Jim pleaded for him so earnestly, that we persuaded the policeman to let him go off, and took our captive to the News Boys’ Home close by, where we laid him on a rug before the fire to recover himself at leisure; Jim stood near, half fearfully, half thankfully.

“Now, you young reprobate, what did you mean by sending me off to Grafton Street that night?” began Tom, severely.

“’Cos we don’t live nowheres in particular, and folks think it ain’t respectable.”

“It was your duty to have told the truth. What do you think of yourself?”

Jim’s eyes twinkled with fun.

“Does your mother know?” I broke in.

“Ain’t got one, as I knows of.”

“Why, you told me——”

“Yes, mum, folks ’ll often give for a sick woman when they won’t for us.”

What could our moral theories do for a case like this; we looked at the pair in pitiful silence.

“Is Ikey your brother?”

“No; but we always sticks together.”

“Is he often like this?”

The lad’s face took a defiant air. “It’s easy for yer to sit and find fault; he don’t get much pleasure, poor little chap.”

“He doesn’t, Jim,” said Tom, thoughtfully; “but I’ll give him a little if you like. Bring him over to my house to-morrow afternoon; all the news-boys about here are coming for a good tea—come with them you two.”

Jim eyed us distrustfully. “There ain’t no catch about it?”

“No,” answered Tom, heartily. “Pure fun; and as many nuts and apples as you like—honour bright.”

“All right, guv’nor, we’ll come.”

They did. It was a curious collection of ragged urchins that gathered at our gate

that afternoon. Some bare-headed and bare-footed, a few choicer spirits enveloped in sacks drawn corner-ways over their heads as protection against possible showers. The prodigal Ikey, evidently the swell of the company, in a man's tail-coat, which he took off and carefully folded, lining outwards, when he contemplated any active exercise. The fame of the party had spread abroad in the neighbourhood, and a grocer sent a tin of biscuits, another a bag of nuts, while half a dozen of the Grammar School boys took charge of the amusements.

It was not labour in vain. The little fellows had, what they themselves termed, a real good time, and fervently promised to stand by the News-Boys' Home till they were worthy of promotion to the Shoe-black Brigade, which may be regarded as the second grade in the social scale.

From that evening the two waifs seemed to have dropped out of our path altogether ; for a time we constantly expected to meet them at some street corner, but as the weeks grew into months even the recollection of them faded into a thing of the past.

Long afterwards, one bleak Sunday, as we were lingering over the fire before we set out for evening service, the maid came in with a message ;—a rough, dirty lad outside, insisted upon seeing the young master. Before she ended the door behind was pushed violently open, and our half-forgotten acquaintance, Jim, burst into our midst. He looked older and thinner than ever ; the sudden light and warmth seemed to confuse him, and his voice, as he tried to speak, broke into a storm of sobs. It was for Ikey, not himself, he wanted help, he gasped out ; in one of his drunken fits he had fallen down a cellar grating and hurt his hip. "It was weeks ago, and I've worked for him and stole for him," he added, with a flash of pride ; "and it ain't no use ; if he don't have a doctor he'll just go and die."

So once more we tried to help them. Ikey was soon able to crawl about on crutches, but the doctor, in whom Jim placed implicit faith, gave little hope of his ever being able to walk ; his constitution was thoroughly weakened by drink ; the only

chance for him lay in giving it up entirely, and that was the one thing the lad seemed incapable of doing : the craving for it maddened him, he could not bear it, he said ; and truly in the weary weeks of sinning and repenting that followed it did seem at times as if he were not responsible.

Tom gained admission for Jim into one of the training ships on the river, where his bright face and merry tongue soon won him friends in abundance ; and henceforward the boys' lives drifted separate ways, Jim's steadily onward, Ikey's as steadily downward ; he always came back to the house between his outbursts, but his absences grew longer and more frequent, and our hopes fainter.

"Jim, what more can we do for him ?" I said despairingly, one day after a worse fit than usual.

"I don't know, mum, 'cept making 'lowances for him ; you see he has had all the odds against him."

Aye, that he had ; and some of us, on whom all good influences have been brought to bear, whose path has been smoothed for all good, and hedged up for all evil, might well pause to consider where, in life's race, we should find ourselves with such odds against us as this poor lad.

And gradually we came to understand that this "making 'lowances" was the highest *we* were to do for him—that the stunted, neglected twig would never here straighten into a stalwart tree, and that it might be that we were to learn a lesson of patience and forbearance from him in place of teaching. Jim had learned it, with all his failings ; perhaps on account of them Ikey had been the one object that had wakened and kept alive the best part of the boy's nature, and for him had bloomed out the unselfish love that had kept him from utter ruin. Twelve months later he passed his first examination and went to sea, and ever since his progress has been a great pride to us. He comes between every voyage, generally with some remarkable trophy of his travels, in the shape of young monkeys, lizards, or tortoises ; and though the house is likely to degenerate in time into a sort of menagerie, no one has the heart to check

the supply. Indeed, even with this drawback, not among the least of our pleasures do we count his visits.

And concerning the other waif our fears have ended too.

One of the New Testament stories tells us how, when the disciples had failed utterly with one poor sinner, the Master came and healed him; and so the Master came to our waif and lifted him higher than all of us, and took him home, and now he is not a waif any longer.

THE SPIDER AND FLY.

A SPIDER was spreading
 His web in the sun,
 The weaving was skilfully,
 Cleverly done ;
 The gossamer threads reached
 From paling to wall,
 So closely entwined that
 He feared not a fall.
 Then, proud of his workmanship
 Onward he went,
 Surveying his house with
 A placid content—
 Right into a corner
 He quietly curled,
 And sat like a hermit
 Surveying the world.
 A young lady fly
 Came buzzing along,
 As if trying to rival
 The humming-bee's song ;
 She stopped at the spider's web
 Just to admire
 How the sunshine fell through
 Like a glimmer of fire.
 The spider woke up
 From his afternoon's sleep—
 His sleeping, of course it
 Was not very deep —
 He said, with a bow,
 "Sure you honour me, miss,
 To gaze on a poor little
 Dwelling like this."
 Thus flattered, Miss Fly
 Thought to get a near view,
 And close to the spider's web
 Boldly she flew.

Said the spider, "Just step in
 A moment now, please,
 You will walk on my carpet
 With wonderful ease."
 She stepped on the gauze,
 But it clung to her feet—
 She found she could neither
 Move on nor retreat,
 The spider, who first made
 A bright smile and bow,
 Now came to his victim
 With rage on his brow.
 In vain Miss Fly struggled—
 Her screams rent the air—
 The spider had got her
 Fast locked in his snare:
 And soon a dead body
 All withered and dry,
 Was all that remained of
 The poor little fly.

* * * * *
 At every street corner,
 All glaring with light,
 These traps for the simple
 Are spread day and night ;
 The poor silly flies
 Are the old and the young,
 Beguiled by the glitter,
 The mirth and the song.
 Remember, I pray you,
 Where spider webs are,
 You will know when you pass
 The next publican's bar.

W. H. EATON



THE MUSIC TEACHER.

I CANNOT roam the meadows,
Or hear the skylark's song,
Or play with my companions,
When nights are dark and long.

But I can learn sweet music
Like sister Jane and Kate,
And play on pa's piano
Till hours are growing late.

I'm saving up my money—
It's locked up on the shelf ;
And when I'm one-and-twenty
I'll buy one for myself.

My lessons are no trouble,
Each note I quickly read,
Which makes me very certain
I shall at length succeed.

And then I'll be a teacher,
With fine house like Miss Blair ;
She gets a lot of pupils—
They come from everywhere.

I'll speak to her to-morrow
When she is all alone,
To give me extra lessons,
And get me faster on.



Oh, dear ! won't that be charming,
With music of my own ;
Pa says a grand piano
Is very rich in tone.

I'll go right up to London
To buy one, like Miss Blair
Who bought a grand piano
When she was staying there.

She's such a clever player,
Her fingers seem to fly ;
She got it all by practice,
And so, indeed, may I.

Pa says I play correctly,
Although I'm very young
I've got an ear for music
Which carries me along.

Just fancy me a teacher !
With pupils every day ;
And getting lots of money
For teaching how to play.

I'll advertise for pupils,
With brass-plate on the door,
And say I'm in attendance
From ten o'clock till four.

And in the winter season
I'll hire the public hall,
And give a splendid concert,
Just like Professor Ball.

I'll give away some tickets
To get the big folks down—
Then won't I be distinguished
And popular in town !

W. HOYLE.

THE TWO FINGER-POSTS.

A MODEL BAND OF HOPE LESSON.

BY T. H. EVANS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The tendency of drink, and everything belonging to it, is *bad*, so I wish you all to learn at once, and for ever, that it is *right* to abstain and *wrong* to drink; and the better to impress it upon your minds, spell those two words—right and wrong—letter by letter, on the fingers of each hand. Up with your right hand; now then—

R I G H T ;

now the left hand—

W R O N G.

What is it that is wrong? Why, spell it on your fingers after me—D R I N K.

What is right? Why—W A T E R.

There are the two paths before you in life—one to the left and the other to the right; which will you choose—*water*, which is *right*, or *drink* which is *wrong*? Surely you will not turn to the left; for what do we find on the finger-post that points in that direction? Why, that drink leads those whom it deludes in that downward path to—

D isease,
R uin,
I dleness,
N egllect,
K navery.

But look at the finger-post on your right, whither does that lead? Why, to—

W isdom,
A ctivity,
T hrift,
E njoyment,
R ectitude.

The friends that you will meet by the way, if you keep in the path that is *right*, are—

R eligion,
I ndustry,
G ood-health,
H onesty,
T ruth.

But take the drink-stained turning to the left, the road that is wrong, and who are they who will often be your companions then?

W ant,
R emorse,
O utrage,
N egligence,
G uilt.

Will you risk the possibility of having any such undesirable companions as these? Surely not.

Now, lads! I want your teetotalism to be as much a matter of certainty as the fact that twelve pence make one shilling. Teetotalers may be divided into two classes—those who abstain for the love of acting out that which they believe to be true; others because they fear the evil that drink may bring upon them. With the former it is a matter of right, with the latter, a question of expediency. Don't be frightened at that long word; it is a deal shorter than it appears to be. Once more let that little "spelling-bee" hop from finger to finger, and see if we cannot spell it with five letters—X P D N C. There you are, you see! It is not such a long word after all. Learn from this, that the difficulty lying in the way of any particular course will most likely disappear if you manfully face it. Boys, abstain as a matter of *principle*! Be amongst those who love truth for its own sake, and not for any advantage to be gained thereby. A boy who will bravely follow a certain course on principle, without a thought of gain, can be trusted under all circumstances. Make your temperance principles as much a part of yourself as your own name—even as sweetness is to honey or whiteness to the snow. And shall I tell you why I wish you to assume so unflinching an attitude towards this great evil? Because it is just as unbending towards you.

It is a foe that knows no relenting moment, no kindly impulse. It sleeps neither night or day; but regardless of rank, sex, or age, wields its deadly weapon with a never-tiring and unsparing hand. Do you not remember the working models at the Crystal Palace? Dancing figures, wind-mills, miniature artisans, and various other mechanical devices, each one with a card fixed near a small opening, containing "Put in a penny and the model will play."

We may apply this to that most wonderful of all mechanism—the human body. Put in the drink, and the model—I mean the body—will play some of the most fantastic tricks possible. Put in the drink, and a whole legion of destructive imps are let loose amongst all the delicate machinery, and to work they go at once: some at your brain, some at your heart, some at your lungs, and so on, until the whole body is more or less damaged.

Put a penny in the Palace model, and nothing can stop the figures from moving as their maker intended. In like manner, if you are unwise enough to put strong drink into that model palace of wonder and beauty, your own marvellous body, you set in motion a host of the most destructive little fiends that ever marred the beautiful works of God.

Boys! Surely you will never touch strong drink after such a *model argument* as that. May He incline your heart to that which is right; then, however humble your lot may be, you will have your reward, and see, as you go through life, many a trial and many a tempting snare *pass by* the brave and manly youth who always keeps this truth at his fingers' ends, that *Drink is Wrong*, and *Water Right*!

"My own experience, both in country and town practice, has been that two-thirds of all my patients, rich as well as poor, have been indebted to drinking for either the onset or the recurrence of their illness. After careful and elaborate research, I am compelled to believe that at least 100,000 human beings die every year in this country from the direct effects of alcoholic drinking. In addition to this enormous loss of life, close on 75 per cent. of our pauperism, 80 per cent. of our crime, and nearly one-half of our insanity are, at an annual cost of nearly £150,000,000 for the mere price of the liquor, the product of—

'Our heavy-headed revel east and west.'"

—Norman Kerr, M.D., F.L.S., *Speech at Medical Conference, Manchester, August 8*, 877.

TWO PICTURES.

UNALTERED and unchecked he goes,
The drunkard to his death,
Now cursing bitterly his woes
With his expiring breath.

The room is bare, oh not a sign
Of happiness dwells there,
For drink doth all its toils entwine
And lures him to death's snare.

Uncleansed the drunkard meets his doom
With ghastly sunken eyes;
No faithful friend within that room
Gives ear unto his cries.

He leaves this sinful world of strife,
Now all his cares are past—
A drunkard from the prime of life,
A drunkard to the last.

* * * *

Within a neat and homely room,
A Christian's dying fast:
A smile doth now his face illumine,
Which cheers him to the last.

His wife, his child, and many a friend,
Assemble round him there,
And solemnly their voices blend,
To God in humble prayer.

The sufferer knows his end is nigh,
And soon he'll shortly meet
His long departed friends on high,
Around God's holy seat.

Ah! welcomely he greets his end,
His sorrows now will cease;
He bids farewell to every friend,
Then sleeps the sleep of peace.

* * * *

Oh, what a contrast we behold,
Amid the human throng,
In these two pictures truly told,
Portraying right from wrong.

HERBERT H. ADAMS.

EVIL thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

SOLO AND ACCOMPANIMENT.

Words and Music by W. A. CHRISTY.

1. Beauti-ful spring, beauti-ful spring, Gai-ly we laugh, glad-ly we sing; Merry we

1. Bright spring, bright spring, We laugh, we sing:
2. Bright spring, bright spring, Glad hours, sweet flowers;

KEY E♭.

SOLO. :s l s d' :— | —:s l s d' :— | —:s l s s :— | —:s l s m :— | —:s l s

2. Beau-ti-ful spring, beautiful spring, Happy the hours, lovely the flowers; Gladly we

:	:f m :	:f m :	:f f :	:m d :
:	1. Bright spring,	bright spring,	We laugh,	we sing;
:	:d d :	:d d :	:t t :	:d s :
:	:l s :	:l s :	:s s :	:s m :
:	2. Bright spring,	bright spring,	Glad hours,	sweet flowers;
:	:d d :	:d d :	:s s :	:d d :

meet, joy-ful we greet, Beau-ti-ful, bright, and happy spring. Lightly the

We meet, we greet, The bright and happy spring, beautiful spring!
We roam, O come, The bright and happy spring, beautiful spring!

|d' :— | —:s l s d' :— | —:d' t l s :—:t r' f e s :— | :r m f

roam, When thou art come, Beautiful, bright, and happy spring; O-ver the

:	:f m :	:f m m	r r r r r r :
:	We meet,	we greet, The	bright and happy spring, beautiful spring!
:	:d d :	:d d d	t t d t t t t t :
:	:l s :	:l s s	s s f e l s s s s s :
:	We roam,	O come, The	bright and happy spring, beautiful spring!
:	:d d :	:d d d	r r r r s s s s s s :

leaves are glanc-ing o'er us, Under the way-ing fo-rest grey.

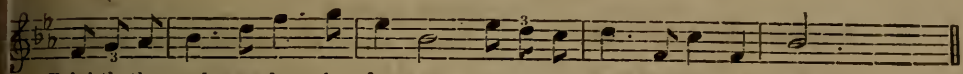
La la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la;

|s :—:t r' :—:m d' s | —:s f m r :—:l t s d :— | — ||

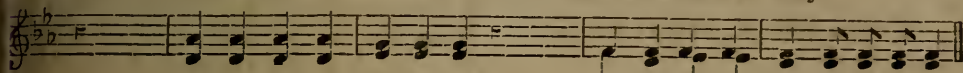
val-leys, hills, and meadows, Heedless of all the pass-ing hours,

f f f f	m m m	r r r	d d d d
r r r r	d d d	t t t	:l l l s :
La la la la	la la la	La la la	la la la la;
t t t t	d' s s	s f f f	m f f f m
s s s s	d d d	s s s s	d d d d d

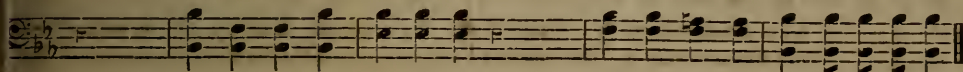
BEAUTIFUL SPRING—(Continued).



Brightly the sunbeams dance be - fore us, Gent-ly the brook-lets flow a - way.

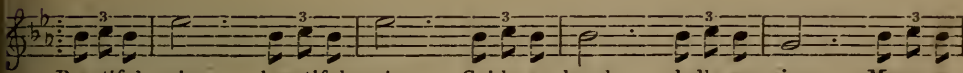


La la la la la la la, La la la la la la la la.

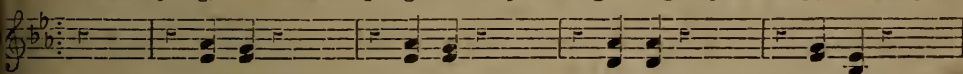


:r m f | s : - t | r' : - m' | d' : s | - : d' t l | t : - r | l : r | s : - | - ||
Careless a - like of sun or sha - dow, Seeking the love - ly sweet spring flowers.

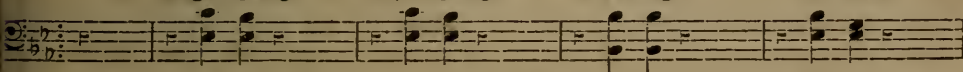
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	t ₁	t ₁	t ₁	t ₁	d	d	d	r	t ₁	d	d	t ₁	t ₁	t ₁	t ₁
	La	la	la	la	la	la	la	La	la	la	la	la	la	la	la
	s	r	r	s	s	s	s	s	s	fe	fe	s	s	s	s
	s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	d	d	d	r	r	r	r	s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	s ₁



Beautiful spring, beautiful spring, Gai-ly we laugh, gladly we sing; Merry we

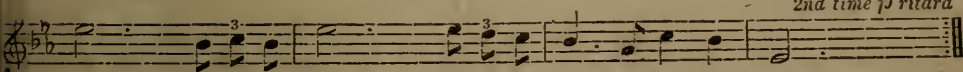


Bright spring, bright spring, We laugh, we sing;

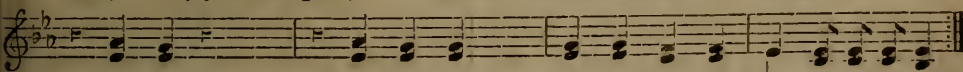


:s l s | d' : - | - :s l s | d' : - | - :s l s | s : - | - :s l s | m : - | - :s l s
Beautiful spring, beautiful spring, Gaily we laugh, gladly we sing; Merry we

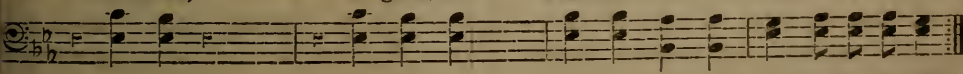
{	f	m	f	m	f	f	m	d
	d	d	d	d	t ₁	t ₁	d	s ₁
	Bright spring,	bright spring,	We laugh,	we sing;				
	l	s	s	m				
	d	d	s ₁	d				



meet, joy-ful we greet, Beau-ti-ful, bright, and hap-py spring!



We meet, we greet, The bright and hap-py spring, beautiful spring!



| d' : - | - :s l s | d' : - | - :d' t l | s : - m | l : s | d : - | - ||
meet, joyful we greet, Beautiful, bright, and hap-py spring!

{	f	m	f	m	m	r	r	d	d	d	d
	d	d	d	d	d	d	t ₁	t ₁	d	l ₁	l ₁
	We meet,	we greet, The	bright and hap-py	spring, beautiful spring!							
	l	s	s	s	s	s	f	f	m	f	f
	d	d	d	d	d	d	s ₁	s ₁	d	d	d

RISDALE LODGE.

BY CHARLES J. COLLINS.

CHAPTER II.—IN LONDON.

UPON arriving in London, Mr. Compton's first act was to proceed to a fashionable hotel in the West End, where he engaged comfortable apartments for a few days ; then, feeling rather hungry, he ordered a substantial meal and a bottle of wine, and made himself, what he considered, extremely comfortable.

The meal dispatched, and the entire bottle of wine disposed of, he requested the waiter to call him early in the morning, and retired to rest.

At eight o'clock on the following morning he was accordingly aroused, by a loud knocking at his bed-room door, and recollecting that he was in a London hotel, and what had brought him there, he hastily dressed himself, and attempted to eat some breakfast ; but, probably owing to the wine he had imbibed the previous evening, he could do little else than taste it ; so it was sent away nearly untouched. Moreover, he had a most distressing headache, which did not by any means improve his temper, so he immediately afterwards descended to the street, hoping that the fresh air would do him good.

Making his way down Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Holborn, he at length arrived at Red Lion Square, where the family lawyer, Mr. Sanders, resided. Halting before an old-fashioned house, with a brass plate upon the door, on which the name and occupation of the resident was engraved, he entered the door, which stood open, and proceeding up a prim-looking flight of stairs, knocked at a door upon the first floor. In obedience to a summons from an unseen person, he entered the room, and discovered Mr. Sanders seated, in conversation with a short, shrewd-looking man, apparently about forty years of age. Mr. Sanders arose as Mr. Compton entered, and introduced the stranger to him, as Mr. Crabb, the detective officer who had succeeded in capturing his runaway servant.

"I took the liberty of sending for you,

Mr. Compton," the lawyer remarked, when they were all comfortably seated, "to learn what your wishes were concerning this man we have got ; do you intend getting the case up against him, or will you let things go on quietly, and give him a chance of escape?"

"Prosecute him by all means, the infamous rascal," said Mr. Compton. "What have you done with him?"

"He is at present in custody awaiting examination," said the lawyer.

"And I suppose you want me to stay here till the trial comes off?" said Mr. Compton, in an irritable tone.

"Oh ! no, sir," said Mr. Sanders ; "the trial will not take place in London at all. He will be examined here, and then committed to Arlsford Assizes for trial, as the robbery took place in ——shire."

Mr. Compton seemed much annoyed that he could not have it all settled off at once, but, restraining his anger, he turned to the police-officer, and said, "And pray, my man, how did you manage to find this fellow?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Crabb, "it would take too long to tell you all the ways I went about it ; but I searched for him in all the places we usually go to for this sort of case ; among the billiard-rooms and music-halls, and such like ; for I generally find, sir, that it's a craving after drink and gambling which leads these respectable servants away. You see they have a rather close time of it indoors, and getting at the liquor very often, and mostly having the example of their masters and missuses before 'em, they eventually get much too fond of their beer allowance, and when holidays come round, they are obliged to go to the public-house to get their drops and *there* they meet with bad company such as those fellows who are always on the look-out for servants, especially they've got their quarter's money with them. Well, sir, the end of that is, the often add gambling to their drink, and step by step they gradually come down to what this poor fellow was."

"Yes, yes," hastily exclaimed Mr. Compton, scarcely liking the detective

allusions to the examples of their masters, "but you have not told me yet how you got him at last."

"Well, sir," said the man, "I traced him from place to place till I found he had been to a friend's house, but I lost him there, for they couldn't tell me where he had gone, and I couldn't find out for some time, till I heard of him again in Liverpool, where he had assumed a false name; and from there back to London, and, at last, in a gambling-house of the worst sort, I learned his address, and proceeded to his lodgings. There the landlady, who seemed a motherly sort of person, informed me that he was ill, and that I could not see him. Upon telling her who I was and what I came for, of course she allowed me to enter, and I left her at the door much distressed, and lamenting that so promising a young man should have fallen into evil ways. Upon reaching his room, I found he was really very ill, and I felt very reluctant to tell him what I came for. He saved me the trouble, however, by guessing my errand; he confessed he was guilty, and seemed very remorseful about the affair."

"And did he not offer any excuse for the robbery?" said Mr. Compton.

"Well, to tell the truth, sir, he said it was through yourself," said Crabb.

"The rascal!" Mr. Compton burst forth angrily. "How dare he say such a thing, when he knows I always treated him too well for a servant." This was quite true, for Mr. Compton had taken a great liking for this man, and it was with great indignation that he first discovered his servant had robbed the house and decamped.

"That's just it, sir," said the detective, "people mean well, I daresay, when they are so liberal to folks about them; but it often causes a man's ruin, and this seems to be one of those cases. He says he scarcely drank anything before he came to your service; but what with plenty of beer indoors and the quantity you supplied him with when you were out driving about the country, the habit grew upon him rapidly, and then he took to the beerhouses and gambling, and having one night lost

more than he could pay, he came home the worse for liquor, and, after robbing the house, he fled."

Mr. Compton, who had been gradually getting out of temper during Crabb's recital, here broke out in a torrent of wrath, in which the words "Infamous rascal!" and "Daring to lay such thievish propensity at *his* door," &c., formed the chief burden, and leaving orders to Mr. Sanders to "prosecute him to the utmost rigour of the law," he bounded down the stairs and into the street, leaving the two men of law looking much astonished.

"Phew!" whistled the detective; "I didn't think I should rouse a temper like that; has he been drinking, think you?"

"Very probably," said the lawyer; "I hear that within the last year or two he has drank deeply, but of late I thought he was getting over his weakness. He has caused his wife much anxiety, although his conduct at home has changed but little."

"I am afraid he'll come to a bad end if he don't put the break on," said Mr. Crabb. "Ah! well, they should just take our place for a few weeks, and see the effects of such folly, it might be a lesson to some of them," and with a sigh the detective left the office.

Mr. Compton remained in London a short time longer; but in spite of his endeavours to enjoy himself as heretofore, the conversation at the lawyer's office had damped his spirits, and although he tried the theatre as a means of overcoming his depression, the words of the detective seemed constantly recurring to his mind, "It was through your example!" and it was in vain he tried to convince himself he was not to blame, for his accusing conscience sorely troubled him, and he began to be dissatisfied with himself and all the world.

It was in this unenviable state of mind that he returned at last to Risdale, and was welcomed by his wife with no little surprise; for when Mr. Compton had occasion to go up to London, he generally stayed there a considerable time; it was, therefore, with some curiosity she asked him the reason he returned so soon. Her husband, however,

was in no mood to answer inquiries, and so he made some unkind reply, and looking round for something about which he could find fault, he at length ended his survey by inquiring after the children.

"They have gone to a meeting in the village," said Mrs. Compton, hesitatingly, as she began to realize the fact that her husband had been drinking; "they did not know that you were coming home to-day, dear, or they would have been at the station to meet you."

"What sort of meeting have they gone to?" growled her husband.

"A—a temperance meeting," faltered his poor wife.

"And how dare you let my children go to such a place without my permission!" wrathfully exclaimed her husband. "I'll not let *them* learn any new-fangled notions if *I* can help it; where have they gone to?"

Upon Mrs. Compton informing her irate husband of the place of meeting, he turned and left the room, without another word; leaving his poor wife sorrowfully thinking of her husband's ill-temper, and contrasting his present ill-humour with the peacefulness they had so long enjoyed, and dreading to hear the sequel of the children's visit to the village.

(To be continued.)

BOY SMOKERS.—Here and there about the street corners and around the doors of places of amusement you will see a lot of urchins, some of them decently clad and presenting a respectable appearance, who are engaged in asserting their manhood by puffing away at execrable cigars. It is fair

to presume that their anxious mammas are not aware of the foul habits their darling boys pick up and practise outside of the parental roof; but for their benefit they should know that it is stated that a French physician has investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poison. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, dulness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drinks; in three there was heart-affection; in eight decided deterioration of blood; in twelve there was frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep, and four had ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth. It is easy, then, to see how the ranks of the drunkards and dissolute men "about town" are recruited, when there are so many boys in training for delirium tremens and the horrors of dissipation.—*Christian Age*.

JUVENILE SMOKING.—"Evidences arise every day which convince me more and more that the prevalent use of tobacco, especially by the younger portion of the community, is destroying the physical stamina of our country, stripping youth of its bloom and beauty, and manhood of its virility, with a reflex influence on morals which is truly deplorable. Where are the fine, healthy, blooming boys, tall and strong, and well developed, with which I was familiar in the days of my youth? For the most part I see pale faces and stunted growth, and effeminate habits, and yellow eyes, and the short pipe, bearing witness to the chief cause of the notorious diminution in stature, recognised by the military authorities!"—*Dean of Carlisle*.



WHO ARE HEROES?

Who are heroes in life's battle?
 Who will win it by-and-by?
 Those who do the greatest service,
 Most of all themselves deny.

Not alone by deeds of slaughter
 Are the brightest laurels won;
 Not alone 'mid scenes of carnage
 Are the grandest actions done.

Often in our daily duties,
 Something in our wonted task,
 Needs the exercise of courage
 Greater e'en than warriors ask.

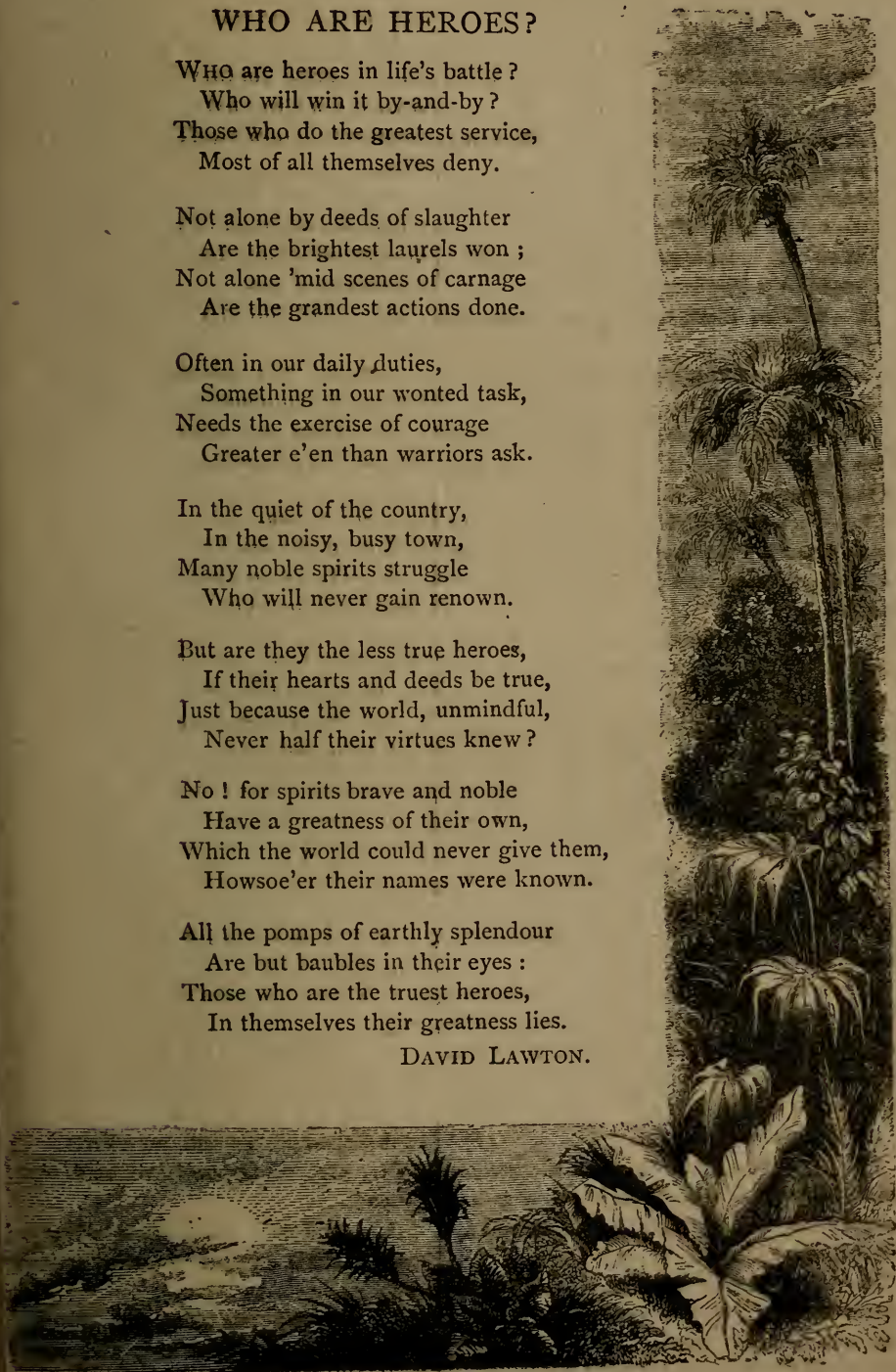
In the quiet of the country,
 In the noisy, busy town,
 Many noble spirits struggle
 Who will never gain renown.

But are they the less true heroes,
 If their hearts and deeds be true,
 Just because the world, unmindful,
 Never half their virtues knew?

No! for spirits brave and noble
 Have a greatness of their own,
 Which the world could never give them,
 Howsoe'er their names were known.

All the pomps of earthly splendour
 Are but baubles in their eyes:
 Those who are the truest heroes,
 In themselves their greatness lies.

DAVID LAWTON.



GIDDY MOTHS.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS.

BY W. P. W. BUXTON.

CHARACTERS :

JANE BOCKING, ANNIE WESTON, AND
MARY BURNS.

ANNIE.—Dear a me ! How foolish moths are to fly so near the candle !

MARY.—Yes ; poor giddy things, they kill themselves by their own folly.

JANE.—So people often cannot see danger until singed by its flames.

M.—I often think that poor drunkards are like moths.

J.—And cut off in youth or manhood by strong drink.

A.—Yes ; they rush into the flames, and drop hopelessly singed beneath the power of the tempter !

M.—One would think that men with reason would have more sense. They run to the fiery flame, and like moths, they fall and die.

J.—And often, when only crippled, they cannot be induced to shun the foe and seek the path of safety.

A.—Drink spreads misery and woe wherever it is found. How delightful it would be if every family could sing and realise the picture taught by that song, "Love at Home !"

M.—The moths who worship at the shrine of Bacchus heed neither warning nor instruction ; they sacrifice everything in the flames of dissipation.

A.—I could give the name of a doctor, educated at Queen's College, Belfast, who recently became a railway porter ; he was discharged for drunkenness, and when last heard of was seen lying dead drunk in the street, almost naked.

J.—That reminds me of a clergyman who fell out of a boat, and was drowned because he was too drunk to make any effort to save himself.

M.—Such cases are very sad. Our homes cannot be too sacredly guarded ; and our children cannot be too carefully trained in the way they should go.

A.—It is an easy matter for the foe to insert the thin end of the wedge.

M.—But, at first, it may be as easily thrust back.

A.—It is impossible for pen to narrate or tongue describe what drink can do.

J.—A man may be strong, or pure, or hold a good position in life, but let him tamper with the insidious foe, and it *may* transform him into a demon of the deepest dye.

M.—If men would trust less in their own strength, and more in the strength of their Maker, so many would not be singed by the flames of sin.

A.—The candle burns openly, and all may see it.

J.—And the law-makers of our land make laws to sanction its burning.

A.—They say it brings a princely revenue to the Government.

J.—And a princely revenue of bodies to our graveyards too. Give us less drink, and we shall need less revenue.

M.—There you are right. But is it not delightful to think of the thousands upon thousands of soldiers under training in our Bands of Hope, all of whom are fighting for liberty and freedom !

A.—Yes ; and thousands of parents are rightly training their children to habits of temperance and morality.

J.—That they may not, like moths, flutter in the flames and be singed.

A.—Thank God there is a safe path, and we may walk therein.

M.—People may jest at our water-drinking propensities. There is no tax upon it ; neither is there any danger in its use.

A.—Ah, well ; we can afford to be laughed at ; we get the happiness, and our enemies the misery. They have done all in their power to crush our efforts.

M.—But so far we have held our own ground.

A.—And if I am not mistaken, we are making rapid advances on the territories of our foes.

J.—We will not relax our efforts. We have raised our standard, and woe unto those who shall attempt to tear it down !

M.—Let us pray daily that God may still further help and prosper our efforts, and

give us the desire of our hearts in the fruit of our labours.

A.—And may the moderate drinkers, who deplore drunkenness with the wine-cup in their hands, no longer aid the traffic by their influence, but give us their approval and aid.

M.—With many it is considered respectable to drink.

J.—Then let us make it more respectable to abstain.

A.—We will fight heart and soul for Prohibition, that we may rid the country of the misery which drink entails upon the community?

M.—For my part, I intend to work more for Truth and Temperance.

J.—Let us also pray more, plead more, and strive more than ever to induce our friends to forsake the intoxicating cup.

A.—Total abstinence and true religion alone can give us a national and lasting "peace with honour," and rid our country of that evil of intemperance which singes and destroys the moths who flutter in its flame.

M.—Then our triumph shall be sure; the triumph of domestic peace, national prosperity, and the glory of the human race.

(JANE and MARY exeunt.)

ANNIE (To the audience). — Be not like the giddy moth which flutters about the candle of destruction. Woe unto those who tamper with the wine-cup! "At last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Be not deceived by false lights; but come and join our noble cause, and our future years shall be blessed with dearer joys than all the joys of wine!

(EXIT.)

THE ORPHAN'S SOLILOQUY.

How lonely now this wide world seems,
Since those I love are gone!
My childhood full of pleasant dreams,
How swiftly hath it flown!

How old I feel since grief hath laid
Its cold touch on my heart!
How hath that touch made bright joys
fade,
And glowing hopes depart!

I had a home, but now no more
I gladly hasten there,
To take my place at father's side,
And join the evening prayer.

No mother waits, with smile all bright,
To greet my coming now;
I miss her fondly breathed good-night,
Her kiss upon my brow.

Perhaps God called my parents hence
To teach me to depend
Alone on Him, who is, I know,
The lonely orphan's friend.

Life hath its dangers and its snares,
And I am young and weak;
But I shall have no cause to fear
Whilst heavenly strength I seek.

Where bad companions would entice
My feet shall never stray;
I'll seek, with those who love the Lord,
To walk in wisdom's way.

Whate'er dear parents disapproved,
I'll shun with constant care;
I'll search the Scriptures every day—
There's light and guidance there.

The drinks that make the drunkard reel
My lips shall never pass;
God give me grace to never taste
The intoxicating glass!

Whether I'm called to high estate
Or station humbly low,
I'll strive to do what good I can,
And lessen human woe.

And so, dear parents, in awhile
Your orphan boy shall come
Where death can never part us more,
To our unchanging home.

Life's years shall swiftly speed along;
And when my race is run,
Oh! may I hear my Saviour say
That blessed word, "Well done!"

MRS. E. C. A. ALLEN.



WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY.

"THERE is no greater cause of evil, moral or physical, in this country, than the use of alcoholic beverages. I do not mean by this that extreme indulgence which means drunkenness. The habitual use of fermented liquor to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce that condition—and such is quite common in all ranks of society—injures the body, and diminishes the mental power to an extent which I think few people are aware of. Such, at all events, is the result of my professional experience during more than twenty years of professional life devoted to hospital practice, and to private practice in every rank above it."—*Sir Henry Thompson.*

"The use of alcoholic drinks does not enable cold to be sustained; it does not enable heat to be sustained; it does not ward off the diseases of hot climates, and it does not in the long run produce increased power of sustaining muscular action."—*W. B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S.*

"I am an abstainer because, having examined the question on all sides, I have come to the conclusion that the smallest quantity of alcohol limits my usefulness and those lawful pleasures which Providence has provided for me with so bountiful a hand. Don't imagine it conveys strength. There is not a greater delusion on this matter than that alcohol gives strength. It can't give strength; it can take it away. The experience is world-wide that the use of water and other harmless liquids is much

more conducive to effective labour than the use of intoxicating drink in any quantity."—*H. S. Paterson, M.D.*

"The grand truths taught by science on the subject are now all clear to this effect, that the old belief of alcoholic drinks being necessary as foods for the wants of man is utterly untenable. No verdict rendered from nature was ever more explicit. As a man of science I can say, that alcohol is not necessary as a food, is not necessary for the wants of man or any living thing, but has simply a physiological effect, perfectly unnatural, and always dangerous."—*B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., Speech in Cork, September 19, 1877.*

"All alcoholic drinks are more injurious than useful as aliments, even when used in moderation."—*Thomas Hawksley, M.D.*

"I never suffer ardent spirits in my house thinking them evil spirits. Spirits and poisons mean the same thing."—*Sir Astle Cooper.*

"Alcohol never creates nervous energy."—*Sir Benjamin Brodie.*

"Many people who pass for highly respectable, and who mean no harm, are thus daily damaging their health, and making themselves unfit to brave any of the storms of life."—*Sir James Paget, F.R.S.*

"I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol, leaving out of view the fact that it is a frequent source of crime of all descriptions."—*Sir W. Gull.*



"The merry boys of England
Around each peaceful home."—p. 50.

THE BOYS OF ENGLAND.

THE merry boys of England !
 Around each peaceful home—
 The joy and pride of honoured sires,
 The hope of years to come.
 Restrain them not in harmless sport,
 In pastimes of delight ;
 Let mind and body stronger grow
 And youthful days be bright.

The merry boys of England
 Our stalwart men will be,
 To plough our meadows, guard our shores,
 And man our ships at sea :
 And they will be our senators,
 Our judges of renown,
 And fill each high and honoured seat
 In city and in town.

The merry boys of England !
 And shall they fill each place ?
 Oh ! let us make them wise and good
 To elevate our race.
 Be every heart and every mind
 With holy truth inspired.
 A faithful, brave, devoted band
 To bring the time desired.

The merry boys of England !
 Why spend our strength on men
 Who trample on each sacred law,
 And fear not voice or pen.
 The boys ! the boys, our hope are they,
 With pliant, earnest will—
 If we the seeds of lasting truth
 Into their minds instil.

The merry boys of England !
 Oh God ! 'tis sad to think
 What snares and pitfalls round them lie
 Through the Destroyer—Drink !
 In vain we plead for England's sons,
 While the Tyrant stalks our land,
 And crushes fondest, brightest hopes
 Beneath his iron hand.

The merry boys of England !
 Oh ! freemen small and great,
 Oh ! statesmen will ye trifle with
 The interests of the State ?

Remove the snares from youthful feet,
 Purge out the sin and strife,
 And England, glorious, brave, and free,
 Shall hail the purer life !

W. HOYLE.

A FINGER LESSON.

BY W. P. W. BUXTON.

[*The speaker, by way of illustration, should introduce suitable anecdotes and facts, which the want of space prevents our inserting.*]

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I hold up my right hand and you see five fingers. Each finger shall represent a letter of the alphabet, thus—A D A P T ; now, what does that spell ? ADAPT ; yes, and that means to suit, or to fit. It is not, however, the word itself of which I wish to speak, but of the letters forming that word. First, then (*holding up the thumb*), that is what ? Just so, and A stands for *Alcohol*. Now, alcohol is a spirit. A what ? Yes, and it is not the product of growth, but of decomposition or rottenness. Now, all strong drinks contain alcohol, and all the misery, poverty, crime, and premature death caused by drinking is the result of this poisonous alcohol. Alcohol causes the stomach to lose its tone ; it seriously injures the liver, so that it will not properly perform the duties assigned to it by our Creator ; it inflames and irritates the kidneys, which are the scavengers of the human system ; it benumbs and paralyses the brain, that organ which shows that “we are fearfully and wonderfully made,” for by it power is given to think, and to move our muscles, bones and limbs. As all intoxicating liquors contain alcohol, we see that it is not a fit substance to be taken into the human frame. There is no more nutriment in alcohol than in strychnine ; therefore, “wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.”

II. The second of the five fingers is—D. Quite right ; that shall be called DRUNKENNESS. People would not take ale, beer, wine, or spirits, but for the alcohol which

they contain, and it is this alcohol which produces drunkenness. Now, you know there is no greater curse than that. It degrades a man intellectually, it debases him morally, and it ruins him constitutionally. At the shrine of Bacchus he sacrifices every happiness that this world can give, and in the end loses his own soul. And "what shall he give in exchange for his soul?" Dr. Norman Kerr is of opinion that no less than one hundred and twenty thousand persons die annually from the effects of drink. True it is, that this evil is more desolating in its influence than war, more destructive than pestilence, more cruel than famine, and more demoralising than slavery. When people once take to drinking, no amount of warning, as a rule, will persuade them to leave it off. It was drink that killed Webster, the statesman, Sheridan, the orator, Burns, the poet, and others whom we could name; therefore, in the name of your best temporal and spiritual interests, be firm to your pledges, and if your habits are right and your heart right, then will your life be right, both in this world and the next.

III. Let me see. The third finger represents—A? Yes, and that shall stand for ABSTAIN. Why do we abstain? Because physiology, science, and revelation teach us that intoxicating drinks are bad, and fraught with great danger. Total abstinence, however, is a shield to our moral character and spiritual interests. It removes impediments out of the way of the Christian worker, and gives him greater moral power. St. Paul says: "It is neither good to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." By abstaining and helping to banish our drinking customs, we conserve to the Church numbers who would otherwise be lost. So long as we remain pledged abstainers we can never become drunkards. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also."

IV. The next letter is—P? Yes; that means PREVENTION, and "prevention is better than cure." It is easier to train a young

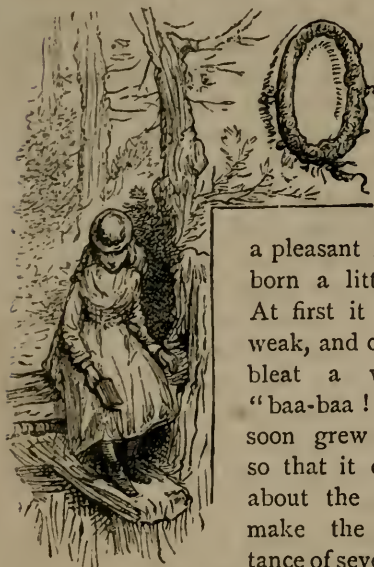
sapling than to straighten a crooked oak; so it is easier to properly train a child than to reform a confirmed toper. Characters are more easily marred than made. If parents would only build up the battlements of truth and temperance around their homes, so that no child of theirs could fall, they would never have to mourn over prodigals ruined by drink. You remember the story of the burning prairie. The flames were approaching at the rate of twenty miles an hour, but every man, woman, and child pulled up the grass in a circle, and then set fire to the grass around them. Away it went from them in a circle, and the little band were saved. So are we fighting against intemperance: therefore, my friends, "watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

V. Now we come to the fifth finger, that is—T? Yes; and that stands for TRAIN. An engineman's duty is to mind the train, and that of all wise people to train the mind. The Scriptures say: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." A house must have a good foundation or it cannot stand, and so it is with life. If right principles and good habits be lacking, temptation and sin will soon destroy the whole fabric. In everything there must be honesty, truthfulness, and integrity. As we sow so shall we reap, and very much after the measure of our sowing. We reap in old age the fruit of what we plant in our youth, and if we sow to the wind we shall reap the whirlwind. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness;" when sinners entice you, turn away from them; accept God as your guide, the Bible as your chart; stamp out the false lights of intemperance, then shall our Sabbath-schools and our Bands of Hope "become nurseries to the Church, our prisons become museums, our work-houses people's halls, and our country stand up,

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the land! first gem of the sea!"

THE STRAY SHEEP.

BY UNCLE BEN.



N C E
upon a
time, in
the early
spring
of the
year, in

a pleasant farm, was
born a little lamb.
At first it was very
weak, and could only
bleat a very tiny
"baa-baa!" But it
soon grew stronger,
so that it could run
about the fold and
make the acquaint-
ance of several young

friends born very much about the same
time.

It had a
kind mother
and a com-
fortable
home in the
quiet fold,
but it liked
to have its
own way and
do just as it
pleased.

When it was very little it kept quite near
its mother, and directly night came it would
roll itself as close as possible to its mother's
side until the morning broke. But when
the days drew out a little and the evenings
were not so cold, it ran about and played
with its young friends, and would not come
to bed till quite late. And when it could
eat a little pasture it thought itself quite a
full-grown sheep, and would strut about as
proud as anything.

When the bright spring days came, and
the hedges wore a tint of green, all the
flock were marched along a dusty road for
a long journey, and it thought this seemed
very much better than always being penned
up in a fold.

They all safely reached the new fold

which was out in a large open field sur-
rounded with low hedges. There was one
thing, however, about the new fold that
pleased most of the young ones, and that
was, that though there were hurdles all
round, there was one with wide open bars
like a gate, through which the lambs could
run into a place by themselves, where the
older ones couldn't follow because they
were so big. No sooner did our young
friend see this than he ran through as fast
as he could, and when he was scampering
about the other side he turned round and
laughed at his mother because she could
not follow. But when he came back that
night to go to sleep, very cross and very
tired, she told him that she should like him
to promise her very faithfully never to go
away from the fold. "Oh," said the



naughty
lamb, feel-
ing very un-
comfortable,
"I will pro-
mise I will
never run a-
way."

"Mind,"
said the mo-
ther, "that's
a pledge,

and if you keep it you will never repent
having made it, and you will be kept from
a thousand perils and dangers."

For some time the promise was well-kept,
but as the lamb got bigger and stronger,
and had now got a fine woolly coat and
looked quite as old as his mother, he
began to wonder what the world outside
the fold was like; he got more and more
restless, and longed each day to get away
from the restraint of the shepherd and the
watch-dog. He had grown too big to get
through the open-fence, but one day, he
noticed that one of the hurdles was loose,
and he thought if he waited till night, he
would try and get through, and then he
would be off without being seen, and have
a day's pleasure and come back again all

right the next night. When evening came, he laid himself near this place, from which he meant to escape. And in the dead of night, when all was dark as pitch, he pushed himself very quietly through with very much pain and trouble; then he walked as silently as he could through the long clover field where they were then stationed, and not being able to find any way out, he was obliged to drag himself through a gap in the hedge. He rambled on and on all night, and when morning came, he found himself alone, in a wild, open tract of country. He could not see the way back, and now tired and weary, he felt he would never be able to return to the fold, and then he thought of his broken pledge and vow to his mother; but it was too late to go back, he knew not which way to turn. So while wandering hopelessly about, he was found by a man who took him to a butcher to be killed. So that was the sad end of the wayward sheep and the broken pledge. I trust all my young friends will see the meaning of this parable, and remember how foolish and wicked it is to disobey our kind parents, and how much sorrow and ruin we bring upon ourselves when we despise their wise counsel and advice.

WHAT'S IN THE BEER?



THE United Kingdom Band of Hope Union have decided

to hold a competitive examination in this month for

members of Bands of Hope throughout the country. Fifty pounds is to be awarded in prizes, and the exami-

nation is to consist of answers to questions founded on "The Worship of Bacchus," by Mr. Ebenezer Clarke. It is a very cheap work, the price being only twopence, and is well worth the money and time spent in reading to all people interested in the question, but especially for Band of Hope workers.

A brief analysis may be instructive to our general readers and valuable to those who intend to be examined.

The delusive character of intoxicating liquors is illustrated by a thorough investigation of the process of brewing. A gallon of beer is proved not to contain one half-pennyworth of barley, though it cost two shillings, and in the destruction of the grain from barley to malt there is a direct loss of 20 per cent. in the weight. The object in malting and brewing is not to form a wholesome and nutritious drink, but simply to extract so much saccharine matter from the grain as can by fermentation be changed into alcohol. The process of brewing consists merely in a decoction of malt and hops, from which the liquor is drawn off. And then the products are divided between men and beasts; man taking the liquor, while the pig enjoys the nutritious portion that is left. In a gallon of ale at two shillings only two-pennyworth of nutriment is contained. $7\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water are added to half a pound of solid matter, plus the alcohol and carbonic acid gas. By a simple experiment on half a pint of beer the following is the result: $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. alcohol, $8\frac{1}{4}$ ozs. water, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. residuum. The method of fermentation is then clearly described. How sugar is resolved into alcohol and carbonic acid gas is shewn by a practical illustration. Six pounds of barley are used in making a gallon of beer, but before the beer is considered drinkable the barley is reduced to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; that is, it loses $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. in the manufacture. This loss is replaced by the addition of water, and by the change of sugar into alcohol.

A few interesting remarks are made on condensed beer, in which it is stated that the "valuable constituent" of 36 gallons of beer could be packed away in less than $\frac{1}{9}$ the space, because $\frac{8}{9}$ of the beer was

composed of water. Thus it will be seen "that water forms the largest proportion in the manufacture of beer, and that the value of the solid matter in malt liquor is about equal to that of sugar at a cost of four shillings per pound."

A good comparison is made between two shillings' worth of bread and two shillings' worth of beer; in the one case you get 16 lbs. of wholesome food, and in the other $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of nutriment with all the injury that alcohol gives the system. The man who spends 6d. a day in beer loses that money with no result for good, but the man who puts by the 6d. saves £9 2s. a year, and in 10 years would have saved £100. The former would have nothing to show except 27 empty barrels, while the other might have a handsome cottage free of rent. An interesting table or series of illustrations show the proportional quantity of proof spirit in beer, wine, and ardent spirits.

In regard to wine, if made from the grape, all the nutriment contained in the wine must be found in the grape. A bunch of grapes weighing $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. costing 6d. or 9d. is made into a pint and half of wine, frequently sold at 5s. or 6s., while actually the grape juice or fruit essence can be got for a quarter the price. But for this large loss of nutriment in the conversion from the sugar of the grape into alcohol of the wine a very heavy price is paid. A quart of sherry will contain about 30 ozs. of water, 8 ozs. alcohol, $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. sediment. Therefore the solid or food part is paid for at the rate of more than 40 shillings per pound. And by the process of destruction, addition, and abstraction, the result of fermentation, the grape-juice loses all the essential qualities of "the fruit of the vine." The manufacture and adulteration of wines is then dwelt on at some length.

Spirits are generally produced from grain or sugar after fermentation, the liquor being derived from distilled vapour, which after it rises, condenses and drops into the receiver. *Gin* is produced from malted barley and coarse rye, with the addition of juniper-berries. *Rum*, by fermenting sugar and molasses. *Whisky* from malt dried with peat or turf. *Brandy* by the distilla-

tion of wine or its lees, or the husks of the grape from the wine-press; the colour is gained by the addition of burnt sugar. Thus it will be seen that spirit is simply a vapour condensed containing no nutritive matter—not a food, but *poison*.

A very conclusive argument is drawn from the comparative mortality of abstainers and non-abstainers. The facts here given are very instructive and useful. The directors of the Temperance Provident Institution for insuring the lives of teetotallers report after nine years' experience that 135 deaths might have occurred according to the lowest average calculation, and 219 according to the highest, but that the actual deaths had been 73. Therefore because "these who don't drink don't die so fast," another company announced that total abstainers are insured in a distinct section to secure to them the full benefits of the greater longevity to which their principles contribute.

In conclusion, as the result of this evidence we ask people everywhere to Abstain. And in so doing to quote Mr. Clarke's own words, "We are not asking any one to adopt a wild Utopian theory which cannot be reduced to practice. Abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks has been tested by experience, and evidence of constantly accumulating facts prove that it is sound in principle, and not only safe but beneficial in practice."

A TALK WITH THE BOYS ABOUT TOBACCO.*

BOYS, I am going to give you a lecture. It will be short. Let me ask you before I go any farther—Do you smoke "No?" Well, never begin, and you will become a nobler man for abstaining. But perhaps you answer, "Yes." Well, I am not going to scold, but I would like to have a quiet talk with you. Now, tell me—Was not this the beginning of it?—

* From an interesting little work by A. A. Read. Price One Halfpenny. London: Partridge. Manchester: Anti-Narcotic League, Corporation-street.



You saw men smoking ; some of your companions smoked ; and you thought it would make *you* look manly to smoke. You did not find it pleasant at first, and besides you were obliged to hide the thing. But there was a spice of romance which made you struggle against the voice of conscience, and so it has gone on till you find yourself a regular smoker. Now, my lads, this friendly talk of mine is just to help you to break off a very bad habit. And as I believe that if you were convinced that it is wrong and hurtful to smoke, you would give it up, I shall give you reasons for doing so. You began to smoke because you thought it would make you more like a man. Well, remember :—

It is not good for a boy to be a man.

You are not a man, but a boy ; and would you wish to appear what you really are not ?

In school there is no one more hated than fellow who is always bouncing and bragging what he will do, and trying to appear very big man. Would you care to be like him ! While we are boys let us be so. The time will come soon enough when you could give a great deal to be a boy again.

But only think. Is it so manly, after all, to smoke ? What men do is not always manly. It is manly to forgive our enemies, but most men hate them. It is

manly to deny ourselves some comfort to help those we love ; but too many think more about themselves than about anybody else. After all, does it seem a very manly thing to spend money and time in learning to draw smoke into our mouth and then puff it out ? The boy does not require it ; he is generally sick before he can take it ; he spends money which he cannot afford ; puts a bad smell into rooms ; makes his clothes stink ; annoys ladies and sick people ; makes himself the slave of a bad habit ; poisons his constitution ; prepares the way for drunkenness ; and often ends by ruining himself and his character for life. Does that strike you as very manly ?

Besides, you have learned to smoke because you wished to be like other people. You did not ask—Can I afford it ? Do I require it ? Will it do me good ? Shall I be setting a right example ? But you yielded to a custom. It is dangerous to do as other people do *unless they are very good people indeed*.

But, besides that, smoking is very bad for you. I am not going to argue whether smoking is bad for men or not. It is so, and I can prove it. But it is bad for *you*. All men, whether smokers or non-smokers, whether doctors, or ministers, or teachers, or parents, or friends, agree that smoking is bad for boys. Your body is tender and easily influenced. Tobacco is a poison. It makes you smaller in size, feebler in mind, leads to other bad habits ; you find yourself in danger of getting lazy—lolling about when you ought to be at work, and finding out that

“ Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.”

It deranges your body, and takes away the healthy appetite you once had for plain, substantial food. It creates a very unnatural thirst, which some day you may begin to quench with beer, or gin, or even brandy. Thus it may lead you to become a drunkard.

—
WHATEVER I am I owe to my excellent mother.—*Dr. Spurzheim*.

NATIONS are but the reflex of homes : peoples of mothers.—*Mrs. C. H. Spear*.

I HAVE SEEN THE GILDED PALACE.

Words by W. HOYLE.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Music by G. F. ROOT.

KEY C.

[s :- .fe|l.s :m.d | l :- | d' :- | t :- .l | s.l :t.r' | d' :- | - :
 1. I have seen the gild-ed pa - lace, Where the wine cup's ruddy glare,
 2. When the hours of toil are end - ed, Home-ward I with joy re - turn;
 3. Life flows on in bliss-ful mea - sures, With re - li-gion for my guide,

[s :- .fe|l.s :m.d | l :- | d' :- | t :- .l | s.l :t.r' | d' :- | - :
 Where the song and midnight re - vel Tell of madness and de - spair;
 Where a lov-ing welcome waits me, Where no e - vil passions burn,
 And the radiant smile of Temp - 'rance— What can I pos-sess be - side?

[r' :- .r' | d'.t :l.s | s :- | d' :- | t :- .d' | r'.s :t.l | s :- | - :
 Fades the scene of dis - si - pa - tion, Leav - ing bit - ter woes be - hind;
 Hap - py children round my fire - side, Dance and climb up - on my knee,
 What can give me pu - rer plea - sure? Not the scep - tre of a king;

[s :- .fe|l.s :m.d | l :- | d' :- | t :- .l | s.l :t.r' | d' :- | - :
 Give, O give me joys of Temp - 'rance, These bring so-lace to my mind.
 Sits my wife, a queen in beau - ty; Home is all the world to me.
 Give me these and I'm con - tent - ed, Free as bird up - on the wing!

I HAVE SEEN THE GILDED PALACE.—(continued.)

Where the foun-tain free-ly flow-ing, foun-tain free-ly flow-ing

{	m'	:-	.m'		r'	.d'	:s	.d'		t	.l	:-		:				
	s	:-	.s		f	.m	:m	.m		f	.f	:f	.f		f	.f	:f	.f
	Where		the		foun-tain		free-ly		flow-ing,		foun-tain		free-ly		flow-ing			
	d'	:-	.d'		d'	.d'	:d'	.d'		d'	.d'	:d'	.d'		r'	.d'	:l	.d'
	d	:-	.d		d	.d	:d	.d		f	.f	:f	.f		f	.f	:f	.f

Lead me to the lim-pid
Fills a cry-stal cup for me, a cup for me, O lead me,
Lead me to the lim-pid

{	r	:-	.l		l	.d'	:t	.l		s	:-		:		s	:-	.fe	.l	.s	:m	.d	
	fe	:-	.fe		fe	.fe	:fe	.fe		s	:f		m	:r	Lead		me	to	the	lim-pid		
	Fills		a		cry-stal		cup	for	me,		a		cup	for	me,		O	lead	me,			
	l	:-	.l		l	.l	:r'	.d'		t	:r'		d'	:t	d'	:-		.d'	.d'	.d'		
	r	:-	.r		r	.r	:r	.r		s	:-		:		d	:-	.d		d	.d	:d	.d

Lead me to the lim-pid

wa-ters,
lead me to the lim-pid wa-ters, Let me drink with all the free.
wa-ters,

{	l	:-		d'	:-		t	:-	.l		s	.l	:t	.r'		d'	:-		:-			
	wa		wa-ters,		f	.f	:f	.f		f	.f	:f	.f		n	:-		:-				
	lead		me	to	the	lim-pid	wa-ters,		f	.f	:f	.f		Let		me	drink	with	all	the		
	d'	.d'	:d'	.d'		l	.l	:l	.l		s	:-	.l		t	.d'	:r'	.t		d'	:-	
	f	:-		f	;-		s	:-	.s		s	.s	:s	.s		d	:-		:-			

wa-ters,

EXTREME NOTIONS.

DIALOGUE FOR THREE ADULTS.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

CHARACTERS.

JOHN HOPEFUL.

KATE (his wife).

FRANK HERBERT, their friend, a teetotaler.

SCENE.

Home of the HOPEFULS.

Kate busy arranging tea-things.

Kate (looking at her watch).—Dear me ! how late John is to-night. I hope there is nothing wrong. Ah ! here he comes. (Enter *John*).

John.—Home at last, wife, and glad I am, for I have had a hard day's work and need rest. (He sits down.)

Kate.—I should think so indeed ! However is it that you are so late ?

John.—Oh, I had to go out of town on business for my employers ; and, as the trains were all dreadfully behind time, I could not get back till late, and so I got thrown behind with other work which I was compelled to do before I could leave.

Kate.—Well, now you are come, let me make you comfortable. Come, drink this nice cup of tea. (Draws the table close to John's chair and pours out a cup of tea.) And here's a piece of beautiful toast. (Hands him a plate). You look tired and ill, dear ; shall I get you a glass of wine ?

John.—No, thanks, never mind, I dare-say this tea will revive me. (He drinks the tea and eats toast.)

Kate.—But if you will persist in working so hard you must have something to keep up your strength, and I am sure a glass of port every day would do you good. I will ask Dr. Jones about it.

John.—Bother Dr. Jones ! If you ask him he will be sure to tell you to get it for me straight off, I know ; and I don't want any physic at all, I can assure you. (Enter *Frank*).

Kate.—Good evening, Mr. Herbert, pray be seated.

John (rising and shaking Frank's hands very heartily).—Good evening, old fellow,

glad you have looked in upon us. Make yourself at home. Will you have a cup of tea with us ?

Frank.—No, thanks. I have just had my tea and would rather be excused. Much obliged to you all the same.

John.—Where have you been this last two centuries ? Give an account of yourself. Courting, eh ?

Frank.—Well, I suppose I might do worse than that. Especially if my courtship should end, as yours seems to have done, in a happy home.

John.—Right you are, old boy ; and I'll tell you what, those may have their bachelor freedom who like, but I would not exchange my—

Kate (interrupting him).—Now John, don't be foolish.

John.—Foolish ! I should think not, I should have been foolish if—

Kate.—There now, hush ! you naughty boy. Mr. Herbert will think you have lost your senses.

John.—You see, my dear boy, how these wives lord it over their husbands.

Frank (laughing).—Oh yes, I see. But you seem to enjoy your slavery I must say.

John.—Immensely, and then to think of all the coddling a fellow gets if his little toe happens to ache ! Why, man, it's enough to make one long to be ill to have the luxury of being nursed, and Kate is so anxious to show off her cleverness, that she was talking, just before you dropped in, of physicking me with port wine to keep up my strength as she is afraid of being prematurely left a widow, poor thing !

Kate.—Now, John, do be sensible.—(To *Frank*.)—You see, Mr. Herbert, he is overworking himself, and I think he needs a little stimulant to keep him up.

Frank.—Excuse me, Mrs. Hopeful, but do you really think that port wine would benefit your husband ?

Kate.—Of course I do.

Frank.—Well, I must say that I think differently. In fact I feel sure that instead of doing him good it would be certain to injure him ; perhaps, poison him.

Kate (excitedly).—Poison him, indeed !

Oh, you teetotalers, what extreme notions you have about wine! I have no patience.

John.—Now, Katie dear, don't get into a passion, but listen carefully to what Mr. H. has to say, for I feel sure that he must have good reasons for holding his views, and I should like to hear them. (To Frank.) I hope you will favour us with your reasons for thinking that wine is not good when taken medicinally.

Frank.—Certainly, for I feel that some explanation is called for from me after what I have said. Not long ago I had occasion to call upon a medical gentleman with a large practice in a neighbouring town, respecting the case of a friend of mine; and among other things the prescription of wine as a medicine was mentioned; and he very emphatically stated it to be his candid opinion that in *ninety-nine* cases out of every hundred where it was taken *it did far more harm than good*. And I find that he is far from being alone in his opinion; for lately, no less an authority than Sir Wm. Gull, M.D., F.R.S., in his evidence before the Peers' Select Committee on Intemperance said, "I think that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when they are exhausted, they might very well drink water, or take food, and would be very much better without the alcohol. If I am personally fatigued with overwork, my food is very simple—I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. I have had very large experience in that practice for thirty years."

Kate.—But you said it might poison him.

Frank.—Yes, and I was going to quote Sir Wm. Gull on that point as well, for in his evidence he said, "A very large number of people in society are dying day by day poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it. I should say, from my experience, that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country." So much for Sir Wm. Gull. Drs. Mudge, Carpenter, Munroe, and Prof. Miller all give similar testimony. And as alcohol is the chief ingredient in wine, you see that I am not without warranty for saying your husband might be poisoned by it if he began to take it.

John.—I knew you had good reasons for holding your opinions. What do you think of his extreme notions now, Kate?

Kate.—Oh, if it comes to argument I shall have to give in, I see. I hope, Mr. Herbert, you will not take offence at my rudeness. I really ought not to have called your conscientious opinions, extreme notions. I beg your pardon most sincerely.

Frank.—Oh, I am not offended in the least, I can assure you.

John.—I am afraid that it is you who hold extreme notions about wine, my dear.

Kate.—You old tease.

Frank (rising).—Now I must go, and I do hope that you will both think over this question for yourselves, and join our Temperance movement. I know a young man who was married a little over three years ago. Soon after his marriage he had a severe illness, and his wife persuaded him to take wine as a medicine. He soon began to like it, and to-day he is a confirmed drunkard. His home is broken up, and his once happy wife is now a poor miserable heart-broken woman. It is very dangerous indeed to meddle with such a seductive thing as wine, and only those are completely safe, who, at the risk of being charged with holding extreme notions, abstain entirely from its use. Good night.

[Exit *Frank*.]

John.—What about my having wine, now, wife?

Kate.—Oh, John, I should die, I am sure, if you were to become a drunkard, and all through me, too. I think Mr. Herbert is right and I am wrong.

John.—Spoken like a true little woman, and now I think I may confess that for some time past I have felt that it was quite time for us to join our teetotal friends in their grand and glorious crusade against intemperance. Shall we do so to-night?

Kate.—With all my heart. (To the audience).—Dear friends, I daresay a great many of you have thought, as I have done, that the teetotalers held very extreme notions. I beg of you to give the great facts and arguments which from time to time are brought before you, your earnest

consideration, and as Christian men and women I am sure you will ultimately feel it to be your duty to join our Temperance movement, and thus help to remove the greatest obstacle to the progress of Christianity, and rid our country of its greatest curse. [Exit.]

WHAT JUDGES SAY.



At the Staffordshire Assizes Mr. Justice Denman, in charging the Grand Jury, said, strong drink is at the root generally of all the offences of violence throughout the whole country.

At the Bedfordshire Summer Assizes, Mr. Justice Hawkins said, he did not hesitate to affirm that the great majority of crimes could be traced either directly or indirectly to the influence of drink. His lordship appealed to the Grand Jury not only to repress the crime of drunkenness, but also to bring their influence to bear on those who encouraged drunkenness. It was his opinion that those who indulged in the baneful and pernicious vice and those who encouraged it should both be put down with a strong hand.

At the Quarter Sessions for the City of Manchester, August 8th, the Recorder, Mr. H. W. West, Q.C., said that he could not help remarking, as he had done frequently, that the number of crimes directly attributable to intemperance committed in this city, bore a great proportion to all crimes committed.

At the Summer Assizes for the County of Devon, Mr. Justice Denman said, on one occasion in a northern county he sat to try a calendar of sixty-three prisoners, out of which thirty-six were charged with offences of violence from murder downwards—there

being no less than six murders for trial among the thirty-six—in every single case, not indirectly but directly these offences were attributed to excess of drinking.

At Durham Quarter Sessions, March 18, the Chairman said, in charging the Grand Jury, that when high wages prevailed crimes of violence greatly increased, whereas the present low rate of wages was co-existent with the satisfactory decrease of crime. High wages means more drink; low wages means less drink and hence less crime.

Mr. Justice Mellor, at the Chester Assizes, after an experience of fifteen years as a judge said, he had found that most of the crimes of violence proceed from drunkenness. It was one of the great problems how to put a stop to this increasing vice of drunkenness amongst the people of this country. It was the duty of all who valued the prosperity of the country, not only to strive to diminish this evil, but if possible to put an end to it altogether.

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, at Dublin, said in reference to this “crying and besetting crime of intemperance” that it led to nineteen-twentieths of the crimes of this country.

Chief Justice Coleridge said in charging a Grand Jury that, from his experience as a judge, he could say that if we could make England sober, we might shut up nine-tenths of the gaols.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

YOUNG Tommy and baby,
With fat little May,
Found pleasure in mischief
When Ma was away.

They danced on the carpet,
They opened each door,
And soon began throwing
Ma's things on the floor.

May put on her Mamma's
New beautiful hat;
Oh wasn't it naughty
For May to do that!



And Tommy, forsaking
His book and his horse,
A large roll of linen
Pretended to nurse.

The drawers all were opened,
Ma's clean things came out ;
And these naughty children
Were dancing about.

How rudely they scattered
Ma's tuckers and bows,

And how they'll be mended
Mamma only knows.

When home came their Mamma,
They nothing could say,
They looked very mournful
The rest of the day.

For can it be wondered
That these children three,
Were sent off to slumber,
Without any tea.

RISDALE LODGE.

BY CHARLES J. COLLINS.

CHAPTER III.—THE MEETING.

As the reader probably has no difficulty in guessing, the promise of our young friends, Bertie and Fanny, to Mrs. Lisle, had reference to the temperance meeting mentioned in the last chapter ; and according to their promise, upon their return home they informed their mother of the temperance meetings held in the Nonconformist Chapel of Risdale, and also of the fact that a gentleman of great importance in the temperance world would be there the following

evening to lecture : and as the Lisle family were coming over to hear him, they had promised to call and see if Mrs. Compton would let the children go with them.

A temperance meeting was such an uncommon event in the eyes of the children, and their curiosity having been also aroused by their young friends the Lisles, that Fanny and Bertie gave their mother no peace the next day till she promised to let them go. Accordingly, when Mrs. Lisle and her children drove up early in the afternoon (for as there was no gas in Risdale all meetings had to be held before dark), the children were quite ready to accompany them.

Mrs. Lisle gave a cordial invitation also to Mrs. Compton, but that lady excused herself, as she did not like to leave the house. This was quite true, but there was also *another* reason why she hesitated to go, because she knew her husband objected to such places, and would probably have refused his permission had he been at home.

Mrs. Compton, however, could not fail to see that her husband had lately become gradually addicted to drinking, and she viewed his continued libations with great uneasiness, and therefore she determined to risk his displeasure rather than the children should lose this opportunity of hearing of the evils of the drink traffic.

Bidding her friend good-bye, Mrs. Lisle hurried off with the children, and they soon found themselves outside the chapel. It was a plain, unpretentious-looking building, with a neat interior, and a platform at one end, where the minister stood to preach. The seats were arranged in such an economical manner that, although but a small-looking chapel, it really held about four hundred people.

When Mrs. Lisle, accompanied by the four children, entered the room, it was already well filled, so they proceeded at once to the front, where seats had been reserved for them. As they passed through the row of people Mrs. Lisle exchanged nods and smiles with several of her friends who were among them.

When they had reached their seats Mr. Melville came to them, and spoke to the children in his usual kind manner, for he loved children, and was always pleased to find them included in his congregation.

The time announced for the commencement of the meeting having arrived, a gentleman present gave out a hymn, in which they all joined; then a prayer was offered for the success of the meeting, and then Mr. Melville was called to the chair. In a short yet touching address he spoke of the many reasons that had induced him to call this and similar meetings together, and ended by introducing the gentleman from London, who was to occupy the evening.

This gentleman was one of those earnest

men who laboured in the temperance cause when it was in its infancy, and by their earnest zeal, in spite of many obstacles and revilings—aye, and even ill-usage—pushed the good work onward, and gained for it a firm and solid foundation, upon which all our later and glorious triumphs have been erected. All honour to them! and may the remembrance of their earnestness inspire with fresh courage the faint-hearted advocate who is ready to despair because he beholds not the fruit of his labour.

He proceeded in a clear and lucid way to explain the evils of drink, detailing several instances that had come under his personal knowledge. He then explained to them the ingredients of which the various kinds of drinks were composed, and appealed to their common sense to say if it was possible that such trash could be beneficial in any shape or form. After that he proceeded to warn moderate drinkers not to be too confident in their own security against the evils of intemperance, and related several cases of moderate drinkers who overstepped the boundary line and became wretched drunkards. He then finished a very impressive speech by imploring the audience to abstain from the evil, if only for the sake of those around them, who might attempt to follow their example and wretchedly fail.

As the speaker was concluding with his remarks about examples, Mr. Compton entered the room, and his temper, already inflamed, greatly increased when he heard the lecturer's concluding words, which seemed in his self-accusation to be directed especially to him; so, irritated beyond control by the repeated warnings, he marched, with a lowering brow, down the aisle, looking upon each side for his children, and stopped at last in front of the platform, and turning to the gentleman who had been speaking, he angrily demanded how he dared inveigle children into his meeting to hear such trash without the consent of their parents. Then without waiting for an answer, or taking the slightest notice of Mrs. Lisle, who sat dumb with astonishment, he took Fanny and Bertie by the hand, and marched out of the place.

This interruption to their hitherto pleasant meeting caused a deal of excitement, not unmixed with indignation, among the audience, but Mr. Wilton begged they would look over it, assuring them there was not the slightest ground for the accusation brought against the promoters of the meeting, and they would rather the parents came *with* the children than they stayed at home.

He then informed the audience that a similar meeting to the present would be held in that building every month, and after pronouncing the benediction the company dispersed to their homes.

CHAPTER IV.—THE AGRICULTURAL DINNER.

A FEW days after Mr. Compton had so foolishly interrupted the temperance meeting, the family were seated at the breakfast-table as usual, but how different from the gay, happy group of a short time since. Mr. Compton's increased habit of drinking, which brought on long, sullen fits of temper, had changed that happy little family to a tearful one. The meal was nearly over, yet Mr. Compton had not deigned to speak a word to his sorrowing wife; for, although he was conscious of the fact that he was acting the part of a brute rather than a man, he would not own his faults, and seek, by kindness, to atone for his wrong-doing; as for Fanny and Bertie, they ate their breakfast in silence, casting every now and then a wondering glance at their now altered father.

Things were proceeding thus, when James brought in the post-bag, causing a diversion for a few minutes, as the children, who were very fond of James, brightened up at his entrance, and forgot their troubles in eager questions.

When he had left the room Mr. Compton opened the letters, and soon discovered that one of them contained an invitation to an agricultural dinner at Arlsford.

It was to be held at the new hotel in that town, and to be given to a society of farmers, of which Mr. Compton was a member.

Glad of any opportunity to get away from his wife's sad face, that seemed a reproach to him every time he looked in that

direction, he immediately announced his intention of going, and left the room to order James to saddle his horse.

When he had gone, Mrs. Compton, who had too much reason to dread any meeting of that description while her husband was in his present state of mind, could not restrain the tears from silently falling down her cheeks, and her little children, awe-struck by such an unusual circumstance, crept up to her, and endeavoured to console her.

"What are you crying for, mamma?" said Fanny; "has father been saying anything cross to you? He isn't nearly so nice *now* as Dr. Lisle, and he *used* to be a great deal better."

Bertie did not speak, but gently and lovingly stroked his mother's hair, and looked up wistfully in her eyes.

Their childish attempts to comfort her only made her weep the more, as she discovered by their conversation that her husband was already losing the love of their children.

She was aroused at length from her reverie by hearing the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the children ran to the window and looked out, Fanny exclaiming as she did so: "Why, if it isn't papa gone out, and he never even came to say Good-bye." Mrs. Compton gazed after him with tearful eyes as he rode down the gravel walk and out of the front gate, but—no—he never once looked back, or by any sign showed that he had the least thought of his wife and children that he was leaving behind.

Mrs. Compton gave a deep sigh, and went sorrowfully about her household duties; for this was the first time he had ever left them without a parting kiss.

When Mr. Compton reached Arlsford, he rode directly up to the new inn, and drew up before the door. As he did so, the landlord made his appearance, and, with an obsequious bow, said, "Good-morning, sir, good-morning; how well you are looking, sir." Then calling to the stableman he said: "Here, Thomas, take Mr. Compton's horse and give him a rub down and a good feed; take great care of him, and look sharp, too—do you hear?"

"Where are they all?" said Mr. Compton, when Thomas had relieved him of the care of the horse; "are they in the large room?"

"No, sir; they have adjourned to the billiard room—this way in, this way."

And he led the way up a handsome staircase into a large room, where a number of burly-looking farmers were congregated, who greeted Mr. Compton with loud shouts of welcome.

"Come along, man," said Mr. Berry (one of the fastest men in the county, and reputed to be upon the verge of bankruptcy through his dissipated habits). "Come along here, and take my place at the table, will you? I'm quite cleaned out by this fellow; he plays as if he knew every stroke to be gained upon the board; perhaps *you'll* be able to knock him over, and if you do, you'll earn my last blessing."

Now, Mr. Compton was not by any means a good player at billiards, but he was nevertheless very susceptible to flattery, so he willingly took his friend's place at the table.

Calling for a glass of liquor, he prepared to play; laying the stakes at a moderate sum, he carefully placed himself, and then took a good look at the stranger.

He was a tall, wiry man, very different in appearance from the burly farmers around him, and he wore a look of simplicity upon his face which a close observer might have found hard to reconcile to the cunning look that occasionally appeared in his small eyes.

The rest of the farmers, attracted by the conversation between the two friends, gathered round the table, in hopes that Mr. Compton would be more fortunate than his predecessor, and give the stranger the worst of the game; and they were so far rewarded, that at last Mr. Compton, who had played very carefully, came off the victor, and a shout of congratulation announced the fact. Flushed by this success, and the drink he not unfrequently partook of, he doubled the stakes, and—lost! He doubled again, and, as each game he lost, he at length in a very short time had lost a considerable sum of money, so that he

was greatly relieved when the landlord announced that dinner was ready. The dinner was served in the largest room in the house, which was in general requisition for inquests, political meetings, social concerts, clubs, &c., and was really a splendid specimen of its kind.

The host had taken great pains to lay out the table in an attractive manner, not forgetting, among the various items to delight the palates of the hungry farmers, a goodly supply of wines and spirits. After hunger had begun to be satisfied, attention was more generally called to the bottles upon the table; and, with the drink, conversation also began to flow.

Speech after speech was made referring to the Society in whose honour they had met that day, and bottle after bottle was emptied, fresh supplies called for, and the landlord chuckled at the orders, and began to count up the pretty bill he would have to present to the worthy farmers.

When at last they rose to depart, it was with staggering footsteps that many of them found their way to the stables, and mounted their horses or vehicles.

At last, however, the bustle and noise decreased; and finally stopped, and the landlord, with a yawn, proceeded upstairs to clear away all traces of the late repast—and a rare scene of confusion the room presented; here and there, a broken glass, or the neck of a bottle met his eye; and the stifling smell of hot air and the fumes of tobacco were almost unbearable. Suddenly, however, the landlord stopped and listened. Then raising the cloth that covered the table, he uttered an exclamation of dismay, as he stooped down and dragged forth from beneath the table—Mr. Compton.

The landlord called his wife, and bad her prepare a bed; and then, with the assistance of the man-servant, carried him upstairs, and left him—alone.

(*To be continued.*)

THE tenderest part of our whole system—the pocket.



MY LITTLE KITTEN.

KITTY is a little creature,
She is but six weeks old ;
Such a pretty little kitten
I never did behold.

We call her little Monkey,
Because she climbs about,
And always full of mischief
When indoors or out.

She wears a pretty collar,
I think they call it red ;
We change it every Sunday
And give her blue instead.

She is such a playful kitty,
And likes a bit of fun,
So we have a game together
When lessons all are done.

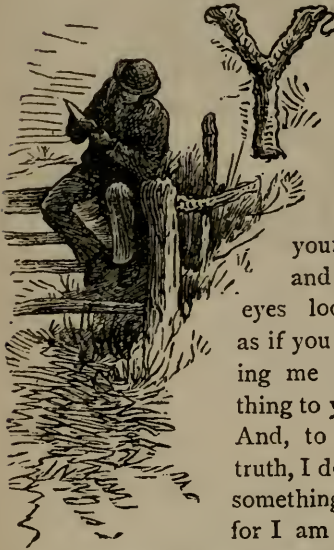
Kitty is sometimes naughty,
And scratches brother Fred,
Pulls mother's wool to pieces,
And tangles sister's thread.

I suppose she knows no better,
And I love her every whit ;
God is good and kind to me,
So I'll be kind to Kit.

E. J. H.

BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

BY DAVID LAWTON.



O U N G
friends, as
I take up
my pen to
write I
fancy I
can see
your happy faces
and bright eager
eyes looking at me
as if you were expect-
ing me to say some-
thing to you specially.
And, to tell you the
truth, I do want to say
something to all of you,
for I am very fond of

little folks, and I like to see them romping and playing to their hearts' content, and to hear their merry laughter and gladsome prattle. But just now I want your attention to what I am about to say. And as I wish you to keep it in your minds and practice it in your lives, I will try to arrange it so that you will be able to remember it afterwards.

You have all become members of the Band of Hope ; and by so doing you have shown that you wish to avoid the evils of intemperance. But you must not be content with simply avoiding the evils of intemperance, for there are a great many other evils besides, which may mar your lives ; and three of these are Disobedience, Dishonesty, and Untruthfulness ; and in order that you may avoid these evils, which are, as it were, stepping stones to many others, there are three things which you should try to be, and these are :—

- 1st, Obedient.
- 2nd, Honest.
- 3rd, Truthful.

In the first place then we say, you should be obedient. Obedient at home to your parents, obedient, at school and at the Band of Hope, to your teachers. Some of you may perhaps think that this does not

matter so much ; but I tell you it is of the utmost importance ; for if ever any of you are to fill situations of trust, and to exercise authority over others successfully, *you must first learn how to obey*, because only those who know how to obey themselves can know what real obedience is in others. And not only must you learn to obey, but you must obey promptly and willingly. Now Johnny, when father asks you to run an errand, do not stop playing marbles, or seeking birds' nests on the way, but go straight to the place you are sent to, and do your business like a little man, and come straight back. Never you mind if your companions laugh and call you a baby, or say that you are afraid of your father. Remember it is your duty ; and you ought to count it a privilege and a pleasure to do any little service which you can for your father. Think how he has to toil that you may have plenty of food to eat, nice clothes to wear, and a comfortable house to live in. And you, Jenny, when mother wants you to help with the house-work, or mind the baby, do not be snappish and disagreeable, or spoil that pretty face of yours with cross looks, but just set to work willingly and cheerfully, and endeavour to do all that you can to help your mother, who has nursed and tended you with so much care all your life. And whenever you see that mother looks tired and worried, do not wait to be asked, but tuck up your sleeves, and pin up your dress like the brave little woman which I know you are, and set to work to put things to rights ; and by your loving words and cheerful looks, make both your mother and everybody about you feel that you are a veritable little fairy, filling the house with the sunshine of your presence. Obedient children are a great comfort to their parents, a help to their teachers, and a blessing both to themselves and everybody about them, therefore you should try to be obedient for your own sake and for the sake of others, and above all because God commands, and always blesses true obedience with His divine benediction.

Secondly, we say that you should be honest. Look here, Dick, when your father sends you to town with a shilling to pur-

chase something he requires, do not spend a part of it on sweets and then try to make believe that you lost it on the road. Remember it is a great sin to take that which does not belong to you. And although your father may not find you out, God will know all about it, and will punish you for your sin if you do not repent and ask Him to forgive you for Jesus Christ's sake. And you, Polly, when mother leaves you to mind the house whilst she goes out shopping ; see that you do not steal the jam or the sugar, or eat up the biscuits. You know that it is very wrong to do these things and if you want to be good and useful in the future you must begin by being obedient and honest now.

Thirdly, we say that you should be Truthful, and though this is mentioned last it is very far from being of less importance than the two things we have named before. Just try to imagine how unhappy all you children would be, if you found out that everything your parents, your little brothers, and sisters, or your playfellows said was not true. Why you would all want to cry for vexation and disappointment, I am sure. If everybody told lies the world would soon be so full of misery that life would be unbearable, and if you want to be happy, and to be loved and respected, you must be truthful in word and deed, for lying and deceitfulness are odious to all good people, and sinful in the sight of God ; and can only bring sorrow and suffering in their train. Before I conclude, I wish to warn you against one sort of lying in particular—and that is signing the Band of Hope Pledge and then breaking it wilfully—pretending to be teetotalers and not being so at heart. Just think for a moment how mean it is to sign the pledge and then go away and break it almost as soon as the meeting is over. And it is not only mean, but wicked and sinful. Boys and girls who do this may wish to pass for teetotalers, but they are not real teetotalers, for they have not signed the pledge with the intention of keeping it in their hearts, and so they are not true staunch Band of Hope members, but hypocrites who wish to appear something which they are not in order to deceive

People. I do hope and trust that none of you will ever be guilty of such a thing as this. Be true to your pledge, truthful in all you do, and all you say, and then your lives will be full of blessedness to yourselves and to all with whom you may be brought into contact.

It is the ambition of all boys and girls to be men and women, and we want you all to grow up to be good and useful men, good and useful women, in your day and generation ; doing God's work in the world, and faithfully following in the footsteps of Jesus who went about doing good. Why, what a wonderful world it would very soon become if all the little boys and girls were to grow up good. I am afraid we should hardly know it, it would be so much better. So you see that after all it rests with you to help to make the world what it ought to be, by *being what you ought to be yourselves* ; and by your life and example you may each and all help to bring about that blessed time when intemperance and everything else that is hurtful to men and hateful in the sight of God shall be swept away for ever, and this world, cleansed from all that is vile and impure, shall become the dwelling-place of unsullied happiness and peace. You would all like this glorious time to come I am sure, and in order that you may help to bring it about, remember that in addition to faithfully keeping your pledge you must earnestly strive by God's help to be, 1st Obedient, 2nd Honest, 3rd Truthful.

A SHREW old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man ; but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

A WAG has decided that whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into prisons ; that brandy brands the noses of all who cannot govern their appetites ; that wine causes many a man to take a winding way home ; that ale causes many ailments ; while beer brings many to the bier, and champagne is the source of many a real pain.

GEORGE.

A STORY BY UNCLE BEN.

GEORGE, the hero of this little story, lived in a beautiful farm-house, where he was very happy. He was the only child, and therefore was made much of by his parents. It was a fine old-fashioned house, with a splendid garden, with soft, turfy walks that always looked fresh and green,



being kept in beautiful order. At the end of the garden was a low wall, and the other side ran a stream which turned a mill belonging to the farmer at the other end of the village. There were three grass paths the whole length of the garden: the middle one was the broadest, with a border of flowers on either side; and at the end furthest from the house there was a little bridge across the stream which led into the fields beyond. On the garden side of the bridge was an iron gate which generally stood open, but through which George was forbidden to go, because on the other side the stream there was no wall, and his parents, knowing how fond boys are of water, cautioned him never to go through the gate or cross the bridge.

He was allowed to play about the farm-yard, and always had the run of the garden in gooseberry-time as well as in the winter. There was much to amuse him in his play-time, for he was fond of animals and knew the names of all the horses and cows on the farm. He used to feed the pigeons and the poultry. Having so much to do he seldom missed companions, and so never felt the restraint of his father's commandments. But it happened on one fine summer's after-

noon, most of the men were away, the horses had not come back from work, and there was nothing of much consequence going on in the farm-yard, George was busy chasing the white butterflies about the garden. He knew a little about butterflies, and meant some day to make a collection, and while he was playing up and down the green paths, there floated lazily along on the warm summer air a beautiful specimen of a

peacock-butterfly with rich dark-coloured wings. As soon as George saw it he went as quietly as he could in hope of catching it by guile, so he waited until it settled

on some flower, and then ran swiftly and softly popped his hat down on the very spray where the butterfly was, but he was not sharp enough. Away it gently fluttered. It hovered and flitted about, first from one plant then to another. George followed, without making another attempt just then; at last it pitched upon a flower and seemed inclined to stay. Then up came George all absorbed and breathless on tip-toe, his little straw hat already off, and now one moment's pause to take good aim, then down again goes the hat exactly on the spot, and the beautiful butterfly calmly sails away from under it. Away dashes George, now fairly roused in the sport, sweeping after it right and left with his straw hat. On they go, dodging about, the butterfly just on before, and George close after it, sometimes on the beds, now down the grass path, now nearer and nearer to the open gate, now just in front of George's face, now flying out at the gate over the little bridge and into the fields beyond. Away went George, hat in hand, panting along as fast as ever his legs could carry him—on he went, until at last it soared up and flew far away, leaving the tired and disappointed boy a long way from the stream and the garden.

Then he remembered that he had done wrong, and disobeyed his father, but seeing about him many other butterflies, some not so common as peacocks, he was delighted and thought now he was out beyond bounds he would have a good time of it. And away he went after all the prettiest ones he could see, through field after field, over many gates and stiles. Then the sun

found his way back, he made up his mind to go on, feeling sure he would come soon to some house or person, where he could ask the way back. So he pushed his way on as fast as he could, but it was much later than he thought, and before long the stars came out and the night commenced to close in. As the darkness began to fall he approached a large wood, and as he found a

very slight path running from a gap, he felt sure this would soon lead him out of his difficulties. But among the trees it was so much more dark, and no stars seemed to light the calm summer night, because of the leafy canopy above him. By-and-by he seemed to have missed the track altogether, and coming to a large open space where there was a big oak tree with old mossy roots, he was so tired and frightened that he laid himself down and very soon cried himself to sleep. There he was all alone in the forest, under the branches of this large oak.

When tea-time came at the arm-house, and George did not come, his mother wondered where he was, for George was one of those boys who, though seldom late for school, was never late for meals. His mother went out and called "George! George!" all over the house, garden, and farm, but no George answered. As the evening wore on and there was no sign of the boy's return all began to be anxious. A diligent search was made all round the place,

but nowhere was he to be found. As darkness closed these fears and anxieties deepened. He had been last seen in the garden, the gate stood open as usual; the terrible suspicion crossed the minds of his fond parents that perhaps he had fallen into the stream. The news soon spread that George was lost. Some people went up and down the stream, some in one direction, some in another. The old shepherd,



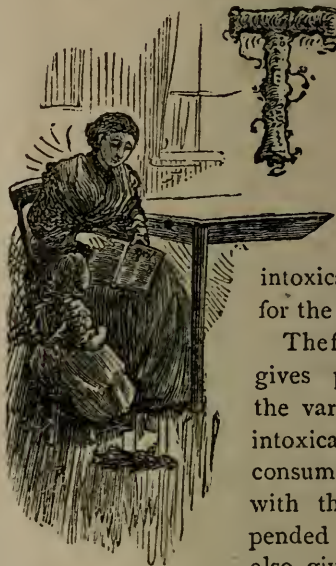
began to throw long shadows and the late afternoon waned into evening; the dew fell, the butterflies vanished, and the setting sun glowed in the west. At length George grew very tired and felt hungry, and then began to think of returning, but as he looked round him for some familiar landmark and could not recognize any, he began to feel very uneasy. Knowing that he had turned about so often that he could not

when he heard the news, said he thought George "had sense enough to keep out of the water, for it wasn't as if he had took to drink." And away the old man started to seek the lost lad, taking with him an old-fashioned lantern, and making straight for the woods, thinking he might have tried bird's-nesting, and fallen down and hurt himself, or lost his way. In time he came to the old oak tree, where several paths met, and there, sure enough, he found the boy fast asleep, with the tears still wet upon his cheeks. He woke him very gently, and kindly took him up in his arms and carried him home, speaking many words to comfort the frightened child. When he reached home his parents were so rejoiced to see him that they had no word of reproof to offer, they gave him some supper and put him safely to bed with very thankful hearts. The next morning when he was awake and remembered all the events of the previous evening, his conscience made him so ashamed that he was almost afraid to meet his father. But as it was very late before he was up that day, he did not go to school in the morning, and after breakfast his father said, when he had heard the story from the boy, "Well, George, I think you were punished enough last night for disobedience. But we are all like you." George looked up in surprise, and his father continued: "We all have a good Father, but we run away after the butterflies, and foolish things, and break His laws, and then we are lonely, weary, and afraid; sometimes have to lie down in darkness and tears and penitence till the kind Shepherd comes to lead us home. Can you tell me who that Father and that Shepherd are?" George said he thought it was God in heaven and the Saviour Jesus Christ.

A LAW made by Catherine Alexiowna, who became Empress of Russia in 1724, indicates the slight degree of civilization existing in that country at that period. It enacted that women were not to get drunk—in public; and that men were not to get drunk—before nine o'clock in the evening.

WHAT THE EXCISE SAY.

BY W. HOYLE.



THE Excise returns are to hand, whereby we are enabled to calculate the consumption

of intoxicating liquors for the year 1878.

The following table gives particulars of the various kinds of intoxicating liquors consumed, together with the money expended thereon. It also gives the con-

sumption for 1877:—

	1878.	1877.
British spirits.....	£ 29,358,715, at 20s.....	£ 29,358,715 29,888,176
Foreign spirits	(b) 10,438,637, at 24s.....	12,636,364 12,742,277
Wine	(c) 16,272,295, at 18s.....	14,645,065 15,904,146
	Bushels.	
Beer: Sugar used (d) 1,128,226—	Cwt. of malt.	4,813,760
Beer: Malt used	(e) 57,259,393	
	62,073,153	
	Gallons.	
Equal to	1,117,316,754, at 1s. 6d.....	83,798,756 81,722,632
British wines, } cider, etc. (es- } timated	17,500,000, at 2s. 6d....	1,750,000 1,750,000
	Total.....	£ 142,188,900 142,007,231

(a) See Trade and Navigation } Feb., 1879, p. 72.
Returns }
(b) do. do. Dec., 1878, ,, 12.
(c) do. do. Dec., 1879, ,, 14.
(d) do. do. Feb., 1879, ,, 71.
(e) do. do. Feb., 1879, ,, 71.

From these returns, it will be seen that in 1878, with all the terrible depression that prevailed in trade, the money spent upon intoxicating liquors was £181,669 more than in 1877.

It will also be noted that whilst wine and spirits—supposed to be drunk mainly by the upper and middle classes—have fallen off nearly two millions sterling, the consumption of beer, which is generally allowed to be the beverage of the working classes, has increased more than two millions sterling.

During the last seven years the total expenditure upon intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom has been £987,320,669.

In the year 1860 Mr. Gladstone, avowedly to lessen the deplorable intemperance which then prevailed, introduced his Wine Bill. It may, therefore, be interesting to compare the consumption of intoxicating liquors now with what it was at that time. For this purpose, I will take the seven years ending 1863, and compare them with the seven years just ended.

1857, £92,319,147	1872, £131,601,402
1858, 88,148,335	1873, 140,014,712
1859, 92,892,557	1874, 141,342,997
1860, 86,897,683	1875, 142,876,669
1861, 94,942,107	1876, 147,288,760
1862, 88,867,563	1877, 142,007,231
1863, 92,088,185	1878, 142,188,900
£636,155,577	£987,320,671

From the above it will be seen that the increase in the expenditure upon intoxicating liquors during the seven years ending 1878, as compared with the seven years ending 1863, was £351,165,094, being an increase of over 55 per cent.

The population of the United Kingdom in 1863 was 29,433,918, and in 1878 33,799,276, being an increase of less than 15 per cent. in population, as compared with an increase of 55 per cent. in the consumption of drink.

The entire value of all our exports for the four years ending 1878 was £815,000,000, being £171,000,000 less than the money which the nation spent on drink during the seven years just ended.

If to the drink expenditure we add the

indirect cost and losses resulting therefrom, it would increase the Drink Bill by at least £100,000,000 per annum, and it would show a national loss far exceeding the total of all our foreign trade.

At the present time the anxiety of merchants and manufacturers is as to where they shall find a market for their goods. Efforts are being made to open out Africa, and to increase our trade in other directions. Would it not be well to turn our attention to our home markets as well, for when by our habits of drinking we squander, directly and indirectly, a greater sum than the value of our foreign trade, we have a prompt remedy for the stagnation in our own hands?

The enormous burden of the drink expenditure is one that in the face of the world's competition we cannot continue to carry, and especially as it is accompanied by a deterioration of the workman, which makes the burden all the greater, and outside competition all the more possible.

Every one who wishes to preserve our national status will be anxious to help all efforts for redeeming the country from the foul blot of intemperance, which paralyses its trade, corrupts its morals, and degrades its population beyond conception.

WE extract the following from a sermon delivered a few months ago by Dr. Talmage:—"A minister of the Gospel stood in a reform meeting, and he was showing how that a man might take strong drink moderately and yet do right, and how the head of a family might have strong drink on his dining-table, and yet do right in all this matter; and after he had made a powerful and eloquent argument, he sat down. Then an aged man arose in the audience, and he said, 'I have a broken heart. I have buried my only son. He started life with beautiful prospects. He is to-day in a drunkard's grave, and when he was dying he told me that he began that awful habit at the table of a Christian clergyman, and that Christian clergyman is the man who just sat down in the pulpit!'"

MAY MORNING.

A Serenade (from FLOTOW).

Sprightly.

KEY F.

m . :m .	s :- m	m .f :f .l	l .r :r .	r :m .f
d . :d .	d :- d	d .t ₁ :t ₁ .t ₁	t ₁ :t ₁ .	t ₁ :d .r
2. Wake! wake! wake! and pick the ear - ly vio - lets, Sol will				
s . :s .	s :- s	s .s :s .s	s :s .	s :s
d . :d .	m :- d	d .r :r .f	s :s ₁ .	f :m .r

s :- s	d' .s :s .m	m .r :r .	m . :m .	s :- m
m :- m	m .m :m .d	d .t ₁ :t ₁ .	d . :d .	d :- d
soon, will soon with in your win-dow peep; Each young leaf let				
s :- s	s .s :s .s	s .s :s .	s . :s .	d' :- s
d :- d	d .d :d .d	s ₁ .s ₁ :s ₁ .	d . :d .	m :- d

m .f :f .l	l .r :r .	r :m .f	s :- s	d' .s :f .r	d :
d .t ₁ :t ₁ .t ₁	t ₁ :t ₁ .	t ₁ :d .r	m :- m	m .m :r .t ₁	d :
is a - wake and stir - ring, May morn shines too bright, too bright for sleep.					
s .s :s .s	s :s .	s :s	s :- s	s .s :s .f	m :
d .r :r .f	s :s ₁ .	f :m .r	d :- d	s ₁ .s ₁ :s ₁ .s ₁	d :

MAY MORNING—(continued).

Wake! wake! wake! the trees are gai-ly way-ing, Beck - 'ning

KEY C.

:	:	:	:	^s d' . :r .
m' . :t .	d' :-l	se .t :l .se	l .t :d .	s . :s .
Wake! wake!	wake! for	this is sweet May	morn - ing.	All are
t'm' . :m' .	m' :-m'	m' .m' :m' .m'	m' :m'	m' . :r' .
^s d' . :t .	l :-d'	t .r' :d' .t	d' .t :l	s . :s .

ritard. us with outstretch'd arms of *tempo.* ev - er - green ; Come, help find young

KEY F.

m' :-A	t .f' :m' .r'	r' .d' :t .ta	l'm . :m .	s :-m
s :-s	s .s :s .s	m .m :f .s	f d . :d .	d :-d
hap - py, all are hap - py	bright and gay ;	Wake! wake!	wake! the	
d' :-m'	r' .s :l .t	d's . :s .	d' :-s	
s :-s	s .s :s .s	d .d :r .m	f d . :d .	m :-d

col - um-bines and vio - lets, Sweet young flowers to crown our May-day Queen.

m .f :f .l	l .r :r .	r :m .f	s :-s	d' .s :f .r	d :
d .t, :t, .t,	t, :t, .	t, :d .r	m :-m	m .m :r .t,	d :
rob - ins now are	sing - ing,	All but you are	praising, praising.	May.	
s .s :s .s	s :s .	s :s	s :-s	s .s :s .f	m :
d .r :r .f	s :s,	f :m .r	d :-d	s, .s, :s, .s,	d :

TEETOTAL SUNDAY.

A DIALOGUE, BY T. H. EVANS.

CHARACTERS.

KENDRICK BAINES, *Temperance Secretary.*DAVID TODD, *Sunday-school Teacher.*

SCENE.

Temperance Society's Office.

K. B. (seated at a table writing).—The duties of a Secretary are by no means light at ordinary times, and what they are upon special occasions, I shall soon have an opportunity of proving, for it strikes me that this new idea of mine will give such an impetus to the cause, my strength and energy will be taxed to the utmost, and if the plan is a success in Manchester, perhaps the friends of Temperance in other places will be induced to adopt it. If it does nothing else, it will serve to draw the attention of the people to the large amount of money daily lost by drinking habits; which, judged by results, is money worse than wasted. (Enter DAVID TODD.)

D. T.—Good evening, Kendrick!

B. (looking up).—Good evening. Excuse me for not rising, I'm so pressed for time; every moment is of consequence.

T.—Certainly, certainly; don't let me hinder you on any account, I thought I'd look in on my way home, just for a chat.

B.—I shall be off home very soon, but I want to finish these letters before I go.

T.—What's in the wind to make you so busy?

B.—Haven't you heard the news?

T.—No, I haven't heard anything. What is it?

B.—We are getting ready for Teetotal Sunday.

T.—And pray, what is that?

B.—Listen a moment and I'll tell you all about it. One evening when here alone, the following thought crossed my mind. If the public institutions for the sick can have a Hospital Sunday every year, I can't see why Temperance Societies, which prevent so much sickness, should not have a Sunday too.

T.—Certainly, a capital idea.

B.—Our Committee liked the notion

immensely, so we called a meeting, inviting every Temperance Society in the place to send a delegate, that we might confer together for the purpose of putting the idea into execution, and I am pleased to say, that every temperance organisation in Manchester and Salford has taken up the matter in the most spirited manner.

T.—Bravo, what next? Do tell me all about it.

B.—The plan we have adopted is for each Society to appeal to every inhabitant in their district, asking them to assist the cause of temperance by abstaining for at least one day in the year—that day to be next Sunday week—and to present the Society with the cash so saved, no matter how small each individual amount may be.

T.—Capital. But you will have a meeting in the evening, of course?

B.—Oh yes. There will be Temperance Meetings for speaking and prayer at every available place throughout the whole city. We have received the most generous offers from all engaged in Christian work. Every church, chapel, school-room and lecture hall in the city has been placed at our disposal, for sermons and meetings; and all non-abstainers who attend are respectfully requested to bring with them that which their usual glass would have cost them, and put it in the plate when the collection is made, and those not able to attend are invited to send their trifle in stamps to the society.

T.—What a swarm of letters you will have.

B.—I hope so.

T.—Hope so! My dear fellow, the whole thing will be a grand success, depend upon it, for most people admit that Temperance Societies do a deal of good, and wish them well, although they will not abstain themselves, and as the very essence of the Christian religion is self denial, surely no one can refuse to abstain just for *one day* in the year, when by such a trifling sacrifice they can so greatly assist those whose whole lives are devoted to the work of saving their fellow creatures from ruin.

B.—That is just my feeling; and I think there are many who will be pleased to avail

themselves of this opportunity for showing their sympathy for a cause that all who wish well to humanity must admire.

T.—Just so ! And if only half the inhabitants carry out the suggestion, the pecuniary result will help us immensely.

B.—I only hope we may be fortunate enough to secure half the cash that is thrown daily into the coffers of Bacchus by the people of this city. For the money spent in drink every day in Manchester and Salford is no less than £5,700.

T.—Can it be possible ?

B.—It is not only possible, but an *awful* act. The money spent for drink last year in the United Kingdom amounted to the stupendous sum of £142,000,000. And our daily subscription to that shameful waste of the people's resources was never less than £5,700 ; in fact in very prosperous times the sum is often increased to £6,000 a day.—(Looking at his watch.)—How fast time flies!—(Rising.)—If I don't go at once, I shall lose the train.

T.—Pray don't do that. I'm going past the station, so we will both go together.

Exeunt.

PART II.

Scene.—As before.

Time.—Saturday after Teetotal Sunday.

B.—I wonder what has become of Todd. I haven't seen him for a long time.—(Stretching.)—Oh dear, I'm glad this is Saturday. This has been such a week for work, I'm precious glad it has come to an end.

(Enter TODD.)

T.—How are you, Kendrick ? Teetotal Sunday hasn't quite killed you, I see.

(They shake hands.)

B.—No, I'm still alive and well, although I must confess that I never had such a week before in all my life. Of course you have heard what a great success it has been.

T.—I read all about it in the papers, and guessed how busy you would be, so thought I would not hinder you by calling.

B.—Thanks for your consideration. Subscriptions have been dropping in by every post all through the week up to Thursday, and the total amount received is

a trifle over £2,500—a nice little sum to divide amongst all our societies, isn't it ?

T.—£2,500 ! what a triumph to rescue such a large sum from the greedy clutch of the Drink Fiend.

B.—Yes. Nearly half the devotees of Bacchus have sent us substantial proof of their sympathy. This thought alone will give us new energy and increased hope to press onward in the great work before us.

T.—Well, yes, it is encouraging to know that so many outside our ranks wish us well in our endeavours.

B.—It is, indeed. And I wish most heartily that everybody would abstain on that day. It would be such a glorious thing to know that for one day, at least, the people were free from the defiling influence of strong drink !

T. Yes. It would set thoughtful men thinking. Here is one pure white page in the history of our city, and why should not *every* page be as spotless ? £5,700 saved, and who can picture the health, happiness, and prosperity that would bless us on all sides, if this sum was expended daily in benefiting the people, instead of debasing them ? How trade would flourish if the people spent this sum in things necessary for their comfort and well-being ! Nearly £40,000 every week flowing out into every branch of useful industry. Try to picture the result.

B.—Ah ! all this is very delightful to imagine, but some will say, how is it to be realised ?—(To the audience.)—My dear friends, it is just as easy as writing your own name. And if there are any here who disbelieve that assertion let them come up here and prove it for themselves.

T.—Yes, do. We have all the writing materials necessary.

B.—All the blessings that we have named would be ours, if the pledge book contained the name of every man, woman, and child, in our great and noble city. Let each one do his part towards hastening on that happy time by signing the pledge. Then every Sabbath day that dawns will be a *Teetotal* Sunday.

RISDALE LODGE.

BY CHARLES J. COLLINS.

CHAPTER V.—THE ACCIDENT.

MRS. COMPTON waited anxiously for her husband's return, as she greatly mistrusted his visits to Arlsford, when his business would lead him to the public-house.



As darkness set in, and the night wore on she felt greatly alarmed, and dreary forebodings of evil gathered around her with the shades of night; yet, still hoping, she waited, but in vain, for the sound of the horse's feet upon the gravel path.

When midnight came, however, she became so alarmed, that she forgot his neglectful conduct, in fears for his safety. Supposing he had met with any accident? He had never before gone away without bidding her good-bye, and now, perhaps, something terrible had happened to him.

She would have aroused James, but she could not see what assistance he would be to her; Arlsford was miles away, and he

would take some time to reach there, and, if he did, what could he do there in the middle of the night?

Then she thought of Dr. Lisle, but surely the doctor would have been called to attend a person who had met with an accident in the town, and then he would have let her know.

Ruminating thus, she tossed about in her restlessness, till at length she fell asleep, thoroughly exhausted by the painful emotions of the day.

When she awoke, it was about eight o'clock in the morning (unusually late in that early house), the children were in the garden, and their voices came ringing to her ears, arousing her to the recollection of yesterday's troubles.

As soon as she had risen, she made immediate inquiries whether her husband had returned, and was informed that he had not, but a messenger had arrived from Dr. Lisle, who was waiting below to see her.

Her heart sank within her, as she hastened below, greatly agitated at the intelligence. When she reached the breakfast room, there was the doctor's man-servant, who had just been discovered by Fanny and Bertie, who were eagerly plying him with questions about their young friends at Arlsford.

Releasing himself from their importunities, the man approached, and in a respectful manner handed Mrs. Compton a letter from his mistress, and she hurried away to her own room to peruse it. The letter ran thus:—

“My dear Mrs. Compton,—Do not, I beg of you, be alarmed when you open this letter. I know that you must be anxious about your husband, and I will at once relieve your mind by telling you, that he is quite well in health. But dear friend, I have nevertheless some sad news to tell you; our man was out early this morning, when he chanced to meet the ostler at the new inn, with whom he has a slight acquaintance, and from him he heard that a gentleman, named Mr. Compton, who had dined with some farmers at the house the previous evening, had been too intoxicated to go home,



and had therefore been put to bed for the night. I am sorry, my dear Mrs. Compton, that such a trial should have happened to you, for I well know how your sensitive nature must recoil at such conduct; but as I know how important it is that you should be acquainted with the fact, before your husband's arrival, I took the liberty of sending our man over directly.

"Now, my dear friend, let me earnestly intreat you to be careful how you *receive* your husband when you meet him. That he has hitherto been a good husband and father, I, who have known you all so many years, feel convinced, and a little careful management *now*, may reform him for *life*."

"Do not upon any account, I beseech you, upbraid him in any way; but meet him as if nothing whatever had occurred. He will probably be much ashamed of his conduct, and a kind reception may move him to repentance, where reproaches *might* have an opposite effect. Hoping you will endeavour to act upon this advice, I remain, your affectionate friend,

E. LISLE."

The letter fell from Mrs. Compton's hand, and a look of utter despair came over her face as she thought of this fresh degradation. 'Oh! how bitterly she con-

trasted the present with the old happy days, that even now seemed a distant dream.

After awhile she raised her head and endeavoured to shake off her hopelessness and think; and the result of her meditation was that she resolved to take Mrs. Lisle's advice, and see if a cheerful face and loving manner would bring her husband to a sense of his faults; so she smoothed her hair and went out to Mrs. Lisle's messenger, and sent her many thanks for her trouble and advice.

About ten o'clock Mr. Compton, as Mrs. Lisle had predicted, heartily ashamed of his conduct, yet too proud to own it, rode slowly down the gravel walk. As he dismounted at the door and called James to relieve him of his horse, Mrs.

Compton came forward with a smile and ushered him into the breakfast-room, where a comfortable meal was prepared for him. Her husband looked rather astonished at this, no doubt fully expecting to be *questioned at least*, so he silently took his seat, while his wife helped him as usual with a cheerful manner, and in all other respects spoke and acted as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Compton, although silent, was evidently troubled in his mind, and when he had finished his meal he softly walked to his wife's side and kissed her, as he said, "God bless you, wife! I'm not half worthy of you, but if you knew —"

"Hush!" his wife replied; "I *do* know all. But oh! William, promise me to drink no more, and you will make me *so happy*."

Her husband clasped her round the waist as he said, "Nay, wife, I do not think it will be quite necessary. I will promise you to be more careful in future; but recollect that no one suffers through my folly, or I would instantly leave it off."

Mrs. Compton was on the point of reminding him of what *she* had suffered the night previous, but she thought of Mrs. Lisle's advice, so she turned a bright face

towards him and said, "But you won't have any objection to the children going to the temperance meeting, will you, William?"

"No, wife, no!" said her husband; let them go by all means, and if they want to sign the pledge, let them do so; but mind don't force them in any way: it must be done of their own free will."

Mrs. Compton promised, and felt repaid for all her trouble in gaining *this* concession.

For some time things went on pretty smoothly at Risdale Lodge. The children went to the next monthly temperance meeting, and there, in conjunction with their mother, they all three signed the pledge. Mrs. Lisle, who had driven over to the meeting, warmly congratulated them upon the step they had taken. Mr. Compton had been several times to Arlsford since the last occurrence we have narrated, but had always returned in a sober state, so that his wife once more began to place confidence in him.

The last one or two journeys he had performed on horseback with the new horse he had lately purchased—a fine animal, but rather ill-tempered at times; in fact, Mr. Compton had never yet placed him in a vehicle of any description. But one day, having occasion to go to Arlsford, he gave orders for the new horse to be placed in the trap, and for James to accompany him to Arlsford. Then bidding his wife and children an affectionate good-bye, they drove off at a rapid pace, and soon reached their destination, having met with no greater adventure upon the road than occasionally remonstrating with the horse for attempting to retrace his steps.

Having transacted his business, Mr. Compton was making his way towards the spot where James awaited him with the trap, when he was greeted by some old friends, who pressed him to take a glass.

He first refused, then hesitated, and at last—consented. The consequence was James had to wait some time longer, and when at last his master appeared it was getting dusk; but that did not prevent him from seeing that he had been drinking freely.

He began talking in a loud, angry tone, and hastily mounting the vehicle, he commenced to find fault with everything he saw; and at last, seizing the reins, he dashed off at a furious rate.

James soon perceived that Mr. Compton could not drive very steadily, so when they were clear of the town he begged his master to hand him the reins; but Mr. Compton, having had enough drink to make him unreasonably cross and obstinate, refused to do so.

James, however, finding the horse was really startled, and that the trap was swinging violently from side to side, leaned forward to take the reins from his master's hands, the horse at that moment swerving from its course, ran against a steep bank at the roadside; then came a crash, and the vehicle lay a shattered mass upon the ground, and the horse, freed from its incumbrance, sped down the road.

A moment after, and Mr. Compton, thoroughly sobered by the disaster, scrambled to his feet and looked around him; but where was the hapless James? Cold and still beneath the débris of the shattered vehicle. Mr. Compton hastily extricated him from the wreck, and with a pale and anxious face, he placed his hand upon the heart of the unfortunate man; for the fearful thought was within him, that he had caused his death. But, no, that at least was spared him, for he found the heart still beat. Laying him carefully down by the roadside, he looked anxiously round for assistance, when fortunately a tradesman's cart was seen approaching, and upon Mr. Compton stating his case, the man willingly stopped and gave his assistance. So between them they carefully hoisted James into the cart and slowly drove back to Arlsford, and stopped at the door of Mr. Lisle's residence.

The doctor, fortunately, was at home, and he had James immediately into the house where kind Mrs. Lisle, in the deepest distress at the occurrence, did her best to make him comfortable.

"Poor man!" she exclaimed, when she heard how the accident had happened: "to think he should come to such as this

through no fault of his own. Oh ! dear, how I pity him."

How true Mrs. Lisle's words were, Mr. Compton knew too well, and he felt a lump rise in his throat as he gazed on the suffering man. What truth was there now in the boast "that his drinking propensities had caused no other person to suffer?" He was compelled most sorrowfully to own the fallacy of his argument.

In the meantime Dr. Lisle had carefully examined James, and his countenance beamed with satisfaction when he was enabled to announce that the leg, though broken, could be satisfactorily set.

"But," continued he, "it will probably be some weeks before he can get about his usual avocations."

"I would have forfeited almost anything rather than this should have happened," said Mr. Compton, regretfully.

"It need not have happened at all, that I can see," said Dr. Lisle, in his usual blunt manner. "If folk would only keep themselves sober and steady, as they ought, many a lamentable accident might be prevented."

Mr. Compton hung his head remorsefully, for his conscience told him the doctor was right.

Guessing the reason for his silence and the subject of his meditations, Dr. Lisle seized the favourable opportunity now presented, to urge the necessity of all, especially the weak, to practise total abstinence; and entering warmly into the subject, he succeeded so well with his arguments that he was at length rewarded by hearing Mr. Compton declare that he would give up the drink for ever, and at the doctor's wish, they both repaired to the bedside of the sufferer, and there before the unhappy results of his selfish habit, he vowed to keep the life pledge.

Overjoyed at this result, the worthy couple pressed him to stay awhile with them, but Mr. Compton declared he would not again give his wife so great an occasion for uneasiness, so he begged the loan of the doctor's horse, which was willingly granted, and started off at a rapid pace for home, which he reached a little before midnight.

His wife who had anxiously awaited his return, fearful of a repetition of his previous folly, was overjoyed to hear him come, but finding that he returned on horseback, and without James, she sought to know the reason of the change.

Mr. Compton truthfully told the whole circumstances relating to the accident; and when he had concluded, his wife shed bitter tears, as she exclaimed, "Oh ! William, dear husband, what a sin is now laid at our door, and through your unhappy infatuation. How can you now say, that you have never caused any person an injury through your drinking habits? Oh ! why not now abjure *that* which has caused us already so much sorrow and suffering?"

"*That*, at least, wife, I have already done," said Mr. Compton, with much emotion. "Though it cannot recall what has been done in the past, I have promised and signed, in the presence of Dr. Lisle and poor James, that I will never touch another drop as long as I live; nor will I, dear, if God gives me strength to keep my promise."

"*That* I am sure He will, dear William," said his wife, joyfully; "You have indeed made me happy, for oh ! my husband, it has been with fear and trembling, that I have watched you gradually giving way to intemperate habits, feeling sure it would, in the end, bring great trouble and sorrow upon us. And has it not even now given us a glimpse of the terrible foe it might have been, had you continued in the path you were pursuing; but, now that you have abjured the glass, who can tell what years of happiness may yet be in store for us?"

"Ah ! who can tell?" said Mr. Compton, as he drew his wife to his side, and kissed her.

* * * * *

Their hopes were fully realised, for Mr. and Mrs. Compton, lived many years to enjoy the blessings of total abstinence. James, who fully recovered from his accident, lived with them an honoured servant, and often drove them over to Arlsford, to pay friendly visits to Dr. and Mrs. Lisle, and attend the temperance

meetings in that place ; for Mr. Compton proved himself a worthy advocate of the temperance cause. His children followed in their father's footsteps, and, marrying comfortably in life, settled in the neighbourhood of Arlsford ; and when at last, the old couple were gathered to their final rest, Bertie succeeded his father to the presidency of the local temperance society, and to the occupancy of the revered family residence of Risdale Lodge.

SPRING.

DULL winter is gone, and once again
Glad spring has come in all its joys ;
Once more we hear the lark's glad strain,
The laughter of the merry boys.

The flowers slowly raise their heads,
And once more breathe the pure fresh air,
Whilst Sol above his radiance sheds
Upon this earth so pure and fair.

The buttercups and daisies too,
In yonder fields look fresh and bright :
They sweetly sip the morning dew—
To us they seem a pleasant sight.

The gladsome birds high in the trees,
Trill out their songs in joyous strain :
What lessons can be gleaned from these,
As they re-echo once again.

The fields once more are decked in green—
Dame Nature now rules all supreme ;
The merry schoolboy too is seen,
In raptures by the running stream.

Then let our hearts be light and free,
And let the woods in glad shouts ring !
Let every one, in joyous glee,
Once more bid welcome to the Spring.
H. H. ADAMS.

AN old miser bid his son observe what Solomon said, "Always keep a penny in your pocket," but his son answered that he did not remember that Solomon said any such thing. The miser replied, "Then Solomon was not so wise as I took him for."

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

GOD reigns supreme in heaven on high,
His might is seen throughout the land ;
He loveth all who trust in Him ;
He giveth with a willing hand.

He made the sun, the moon, the stars,
And everything both great and small ;
The rain, the snow, the heat, the cold,
Our bounteous Father sends them all.

At times He makes the storm to rage,
The lightning flash athwart the sky ;
He makes the thunder loud to roll
From His omniscient seat on high.

But calm, which follows after storm,
Makes all on earth seem clear and bright :
The sun pours forth his brightest rays,
And charms us with a flood of light.

JOHN W. CLAY.

MAJOR-GENERAL GLYN, C.B., when inspecting the 78th Highlanders, at the Royal Barrack, during the past month (previous to their embarkation for India), after giving them praise for their general appearance and conduct, gave them a few words of advice, spoken from the experience of his own life. After telling them of the climate to which they were going, he says :—"I served ten years there, and never was a day sick, and I attribute my good health to my abstinence from alcoholic drinks." And he went on to say, that his parting advice to them would be to adopt the total abstinence system on their arrival in that country. We are glad to have recurrences of such outspoken testimony of the value of the principle of total abstinence which we advocate. And as parting words often recur with pleasure to the minds of those to whom they were spoken, when far distant from those who spoke them, so we trust it will be with those gallant Highlanders, who have left their native homes to serve their Queen and country in a climate which severely tries the constitution and health of Europeans. We believe the words of the General were well and honestly meant for the good of the men, and trust they will adopt the practice recommended.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

A DREARY place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it ;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender ;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending ;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the loving, sweet words lending.

What would the mothers do for work,
Were there no coats or trousers tearing ;
No tiny dresses to embroider ;
No cradle for their watchful caring ?

No rosy boys, at wintry morn,
With satchel to the school-house hasting ;
No merry shouts as home they rush ;
No precious morsel for their tasting.

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,
Tall, grave, grown people at the table ;
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfold-
The little ones, with cherub smile, [ing,
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When in Judea's realm a Preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it :
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.



OUT AT ELBOWS.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE ADULT MALES.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

Mr. Walters, a master ironworker.*John Jones*, a drunken workman.*Tom Roberts*, his friend, and a teetotaler.

PART I.

Mr. Walters (seated at a desk, writing).Enter *John Jones* (unwashed, and attired in seedy clothes, coat out at elbows, etc.).Good evening, *Mr. Walters*. I heard this afternoon that you were in want of a foreman, and so I have called to see if you would engage me.*W.* Engage you, indeed! I should think not.*J.* But you might give me a trial, sir; please do, for I understand the work very well, I can assure you; and would do all in my power to give you satisfaction.*W.* Oh, I don't dispute your knowledge or abilities in the least; but I am afraid that you would not give satisfaction, judging from what I hear about your habits.*J.* My habits?*W.* Yes, *your drinking habits*; and your appearance amply confirms the reports which I have heard of your conduct from time to time. Why, man, you are out at elbows, and your nose only too eloquently proclaims how industriously you have *painted* it; though I must say that it is very far from being an ornament to what was once a fine, open face.*J.* Surely, *Mr. Walters*, you will not refuse me because I am poor and ill-looking.*W.* I have far graver reasons for refusing you, I can assure you. Suppose, for the sake of argument, I was to engage you now as my foreman, and all the men in my employ were to follow your example, and spend half their time and all their energies in drinking—what would become of my business do you think? And, besides, it would be an insult to all the steady young men in my service to put such a rake as you are in authority over them.*J.* Then you will not employ me?*W.* No. I must have a steady, respectable man for my foreman. One who will attend to the business faithfully, and encourage my men by his example to do the same, and not a seedy, drunken fellow like you. I am sorry that I cannot engage you, but it is entirely your own fault, for if you had been a sober man I would gladly have given you the situation. I wish you good evening.*J.* Good evening. (Exit.)*Mr. W.* What a pity that a clever workman like Jones should be such a drunkard. These drinkshops are ruining some of our best craftsmen—I wish they were all shut up! My last foreman lost me two of my best customers. During my absence on business he began drinking, three or four of the men followed his example, the work was neglected, and my customers were disappointed and will not now trust me with a single order; so I shall be the loser by some hundreds of pounds every year through that one thing alone. Ah me! we may well have bad times if everybody's foremen are as worthless as mine have been. I saw a statement the other day, to the effect that the estimated loss to employers of labour annually through the drunkenness of work-people is something like £50,000,000.

It is high time something was done to remove the drinkshops which abound on every side, corrupting the morals and wasting the energies of our working population; and I for one am determined to use my influence against these licensed temptations to evil, for I believe them to be an unmitigated curse to the community.

(Exeunt.)

PART II.

Enter *Jones* (attired as before). I wonder whatever I must do! It seems as if nobody would give me a place again.Enter *Roberts*.*Tom Roberts.* Holloa, Jones! What's the matter, old fellow? Down in the dumps and out at elbows both at once, eh? Well, I think I can tell you how to get rid of both these troublesome things.*J.* Can you, Tom? I wish you could; for at present I am going to the bad as fast as time can carry me.

T. If you will only follow my advice and do as I have done.

J. Oh, I suppose you mean signing teetotal, going to Sunday-school and chapel, and all that sort of thing?

T. Yes, I do, and you need not look so glum about my remedies either. You have tried drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and sin and folly long enough; and what have you gained? Nothing—worse than nothing. In fact, you are a great loser in every respect, for you have lost your health, time, money, situation, and character; and you have only a ragged coat and a shattered constitution left as set-off against these losses. Surely it is now high time for you to try total abstinence and religion, my friend; and if you will only try them fairly they will make a man of you yet—a good, honourable, useful man, and help you to live a worthy life, and fit you to die a happy death.

J. You seem to have great confidence in religion and teetotalism, Tom.

T. I speak from experience. I know that once I was as bad, or worse than you are. But one night a kind friend got hold of me, took me to his house, talked to me kindly and earnestly, and warned me against the habits which were blighting my life. He prayed with me before I left him, and that night I signed the pledge, and by the help of God I turned over a new leaf; and now I am a happy, and, I trust, a useful man; and I want to help you to be the same. Come along with me, and look at my teetotal home, and if you will only promise to sign the pledge, and honestly try to lead a better life, I will find you some better clothes, and try to put you into the way of getting another situation.

J. Thanks, old boy; but I do not deserve your kindness.

T. Kindness! did you say? Never mention it. Let me see! (Pauses and considers.) Mr. Walters was telling me only yesterday that he wanted a foreman. You are just the man for him.

J. Oh, but he will not employ me, for I have been to see him to-night, and he refused.

T. Because of your drunken habits.

Well, well, we will see if he won't employ you because you are a teetotaler; but come along, you must have tea with me first.

(Exeunt.)

PART III.

Mr. Walters (seated, reading newspaper).

Enter *Tom Roberts*, with *Jones* (washed and respectably dressed).

Tom Roberts. Good evening, Mr. Walters; I have called to see if you have got a foreman yet.

Mr. W. Good evening, Mr. Roberts. (They shake hands.) Glad you have called. Have you heard of any one likely to suit?

T. Yes, sir; here is my friend Jones, who has just signed the pledge, and wishes to lead a new life. I think if you will only give him a trial you will never regret it.

W. Jones! did you say? Let me see. (Looks at Jones very closely.) Why, what a transformation! Wherever have you been since I saw you?

J. My good friend Tom has had me in hand, and I hope to be able to prove my gratitude to him for his kindness by trying to do better in the future than I have done in the past.

W. Well, I must say that I am delighted to find that you really desire to break away from your old habits, and in order to encourage you and give you a chance, I shall be glad to give you a month's trial, and if at the end of that time you still adhere to your pledge, and give satisfaction with your work, I will engage you as my foreman.

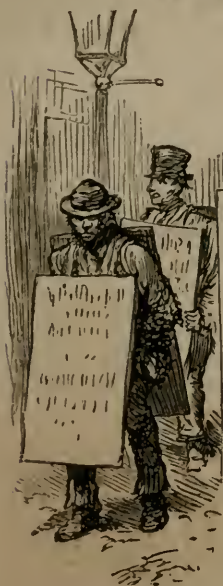
J. Thank you, sir! Thank you with all my heart.

T. That's right, Mr. Walters; I knew you would give him a chance. (To Jones.) And now, my friend, come to my house whenever you want company. Look to God for strength to overcome your old evil habits, stick to your pledge, hope on, and persevere. And you may be sure that while walking in the paths of sobriety and religion there is no danger of you being as, alas! you have only too often been in the past—

OUT AT ELBOWS.

TOM, THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY UNCLE BEN.



N a small country town, surrounded by a large agricultural

neighbourhood, lived a little boy called Tom Godard. His father was a drunken ne'er-do-well tailor, who had drifted down the fatal stream of moderation, from comparative comfort and ease, to misery and destitution. He had lost his friends, his health, his occu-

pation, and finally disease took hold of his weakened constitution. After a long illness, he died in the midst of a bitter winter, leaving Tom and his mother to fight the battle of life as best they could. This proved too much for Mrs. Godard; she made a brave struggle, but the seeds of consumption, which had been fostered by her hard life and severe effort to keep her sick but drunken and dying husband from the workhouse, proved too much for her failing strength. Before the spring came she was too weak to do much work; the few remaining articles of furniture were parted with from the desolate home, and at last, with a heart almost broken by shame and grief, she was compelled to enter the workhouse. The care of doctor and nurse could do little for her. She lingered till the March east winds came, and then, as the days began to lengthen, in the twilight of a grey morning, Tom was called to kiss his mother for the last time, and before the daisies opened to the full light of day he was left alone, an orphan, without father or mother.

Tom had been very unhappy ever since he came to the workhouse. It seemed to him like prison; he did not get on with the other boys, they teased him and hurt him,

and kicked him about because he didn't like their rough games. He often got away from his companions to cry all by himself; and when his mother died, it seemed as if his cup of misery and sorrow was full and that there was nothing left him but to die too. All he could do was to think of that last kiss of his mother, and some words she then said that he did not understand, about, "When father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." He did not know exactly what it meant, associating it with the only idea familiar to him, of a policeman's work. He wondered if he did anything very wrong, if God would take him up now he had no father or mother to look after him. The words came and went in the child's mind; often he would say them over, "Then the Lord will take me up." Sometimes he was very much afraid of them. But when he remembered his mother, and that these were the last words that fell from her lips, he thought they must mean something beautiful; and then he would recall how when he was a smaller boy she would "take him up" upon her knee and say he was "much too big a boy to be nursed," and yet rock him gently backwards and forwards until he fell asleep. He would think of this in the dark, and wonder if God would ever take him up as his mother used to do; then he would fall asleep and dream about his mother, and wake up to find himself in the workhouse, as before.

I must tell you, that every Wednesday there came to the workhouse a number of gentlemen who are called Guardians of the Poor, who came from the different parishes in the Union district. One of these gentlemen was a kind-hearted farmer named Hunt, who had known Tom's father and mother when they had been better off. And now, when he heard that both had died, and that Tom was left alone in the world without friends to care for him, he spoke to his wife about taking the boy and bringing him to the farm to live with them; and as they had no children of their own, if he turned out to be a decent lad, to adopt him as their child. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt talked the matter well over, and they resolved to have the little fellow for a

month; at any rate, the change would do the boy no harm, and if the worst came to the worst, he could but go back to the Union. So the next Board-day that the Guardians met, Mr. Hunt made the suggestion that, with permission of the authorities, he would take Tom to his farm for a month, and if all turned out well he would keep him and bring him up. Permission was readily given

to this proposal. Mr. Hunt had a long talk with the schoolmaster about the boy, and the result was, that the schoolmaster said he had never seen

took off the regimental uniform of the Union—the corduroys and brass buttons—which were sent back to the workhouse. When Tom mounted the cart again, he felt himself quite a man; he had never been such a “swell” before, and as they drove off again, he thought every one was looking at him. By-and-by they got clear of the town, and drove along the beautiful open



any vice in him, and if he never was allowed to touch the drink, he thought Tom, with care and good training, would grow up to be a good and steady man.

When Tom heard the news he was delighted at the thought of going away from the workhouse, even though it might only be for a month. At first he was a little frightened when he saw Farmer Hunt, but his kind way of speaking to the lad soon reassured him. He told him all about the kind plan, and urged him to be obedient, truthful, and honest; and while speaking gently to the child about his father and mother, said, above all things he must never touch that which had been his father's ruin: and to prevent all temptation coming in his way, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had resolved to become teetotallers.

At last the much wished-for day arrived; Tom said good-bye, as he hoped, to the workhouse for ever, and was placed by Mr. Hunt's side, in his old-fashioned cart, which was drawn by a grey horse. When they really drove off Tom felt so delighted that he could scarcely speak. But before they left the country town, Mr. Hunt pulled up at a shop, and got down with Tom and bought him a new suit of clothes. So he

country until they reached the farmhouse. It was not a grand house, but a comfortable old-fashioned rustic place, that nestled in a dell among the fields and trees. Mrs. Hunt welcomed Tom with a pleasant smile and hearty kiss, as if she had known him all his life, and in the kitchen was spread, on a snow-white cloth, such a tea as Tom had never seen the like before. They did not give him too much to eat in the workhouse, so he had brought a good appetite, and Mr. Hunt laughed to see how he enjoyed his tea. Before he went to bed that night, he felt so happy and so much at home, that when Mrs. Hunt took him up to bed, he said to her, “Please, ma'm, do you think the Lord has taken me up?” The tears came into her eyes as she said, “Yes,” she “hoped so, and if he were good, he would be quite sure about it some day.”

The days passed quickly and pleasantly enough, and Tom was as happy as the days were long; he had the run of the farm, and soon knew all the horses and cows about the place. All would have gone well had it not been for an unlooked-for event. Mr. Hunt had a chronic cough, that came on every now and then, and in order to relieve these occasional fits of coughing he always

carried about with him some cough-drops, or lozenges, in his waistcoat pocket. Many times had Tom noticed these unaccountable attacks of coughing, which were generally concluded by the application of a cough-drop; and he had often wished he had a little cough on his own account, that it might be cured by so pleasant a remedy. On several occasions Mrs. Hunt had noticed the longing gaze of Tom's eyes directed toward the waistcoat pocket whenever one of the coughing fits came on. As these paroxysms came on in the night, as well as in the day, Mr. Hunt generally kept a little screw of these sweets on a table by his bedside, to use if required during the night. One night, after Tom had been about three weeks in the house, Mr. Hunt, being taken with a slight coughing-fit, which had disturbed his rest, put his hand out to take his pleasant medicine, and found the screw of paper there, but no sweets. It had been full, he remembered, the night before and now was empty, and then he recollected that just of late those sweets had begun to disappear rather fast. So in the morning he spoke to Mrs. Hunt about it, said he felt sure Tom had been helping himself; and at breakfast-time, when he saw Tom, he told him never to touch them again, spoke kindly to the boy, and said he did not mind him having the sweets, but that he could not allow him to steal them, and that it was deceitful and wrong of Tom to take them without asking. Tom coloured up, and trembling, denied having taken them; this brought down a very severe reproof, and upon Tom maintaining he had never touched one, was ordered up to bed to stay till he confessed his fault. Tom burst into tears, and went upstairs, looking, as Mr. Hunt thought, as guilty as could be. In the course of the day, Mrs. Hunt went to Tom and urged him to confess his fault, talked to him of the sin of lying as kindly as if she had been his own mother, but nothing could bring from him any sign of repentance. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt talked the matter over again and again. There was no one else in the house who could have taken them, and the evidence was so clear against him that Mr. Hunt resolved, if he did not make a clean

breast of it in three days, he would send him back to the workhouse. Every means was used to give Tom a chance, but he would only stick to the same thing, that he had never touched one. The third day came, Tom still persisted in being, as Mr. Hunt said, "an obstinate and ungrateful liar." Back he went to the Union. It was indeed a dark day for the poor boy; he cried as if his heart would break. His new clothes were removed; everybody looked on him as incorrigibly bad; and when the night came, and he thought of the happy home he had left, he knew not what to do, but still said, "Oh, Lord, take me up."

The home at the farm seemed very desolate to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. They had grown to love Tom, and now that they heard no more his merry laugh, and saw not his face, they were very sad. However, Mrs. Hunt said, "Maybe it'll come all right; if ever he confesses, we'll take him back and make him our son, and it will all come right at last." That night, after they had been in bed some time, Mrs. Hunt was lying awake, thinking of poor Tom in the workhouse, when she thought she heard a low rustle, then all was still; again she heard the noise, then all was quiet; by-and-by she heard it again, and woke Mr. Hunt; and then all was silent as the grave, and Mr. Hunt said, "Nonsense, nonsense, there's nothing." But just as he was dozing off he unmistakably heard the sound; up he jumped, struck a light and lit the candle, but could see nobody and could find no cause for this curious noise; and as he was going to put the light out, the cough came on, and to his utter surprise he found only five sweets left in the paper, which had been lately filled. "Well," said he, "this is odd; it beats all I have seen or heard! What can have become of those sweets?" In a minute more he exclaimed: "I know now who did it; I know the thief; it is not Tom, it's the mice; now we'll put these five sweets out, and if they are gone in the morning it will prove who took the others. And sure enough, when the morning came the mice had taken the lot. So the first thing Farmer Hunt did was to drive over to the Union, and bring back Tom in triumph.

I need not tell what a joyful journey and what a happy welcome there was for the orphan boy, and how, at the end of the month, Tom became their adopted son. And as the days and years rolled on, Tom grew to be an honest, truthful, temperance man, and learnt the full meaning of those never-forgotten words: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

FICTION AND FACT.

IN a little book which we notice in our Review column, under the title of "Nuts to Crack," there appears a very striking and suggestive statement of the delusive fictions with regard to drinking, and the real facts of the case. From the pages of this little work we quote the following:—

The *fiction* about drink is that it strengthens the body.

The *fact* is that it weakens the action of the heart.

The *fiction* about drink is that it is food and nourishment to the system.

The *fact* is that it is injurious to the nerves, and a brain poison.

Some have said that those who use "hair washes" injure their brain; others have observed that those who do use them have no brains to injure. If this is true, how much more does it apply to those who indulge freely in alcohol?

The *fiction* is that drink helps digestion.

The *fact* is that it causes indigestion, and dyspepsia into the bargain.

The *fiction* is that it warms the body.

The *fact* is that it cools it, lowers the temperature of the body, and makes us more susceptible to cold.

The *fiction* is that it is the token of hospitality and good cheer.

The *fact* is it dissevers friendships and breaks up homes.

The *fiction* about the social aspect of the drink is that it is the sign of liberality and generosity.

The *fact* is that it is the pledge of extravagance and waste.

The *fiction* is that the drink is a fruitful source of revenue to the State.

The *fact* is that while the revenue is colossal from this legalised tempter, and is received with one hand by the State, with the other it is paid away for prisons, work-houses, lunatic asylums, police force, magistracy, law courts, and a vast indirect expenditure which is beyond all calculation.

We might continue to multiply in many ways the false conventional estimate of the liquor traffic—how society has looked on beer as the poor man's friend, while it has been his greatest foe, and thought of wine as the rich man's medicine, when it has too often been his deadly poison. Men have been so far deluded as to think that they have drunk each other's good health in it when they have been drinking to each other's ruin. But perhaps the most fatal of all fictions has been this, that it is "God's good creature," when in solemn fact it has become the Devil's worst curse that has ever fallen on Englishmen and English homes.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

BENEATH tall, spreading trees I pause and dream;

Above me stretches heaven's wide arch of blue,

High distant mountains rise and bound my view;

Anon I hear the gurgling of the stream,
Which shimmers past yon hedge, where roses teem

In wild luxuriance, and woodbine floats
Its sweet perfume. The cuckoo's mel-
low notes

Ring through the vale; the keen-edged
scythe's a gleam,

In meadows where the ripening grass doth
seem

To bow expectant of the reaper's stroke.
Earth hath put on her sweetest, loveliest
cloak;

With summer joy her face is all abeam,
Upturned to God in gladsome thankful-
ness,

For that He doth with beauty plenty
bless.

DAVID LAWTON.

PICNIC GLEE.

Arranged from OTTO by BRADBURY.

Spirited.

1. Joy is war-bling in the breez-es, Plea-sures smile a - long the fields, While

Key B $\flat$.

s ₁ : d	d. t ₁ : d	l ₁ : r	r. de : r	t ₁ : r	s : - f	m. f : m. r	d : s ₁
2. Humming bees and	sail - ing	swal - lows,	Gai - ly	tell	the	live - ly	glee, Which
m ₁ : m ₁	m ₁ : m ₁	f ₁ : l ₁	l ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : - s ₁	s ₁ . l ₁ : s ₁ . f ₁	m ₁ : m ₁
d : d	d : d	d : f	f : f	r : t ₁	t ₁ : - t ₁	d : d	d : d
3. Blooming flowers their	sweets ex - hal - ing,	Join to	make	the	charming	scene	Ap -
d ₁ : d	d : d	f ₁ : f ₁	f ₁ : f ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : - s ₁	d : d	d : d

Repeat p

na - ture, clad in robes of beau - ty, All that's sweet and love - ly yields.

s ₁ : d	d. t ₁ : d	l ₁ : r	r. de : r	t ₁ . d : r. m	f : t ₁	d : m	d : -
na - ture	now is	kind - ly	shed - ding	O - ver	all the	eye can	see.
m ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	f ₁ : l ₁	l ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ . l ₁ : t ₁ . d	r : s ₁	m ₁ : s ₁	m ₁ : -
d : m	m : m	d : f	f : f	r : r	t ₁ : r	d : d	d : -
pear still	more like	hap - py	E - den	Ere the	blight of	hu - man	sin.
d ₁ : d	d : d	f ₁ : f ₁	f ₁ : f ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	d ₁ : d	d ₁ : -

D. C. p

Heaven now sheds its bright - est splendour, O'er the land, and o'er the deep, See,

Key F.

m l : - s	f. m : f	s : - f	m. r : m	r. : m.	f. : fe.	s. : d ¹	t. : l.
"Welcome," says the	flock that's feed - ing	On the	ver - dant,	gras - sy	hills, And		
d f : - m	r. de : r	m : - r	d. t ₁ : d	t ₁ . : d.	r. : re.	m. : m.	r. : d.
fet : - t	t : t	s : - s	s : s	s. : s.	s. : s.	s. : s.	s. : d ¹
Glad	we hail thee,	love - ly	springtime,	Tru - ly	wel - come	is thy	smile, Oh,
r ₁ s ₁ : - s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	d : - d	d : d	s ₁ . : s.	s ₁ . : s.	d. : d.	d. : d.

PICNIC GLEE.—Continued.

f

all en - joy the com - mon pleasure, While in hap - py crowds they sweep.

<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>
l : - .s f .m : f	s : - .f m .r : m	r .d e : r .m f : t ₁	d : m d : -
"Wel - come," e - choes	many a song - ster,	Chirp - ing o'er the	rip - pling rills.
f : - .m r .d e : r	m : - .r d .t : d	t ₁ : t ₁ t ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : d s ₁ : -
t : - .t t : t	s : - .s s : s	f : f .m r : f	m : s m : -
would that all like	thee were love - ly	Free from woe, and	free from guile.
s ₁ : - .s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁	d : - .d d : d	s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁	d : d d : -

f

Hail, hail this hap - py day! Hail, hail this hap - py day!

8. KEY B♭.

<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>
d ₁ s : - s : f	m : r d : -	m : - m : r	d : t ₁ l ₁ : -
m t ₁ : - t ₁ : r	d : s ₁ s ₁ : -	se ₁ : - se ₁ : t ₁	l ₁ : se ₁ l ₁ : -
Hail, hail this	hap py day!	Hail, hail this	hap - py day!
s r : - r : s	s : f m : -	t ₁ : - t ₁ : m	m : r d : -
d s ₁ : - s ₁ : t ₁	d : d d : -	m ₁ : - m ₁ : se ₁	l ₁ : t ₁ d : -

ff

Hail this day! Hail this day! Hail this hap - py day!

<i>Yes,</i>	<i>Yes, ff</i>	<i>D. S.</i>
<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>
l ₁ : d f : -	s ₁ : d m : -	r : f m : r d : - - : -
l ₁ : l ₁ l ₁ : -	s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : -	f ₁ : l ₁ s ₁ : f ₁ m ₁ : - - : -
Hail this day!	Hail this day!	Hail this hap - py day!
d : d d : d	m : d d : d	l ₁ : d d : t ₁ d : - - : -
<i>Yes,</i>	<i>Yes,</i>	
f ₁ : f ₁ f ₁ : l ₁	d : d d : d	f ₁ : f ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ d ₁ : - - : -

THE BAND OF HOPE LESSON, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

First Prize Story.

BY EMILY MAUDE PRICE,

Aged 18 years, Coventry.

THE meeting was opened by singing and prayer; and then Mr. Ernest, the president, began his address on "The Pint Jug." He tacked up over the platform the picture of a jug of foaming ale, and then in his pleasant way he reminded them of the money that was daily spent in filling the jug, and made them calculate for themselves how much that money would amount to if saved for one, or five, or ten years. "Suppose," said Mr. Ernest, "you take the jug once every day to be filled—you spend threepence. Now threepence per day for one year is £4 11s. 3d., and in five years would amount to £22 16s. 3d. But in many families the jug is filled twice, and sixpence every day is worse than wasted. Sixpence per day for one year is £9 2s. 6d., and for five years, £45 12s. 6d. Come, you boys, what do you think of that? You would not know what to do with so much money, would you? I will tell you one way of using it, and next week all who like may bring me an account of the use they would make of it. With £45 12s. 6d. I could pay—

	£	s.	d.
For a good harmonium	11	11	0
For a small library of standard works	10	0	0
For free tea to 100 drunkards ..	3	0	0
For good winter overcoat ..	3	0	0
For instruction at science classes	1	0	0
For 4 weeks at the seaside ..	12	0	0
In savings bank	5	0	0
Extras	0	1	6
Total	£45	12	6

"This list, which I have just read to you, is the one which I wrote five years ago, when I first made up my mind to forego my ale and save my sixpences." After a few more words from the president, and recitations from several of the children, the meeting was brought to a close in the

usual manner, and the children dispersed to their homes.

There was one boy in that meeting who would not easily forget what he had heard. That glorious vision of four weeks at the seaside, made his eyes sparkle, and his heart beat quickly, as he hurried home after the meeting was over. He had a sick little sister at home, and he had heard the doctor say only that morning, that nothing would do her any good but a few weeks by the sea. His first impulse on reaching home was to run straight in and tell her all about it; but his mother met him at the door with uplifted finger, and told him Ettie was asleep, and must be kept very still.

But the lesson was still fresh in his mind, when, half-an-hour later, his mother brought her work, and sat with him downstairs.

"Mother," he asked, "how much does it cost a day for ale and wine?"

"Cost who?" asked his mother, smiling.

"Why, mother, how much does it cost you and father?"

"Really, Arthur, I cannot tell for certain; I should think, though, it would be about a shilling a day."

There was a long pause after that, till Arthur said earnestly—

"Mother, if we were to be teetotalers, and save the money, do you think you could afford to take Ettie to the seaside?"

"I don't think so, Arthur. It would cost more than you have any idea of."

"Mother, if it would be sufficient, would you be willing to sign the pledge?"

"Indeed, I would, my boy. I should count no sacrifice too great that would save my child."

Her lips trembled, and the large tears coursed each other down her cheeks.

Arthur seated himself at the table and began writing on a piece of paper. Presently he rose and, slipping the paper into his mother's hand, said, "Read that, mother."

Mrs. Hammond took the paper and read it down thoughtfully. "Eighteen pounds five shillings," she said, thoughtfully; "can it be possible it amounts to that? But I think we might leave out the

dresses and overcoat, and allow another week at the seaside."

Now this is what Arthur had written :

	£	s.	d.
Dresses for mother and Ettie ..	2	0	0
Overcoat for father	2	10	0
A few good books	2	0	0
Subscription to Temperance Hospital	2	2	0
Delicacies for Ettie	0	13	0
Two weeks at the seaside	6	0	0
In savings bank	3	0	0
Total	18	5	0

"And if we leave out the books as well, mother, she might stay for a month. Oh, mother, do you think father will agree?"

"I hope so, Arthur." Mrs. Hammond could say no more. Her heart was full. Was not this the thing she had been praying for all the day, that the way might be opened for the carrying out of the doctor's prescription? She had said then that she would do anything, and she had meant it.

"You may go and sit with your sister for a time, Arthur, but do not say anything about this yet," said his mother presently.

Ettie was wide awake, and seemed delighted to see him. She took his hand and drew him down on the bed beside her, and there he sat telling her tales and singing her favourite hymns for more than an hour. He heard his father come in, and he guessed by the busy hum of voices what they were talking about, but he stifled his impatience and sang and talked till Ettie grew quite cheerful.

At last the little girl fell asleep, and then Arthur stole downstairs softly to find his mother alone.

"What does father say?" he asked, eagerly:

"He says that he has drunk his last glass of intoxicating liquor, and that if it is like cutting off his right arm he will do it."

When a few weeks after they were all at the seaside together (Mr. Hammond having run over for a day or two), and were talking about the Band of Hope, Mr. Hammond said earnestly, "Arthur will never have to beg again to be allowed to attend a Band of Hope meeting; we have all of us good reason to be thankful for the lesson he learnt at the last."

LOST.



HERE goes
another five
shillings!"
indignantly

observed Tom, dropping a letter into the pillar-box; "I had to get the order myself."

"And there went ten not a fortnight ago," added I. "And every sixpence goes for brandy; I told the governor so this morning."

"What did he say?"

"It was more blessed to give than to receive"; he might give other people a chance of being blessed," grumbled Tom.

The said letter was directed, "David Paul"; it was one of a series that had extended over many months. He was a pensioner of our father's, and a very disreputable one we young Pharisees considered him—yet we could dimly remember the time when mathematical professor at one of the Irish universities, and our father's earliest school friend, his name had been our household word for wisdom and learning. We could remember the respectful awe that filled our childish minds, when he came to stay with us for a time once—awe that speedily deepened into profound admiration of his handsome face and pleasant ways, and yet it was to this man that to-day we were reluctantly posting the five shillings.

It was the old story. Blinded by drink, he had let his chances slip one by one from his grasp, till almost the only person who retained any belief in his past, or faith in his future, was our father.

* * * *

"Will you present my compliments to your father, and I should be glad to see him for a few moments after the service, if he is at liberty?"



We did not like to look too closely at the seedy, shabby-looking stranger, but some tone of natural dignity in his manner wakened a gloomy foreboding that this was the man we had once delighted to honour, and that henceforth, instead of a distant he was going to be a very present and visible thorn in the flesh to us, and our reception was by no means cordial. Not so with our father: he greeted him as though they still met on equal ground, clothed and sheltered him, and before a week had passed was full of enthusiastic plans for reinstating him in his former position.

And for a little time it seemed as if he would be successful; and as the cloud lifted, something of our old admiration for him came back, something of our father's faith in the great name he would yet make for himself.

It was not to be: the craving for drink had been indulged too long and gained too deep a hold to be lightly broken. There was a year of effort, disappointment, and failure, a year of dreary drifting from one hospital or charity to another; and then we came out of church one sunny afternoon in September, to find a little crowd gathered round a man on the curbstone.

"Run over by a 'bus; half-screwed," explained a bystander as we paused. No need to ask who it was; our father's face changed suddenly as he bent over him—our sometime hero.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten lesson for two of us standing by; the contrast between the two who had set out together, with the same high hopes and fair future: one raised and refined by years of faithful work and loving deeds, the other degraded, dishonoured, dying, and the beginning and end of the difference—drink!

The time had gone by for help now; a few minutes later, clinging to the last to the hands that had never turned from his need, perhaps dimly understanding through them something of an infinitely higher love—a closer friend—the lost life drifted out.

"But the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," I heard my father say softly to himself, as he stood on the deck of the ferry-boat looking thoughtfully at the distant ships in the track of the setting sun, on his way home from that last parting.

And after that he spoke of it no more, for the matter had passed out of his hands into the Great Seeker's.

SUMMER TIME.

Boys and girls in summer time

Love to ramble far away,

Up the sunny hills to climb,

By the running brooks to stray,

Where the notes of singing bird

Fill the air with glad some sound,

And each merry voice is heard

Waking echoes all around.

Sweet the scent of new mown-hay,

Sweet the perfume of the flowers,



Nature, keeping holiday,
Calls us to her sunny bowers.
Pours the sun a golden flood,
Painting with refulgent beams
Every flower in field and wood—

Vale and hill resplendent seems.
Hither come, ye merry boys,
And ye gentle girls, away !
Leave your books and leave your toys,
Ramble in the fields to-day.

W. HOYLE.

DRAG OF THE UNDERTOW.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.



FRANK MEDAIRY had a dull headache. He had received a case of

champagne the day before, and he and his friends had made a night of it. Hence the headache and general out-of-sorts feeling.

A young lawyer of more than ordinary promise, Medairy had already made a name by his successful

management of two or three cases; and was looked upon as a rising man at the bar.

"I don't like this," he said to himself, on seeing his hand shake a little as he raised a cup of coffee to his lips; "these champagne suppers ruin a fellow's nerves."

He tried to eat, but had no appetite. He must get toned up before he was fit for anything. So he left the table and went to the bar.

"That's your sort!" he said to himself, as he felt the exhilaration creeping over his nerves. "Nothing like a little good brandy."

At the billiard-room he met one or two friends. After a few games they went to the bar for "drinks," drawn thither by an appetite which was beginning to act with a steady but unregarded force.

"Have you seen anything of Bradford this morning?" asked Medairy, addressing a friend, whose name was Henderson.

"No; I called at Congress Hall, but he hadn't put in an appearance yet. His head isn't as strong as it might be."

"I'm a little afraid of Bradford," Medairy answered, gravely.

"Why?" asked Henderson. "A man should know himself just how much he can bear."

"Yes; that's so." But there was no heartiness in the response.

"What's the matter, Dick?" said Medairy. "You look as serious as an old judge."

"Do I?" said the young man, with a forced laugh.

"I'm afraid champagne suppers don't agree with you."

"Why not?" Henderson asked, a little annoyed.

"You're so dull and moody next morning."

"Am I?" He smiled, and made an effort to rally himself.

"Speaking of Bradford," said Medairy, "I'm really anxious about him. He's a splendid fellow; but he has no head for champagne."

"As you said, a man should know himself just what he can bear," put in the third member of the party, a young man named Millwood, who had not before spoken. "This is Bradford's trouble, I'm afraid; and if he doesn't take care the undertow will catch him."

At this speech Henderson and Medairy looked at each other. Each saw a startled expression in the other's eyes. They had both felt the undertow more than once.

* * * * *

"The tide is coming up, and there's going to be a splendid surf," said one of the young men, as they strolled down to the beach.

"Who's going in?" asked Henderson.

"I am," replied Medairy. "A dip in the sea gives me new life. It refreshes me like wine."

"And like wine it has an undertow," said Millwood; "and both are treacherous."

To this remark neither Medairy nor Henderson made any reply.

The day was brilliant, the water warm, the breeze fresh, and the tide came rolling in with its great waves that broke and seethed along the shore. Hundreds of

bathers were in the sea. Medairy, in his bathing dress, walked slowly across the beach. There was a thoughtful shade upon his face.

The fact was, the remark of Millwood about the undertow had taken an unpleasant hold of him. Twice during his visit to the seaside this season he had while bathing been nearly dragged from his feet by the undercurrent, and the danger was magnifying itself in his thoughts. A resolution to be on guard would have proved sufficient to remove the concern that was troubling him, if it had not been that the fear of another and more dangerous undertow had found a lodgment in his mind—a fear which he was trying to shake off; but the more he tried the more closely it clung, and the more it magnified itself. He paused as his feet touched the water, and an inflowing wave lifted itself half-way to his knees. But the returning drift was scarcely perceived, and he moved forward until he reached the line where the surf combed and broke.

As wave after wave struck and went over him, Medairy felt his wonted exhilaration coming back. It was not long before he found himself a little beyond the breakers; but being a good swimmer a few strokes brought him nearer shore, and within the line of safety. He felt such a vigour in his arms—such pride in his strength and manhood. Fear! A sense of danger! These were for weaker men! So, disporting now amid the breakers, and now venturing beyond them, Medairy spent nearly half an hour.

Suddenly, as he was struggling in a surf that broke unexpectedly over him, while further from the shore than any of the prudent bathers had ventured, he felt his strength depart, and at the same moment the reflex movement of the undertow struck him with unusual force, and bore him out from the land. By the time he was able to recover his self-possession, and to bring into action his skill as a swimmer, he found himself drifting steadily from the shore, and unable to make any head against the out-running current. He threw up his hands in sign of distress, and called loudly for help; but so long a time passed before

the life-boat could reach him, that he lost consciousness, and sank twice below the surface. As his white face came gleaming up through the dark water a second time, a strong hand grasped him. But life was apparently extinct.

* * * * *

"It was that cursed and treacherous undertow!"

Medairy's friends, Henderson, Bradford, and Millwood, were sitting round his bed, discussing the accident and its well-nigh fatal termination. It was Millwood who made the remark.

"Cursed and treacherous! You may well say so," answered Medairy, whose memory held a vivid impression of that brief struggle in the surf when the breakers threw him from his feet and he found himself helpless in the grasp of the undertow, which seemed to spring upon him treacherously in the moment of his weakness. "You see," he added, "I stayed in too long. I ought to have known that it was only the excitement of the bathing, and not my reserve of strength, that was keeping me up, and that could not last for ever."

"There is," said Millwood, speaking with great sobriety of manner, "an undertow more treacherous and fatal than the one which came so near dragging our friend Medairy to a watery grave. Some of us have felt it, I for one; and it has come near tripping me on more than one occasion. To-day I have the strength to stand against it. But is there not danger, if I remain too long amid the rush and excitement of the breakers, that it may fail in some stronger sweep of the undertow, and that I may float out seaward, helpless, and drown? Such things happen every day, and we know it. There is in every glass of champagne, or brandy, or beer that we drink, an undertow as surely as in the wave that strikes the shore and draws itself back again into the sea. And besides, we see almost daily one and another drifting out from the shore and drowning, while we stand looking on unable to rescue. A thousand are lost every year in the drag of this undertow to one in that from which Medairy has just escaped. There, I've said my

say. If the other side wants to speak, the floor is vacant. I'll listen and weigh the arguments."

But no one answered him.

"I think," said Medairy, turning to Henderson, and speaking in a lighter tone, yet still seriously, "that I shall have to beg off from your champagne supper to-morrow night. I want to study up this undertow business. It hasn't a good look."

"All right; I'll excuse you. And, what's more, if the rest don't care, I'll telegraph Steel not to send the wine I wrote for yesterday. I don't like the idea of that undertow of Millwood's at all. I never thought of it before. And, to tell the truth, it has given me several warning pulls in the last few months."

There was present the young man Bradford, referred to in the beginning. He had not spoken during this conversation. He had been at Medairy's supper on the night before, and this was not the first time that a morning's shame and repentance had followed upon a night's excess.

"Telegraph!" he said, as Henderson ceased speaking, and with an emphasis that drew all eyes upon him. There was no mistaking the signs in his face. He had been in the grip of the undertow as surely as his friend who lay weak and exhausted upon the bed, and was in almost as much danger of drifting out to sea and drowning as his friend had been a few hours before.

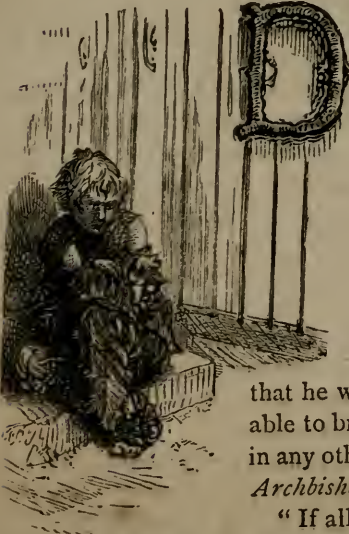
"Then we're all agreed," said Henderson, rising: "I'll go at once and telegraph Steel not to send the champagne. You can study the undertow question, and let me know the result when I come back."

What the conclusion was we are not informed; but it will do the reader no harm to study the question for himself, and he will find that the undertow of an indulged appetite sets harder against a man than anything else, and comes, sooner or later, to act with an almost resistless force.

A HARLEQUIN said one day, "It is asserted that a glass of wine gives strength; I have been drinking forty, and I can scarcely stand upon my legs."

WHAT THE BISHOPS SAY.

COMPILED BY W. P. BUXTON.



DRINK is the best stalking-horse the devil has got. He gets within reach of many a soul by the help of drink

that he would not be able to bring to ruin in any other way."—*Archbishop of York.*

"If all the money spent last year on drink had been thrown into the sea, it would have been better for the country."—*Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford.*

"I am quite sure that there is nothing which the rulers of this ancient University have more at heart than the welfare of its younger members, and there is no greater hindrance to the fulfilment of their desire and their hope, than the prevalence of habits of intemperance amongst her students."—*Bishop of Oxford.*

"Gentlemen,—You may not all adopt the plan I have adopted—total abstinence; you may not all adopt that, but, in God's name, either adopt that or find a better one."—*Bishop of Rochester.*

"The sin of drunkenness lies at the root of the whole family of sins."—*Bishop of Ely.*

"Sunday drinking is the ruin of the working man."—*Bishop of Kilmore.*

"I think it is time we heard the last of the stereotyped cry, 'You can't make men sober by Act of Parliament.' We have made men inebriates by Act of Parliament, and therefore we are bound to take a retrograde step."—*Bishop of Guildford.*

"If we persevere, it is possible that by-and-by we shall be able to convince the

Legislature that everywhere it will be their duty so to provide, that if a man wishes this pleasure, he must go and seek it; that he shall not have it thrust into his face, and made a perpetual temptation to his weakness."—*Bishop of Exeter.*

"Is not prevention better than cure? What about the rising generation? How about our children? Are there not such things as Bands of Hope? Thank God! there are. 'Bend the bough when it is young.' Is not that good? Is it not worth while being a total abstainer that we may encourage these little ones in Christ never to begin to touch?"—*Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.*

"At the present moment, intemperance is considered the great evil which is corrupting the masses. It is undoubtedly one of the greatest evils with which we have to contend, but it is important to consider how we should deal with it. Should we approach it as a social question or in a political way, or should we deal with it as a sin in the sight of God? I am convinced that if a man be a drunkard the only way to cure him is to make him a total abstainer. We have to look at it as a sin in the sight of God, and as doing evil in the Church and the land."—*Bishop of Sodor and Man.*

"There is only one stage from intemperance to crime."—*Bishop of Manchester.*

"I agree with the statement, that the great curse which withers our people, that the pestilence which is devouring them, is drunkenness."—*Cardinal Manning.*

"Let Christian men think of what has been done by that burning water, as the North American Indians call it—that drink of death which the white man has administered to his dark brethren, which has sowed the seed of discord and misery, and sent them still further wandering from that God whom they might all have sought after and found."—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

"SAY, Pomp, whar you get dat new hat?" "Why, at de shop, of course." "What is de price of sich an article as dat dar?" "I don't know, Sam—I don't know: de shopman wasn't dar."



"On the crowded deck of the emigrant ship we said good-bye."—p. 99.

MY HERO.



HE was twenty and I was eighteen, he tall and dignified, I short and stumpy; he the junior clerk, I the message boy; he Mr. Maurice to the general public, I "Little Ginger." The managers and partners were suns too bright for my small horizon. Maurice consulted me upon the

fits of his coats, and the quality of his pomatum, and even allowed me to walk home beside him at times, and so he naturally became my hero, and I his follower.

He called to me as he stood in the doorway one late summer evening, and we went down the dingy staircase together. For a street or two we walked in silence, I glancing reverently at his moustache and speculating upon the glorious possibility of one day possessing one like it, then he looked round suddenly.

"'Ginger,' I've got a piece of news for you. Look here;" and he opened a blue, business envelope, and showed me five sovereigns inside. "What do you think of that, my boy! All cleared since last Monday, and lots more where it came from."

He was quite satisfied with the interest and admiration flaming in my countenance, and explained that he had made two new acquaintances—splendid fellows, who could put no end of things in his way. We were going now to meet them at a neighbouring bar, and I was to go with him that he might have some one to talk it over with after.

Such a mark of confidence quite swept away my scruples about the place of meeting, and I followed him through the swing-

door into a stifling bar parlour. Two overdressed young men at a side-table greeted us, and we sat down beside them.

They began by calling for brandy, and the order was several times repeated before we left. I have a very vague idea of the conversation. They spoke at first about Maurice's prospects and duties at the office, evincing great contempt for regular work. Afterwards, stakes and odds figured largely in it. It was all a strange tongue to me, and I sipped my tumbler silently, and tried to feel that this was seeing life in earnest.

Finally, Maurice went away with them, and I stood in the street alone, with a racking headache born of the stifling air and powerful decoctions inside, and worse, a first faint doubt about my hero in my heart.

That was his first visit, but before many weeks had passed it had grown into a habit. He took me in with him no more. I think his new friends objected, and night after night I left him at the swing-door. He wore a glittering ring upon his little finger as an earnest of his coming greatness, and confided to me often with strictest injunctions to secrecy that he was on the high road to fortune. "The high road to ruin," said the other clerks as he came to business morning after morning with a haggard face, and unsteady hands.

September set in wet and cold that year, and towards the end of it I contrived to catch a violent cold that kept me from the office for a week. A sudden sense of something wrong fell upon me the first morning when I went back again. Instead of being at their desks, the clerks were standing talking together in little groups, Maurice was nowhere visible. Two or three glanced at me curiously and shrugged their shoulders. Presently, one more considerate or more curious than the others called me to him.

"Have you heard anything of this nice young scamp?"

"What scamp?" I gasped.

"Young Maurice, he has absconded with £800. By the way, you were always prowling off together—you must have known something about it."

I went away without one word and sat down on the dingy staircase outside, with my head against the banister. I don't know how long I stayed there, the sound of coming feet drove me away at last, and by a sort of impulse I went straight to his lodgings. He was not gone, and for an instant my heart leaped up, only to die down the next at the sight of his miserable face on the bed.

"I didn't mean it, 'Ginger—I didn't mean it," he moaned, "I was taking it to the bank when they met me, and we played for it; they said I should double it in an hour or two, but I had had so much brandy I couldn't understand things properly, and I never met them but at public places—I don't know where to look for them now."

It would have been of little use if he had, the money and his character were gone. His father made up the deficiency, and the partners agreed to take no proceedings against him; but they were just men, and for the sake of the other clerks he must leave the country a once, coming back to it no more, until he had redeemed his lost name, and proved himself worthy of a claim to men's confidence again.

And so he went. He asked me to see him off; it was the only comfort that came to me in that weary time, we went down to Liverpool together one grey October afternoon, and on the noisy, crowded deck of the big emigrant ship we said good-bye.

The years have come and gone since then. I sit upon a higher stool than even Maurice's. News comes at intervals of his progress—slow and difficult, necessarily, beginning, as he had to, from the lowest rung, but still a progress. Old faiths are hard to forget, and in a remote corner of my mind I still keep in respectful remembrance the dusty pomatum pot and a tarnished ring. My early dream of a moustache I now now will never be realized, the hope it has died, with some other fair visions, these dusty years; and as I note the fading ginger on my scanty locks, I begin to fear that we may be old old men before the long consequences of that sin and weakness have worn away, and I see my boyish face again.

IN MEMORIAM.

ELIHU BURRITT.

HE held no sceptre in his hand,
No diadem was on his head,
No courtiers waited his command—
But though uncrowned, a king is dead.
And brightly on the roll of fame
Shall shine Elihu Burritt's name,
Acknowledged by the deeds he wrought,
A monarch in the realms of thought;
Who dreamed—when in his boyhood's
days—

He sat a cottage-hearth beside,
That men would watch his words and ways,
Two nations miss him when he died.
The man who strove with gifted mind,
With all his ardent soul to bind,
Peoples of diverse creeds and blood
In one great bond of brotherhood.

The sparks which from that anvil flew
Shall kindle yet undying fires:
Enlightening lands whose tongues he knew,
Inspiring hearts with pure desires.
We marvel at the mighty brain,
Which could such varied lore contain:
We wonder at that hand of skill,
Obedient to a giant will.

The olive leaves he scattered wide,
Possessed an influence that shall last;
Though still rolls on war's bloody tide
As in benighted ages past.
But he has gone—the man of peace—
Where war and strife for ever cease:
To where the Prince of Peace doth reign,
In that bright land of "no more pain."

IVY.

IT is possible for a man to be very much the worse for drink—as the phrase is,—both in a moral and physical sense, without showing it in his gait or speech, and even to be all but a confirmed drunkard without himself being more than faintly aware of the peril in which he stands.—*Saturday Review*.

IN 1,000 grains of beef there are 207½ grains of nourishment. In 1,000 grains of wine there are only 1½ grains of nourishment. The raw flesh of beef contains 156 times more nourishment than wine.—*The Lancet*.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY UNCLE BEN.

SOME years ago I happened to be in Glasgow at the "Fair time"—a time when the most terrible drunkenness prevails. One night as I was returning rather late to our hotel, when most of the public-houses were closing and their inmates or drink consumers were being turned out into the street, we passed one near a theatre that was evidently kept open by special license. Here, for a time, seemed concentrated the dreadful traffic; the glass doors were kept constantly on the swing by streams



of degraded people going in or coming out.

It was a calm, clear night; the day had been hot, the moon was almost full, and in its sweet light the gas-lamps of streets looked bleared and yellow. We stayed a moment or two watching the sad scene: every time the doors swung to and fro the lurid gas light poured out on the pavement, and hoarse roars as of demon voices blended strangely in the soft atmosphere of that summer night. Several loiterers, most of them more or less drunk, were standing

near; and just as we were about to pass on our attention was arrested by seeing a little girl, about ten years old, standing, or rather leaning up against a lamp-post that stood outside the doorway which she was wearily watching. She was a very pretty child with a clean white pinafore on, and though she had neither hat nor shoes and stockings on she looked dainty and refined. It was a sad, strange contrast, the quiet moon and the silent watching sky above, and this poor little child below; this dark and sinful city around us, and this foul den of vice and drink beside us. Just as I was debating in my mind whether to speak to the child or pass on, the story of her presence there at that time of night was told without inquiry; for suddenly there reeled and staggered out



from the blaze of that crowded bar a man more drunk than most we had seen—if *man* he can be called, for a more besotted haggard, and degraded piece of humanity never crossed the threshold of a gin-palace or a gaol. He felt his way by the side of the door for an instant, and then stumbled across the pavement; but before he reached the lamp-post the child had darted forth: then a little hand went up, and I heard a little voice say, "Father." And down that long avenue of gas lamps went that drunken father and that little child. We watched them till they passed to where the light

were faint against the sky, and they were lost to us for ever in that summer night. My friend, now one of the worthiest ministers I know, turned to me, and said, "Is it thus in these days that the grand old prophecy is fulfilled, and 'a little child shall lead them?'"

We cannot unfold the story of that picture; the sin and suffering, the shame and pain behind that scene: the sorrow of that home to which the spotless little maid led that victim of the evil spirit. Think of all that brought about that worse than orphan childhood, and that worse than dishonoured manhood, and let us ask ourselves if we shall do nothing to cure this evil, and destroy the cause of all this misery. Shall not our Band of Hope work fulfil the spirit of this exalted poetry, which says, "A little child shall lead them?" Yes; the children shall tame the fierce passions, the fevered thirst, the sensual lusts; they may help to hold in check the world of brute force and animal tempers, and guide the uncontrolled wills into ways of purity, temperance, and peace. As surely as that night in Glasgow when I felt as if an angel's presence dwelt in that silent night air, and was made visible in sweetest human form, leading *home* that utterly lost wanderer, so surely does God give little children work to do for Him, and work which only can be done in His Kingdom by the child's heart and the child's hand. And to every little girl is given this sacred power, and every little maiden in our Bands of Hope has some little share in this blessed service. So in our midst to-day, by example and influence, by the love, faith, and prayer of a little child, shall the basest and vilest of the sinful race be brought to sobriety and virtue, and led back to God. For will the children's work be done until drunkenness and sin be no more, and the lost wanderer be led home.

A COUNTRY CORNER.

ADOWN a shaded lane in Kent

A wayside spring I found,
Majestic oaks a shelter lent—
The daisies clustered round.



The sweet wild brier, the graceful fern,
The rose, adorn'd the spot,
And in a nook, one might discern
The meek forget-me-not.

By many a songster of the grove
That spring is held full dear,
Oft to its coolnesses they rove
When summer days appear.

The thrush, the chaffinch, crested wren,
The swallow—come to sip;
These soon are satisfied, and then
The blackbird takes a dip.

And round and round they flit about—
While hopping to and fro
In buoyant glee—now in, now out—
How jubilant they grow!

Glad songs of thanks to ONE all kind
Float sweetly on the breeze,
As happy birds take wing to find
Their homes among the trees.

FREDK. SHERLOCK.

DIALOGUES ON TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

Author of "Our National Resources and how they are wasted."

NO. I.—HARD TIMES.

Characters—THOMAS MELLOR, HENRY JONES, and ROBERT JACKSON.

Henry.—Halloa ! Thomas. Where are you off to ?

Thomas.—Off to ? I'm going down to Mill Lane School.

H.—What is there up there ?

T.—Don't you know ? They're distributing soup at one o'clock.

H.—I'm very sorry to hear that !

T.—I suppose you are not going ?

H.—Me going ! I think not ; I'd rather have my soup at home, at my own fireside.

T.—So would I, if I could get it. But these hard times people can't get it.

H.—If they've money they can get it.

T.—Of course they can, but what must they do if they haven't got money.

H.—Why, then they must work and get some.

T.—But if a man cannot get work, what then ?

H.—In that case, Tom, I admit he's in a difficulty.

T.—I think so. And when a fellow's pockets are to let, and his stomach is empty, this cold weather he'll be glad to go to Mill Lane School, or anywhere else, to get a bit of something to eat.

H.—I don't want to pain you, Tom, but I'm surprised to hear you talk of pockets to let.

T.—I'm sorry to say that it is so, though. If I was like folks say you are, Henry—had got £70 or £80 in the savings'-bank, I shouldn't need to talk of pockets to let either, nor yet go to Mill Lane School to get a basin of soup.

H.—But you've been getting as good wages as I have, Tom, and yet, whilst you say that I have £70 or £80 in the savings'-bank,

you have pockets to let. How does this come about ?

Tom is silent.

H.—(Proceeding) —I can tell you how it comes about. I have taken my money to the savings'-bank, but you have taken yours to the losings'-bank.

T.—What do you mean by that ?

H.—I mean you have taken your money to the public-house.

T.—Well, I've taken some there to be sure ; I've had a few glasses on a Saturday, and sometimes on a Sunday.

H.—Yes, I dare say that you have. Now, have you not spent some five shillings per week during the last half-dozen years ?

T.—Probably I have.

H.—I'm pretty sure you have, Tom ; for you know that, formerly, sometimes I used to join you, but six years ago I gave up drinking, ceased to bank with the publican, and put my five shillings a week in the savings'-bank, and now I have got £80 saved, and though times are hard, yet I can look on without any fear of coming to want, and I can get my soup at my own fireside.

T.—I only wish I had £80 too—that's all I've got to say.

H.—But you know you can't have the money and pour it down your throat in the shape of drink as well. If you eat the barley, you get good food, and you get strength to work ; but, when you drink the beer or swallow the spirits or the wine, you get neither, for you know yourself that on a Monday morning, after the Saturday and Sunday's drinking, you are less fit for work than any other day in the week. Now, is it not so ?

T.—Well, there's a great deal of truth in what you say.

H.—Yes, its all true, and nobody knows it better than you do, Tom.

T.—But if I could only get work, I shouldn't be in this mess.

H.—Yes. So long as you can get work, and are able to work, Tom, you get along ; but you see this is dependent upon two "ifs"—the first "if" is, if you can get work ; and the second "if" is, if you are able to work.

T.—You are right, Henry ; and the first “if” has broken down now.

H.—Yes, and perhaps by-and-by when work is to be had you may then be laid aside by sickness ; or, if you live long enough, you will become an old man, and instead of going to Mill Lane School for soup, you will then have to go to the parish, or perhaps end your days in the workhouse.

T.—What fools we are to be sure !

H.—You tell true, Tom, for you cut the ground from under you in two ways. First, by your wasteful habits you destroy the means which should uphold the trade and commerce of the country, and then you are thrown out of work ; and secondly, by your drinking habits you injure your health, and often render yourselves unfitted for work.

T.—It is very much as you say, Henry.

At this point Robert joins the conversation.

H.—Good morning, Robert.

T.—Good morning, Robert.

R.—Good morning to you both.

H.—We’ve just been having a chat about these hard times.

R.—They’re bad enough, to be sure. And when they’ll mend heaven knows—I don’t think that anybody on earth does.

H.—Hard times don’t come by chance, though.

R.—How do they come ?

T.—Henry’s been trying to show that they come through people spending so much money on drink.

R.—Yes. Some people put everything to the credit of drink.

T.—I am quite of Henry’s opinion, though, that if people spent less on drink, times would not be so hard.

R.—Well, perhaps not ; it may have something to do with it, but not a quarter as much as the people say.

H.—What is it that makes times be hard with folks ?

R.—Times are hard with people because they haven’t got enough to live on.

H.—Yes ; and how comes it that people haven’t enough to live on ?

T.—This can only happen from one of two reasons. First, either people don’t produce enough, or else they waste it when it is produced.

H.—You have hit the nail on the head exactly this time, Tom.

R.—But how does that apply to the drink ?

H.—In half-a-dozen ways.

R.—It’s very soon said, is that ; but assertions are not proofs.

H.—Well, now—

R.—Stop, Henry. I’ve an engagement at one o’clock, and you see it only wants about two minutes.

T.—And I want to be off to Mill Lane School to get my basin of soup.

H.—Well, when can we meet again and have time to go into the case fully ?

T.—I should like to hear the whole thing discussed.

H.—Can you come to my house to-night ?—bad as times are, I will try to find you both a cup of tea.

T.—That would be welcome, certainly.

R.—Agreed. What time do you have tea ?

H.—Any time—say six o’clock.

R.—All right. Good bye for the present.

T.—Good bye, and thank you for your invitation to tea.

(To be continued.)

SEVEN hundred and thirty gallons of the best Bavarian beer contain exactly as much nourishment as a five pound loaf or three pounds of beef.—*Baron Liebig.*

BEER contains but one per cent. of nutritive matter, and is, therefore, not a thing to be taken for nutrition at all.—*Dr. Lankester.*

If you mind nothing but the body, you lose body and soul too. If you mind nothing but earth, you lose earth and heaven too.

It is in vain to think we can take any delight in being with Christ hereafter if we care not how little we are in His company here.

I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

H. R. PALMER.

1. I love the mer-ry, mer-ry sun-shine, It makes the heart so gay,

KEY E².

{	.s	d'	.,s	:l	,s	fe,s	m	.s	:	.m	r	.f	:f	.f	m
	.m	m	.m	:f	.m	re,m	d	.m	:	.d	t,	r	:r	.r	d
2. I	love	the	mer-ry,	mer-ry	sunshine,	Through	dew-y	morn-ing	showers						
	.d'	s	.,d'	:d'	,d'	.d'	d'	.d'	:	.s	s	.s	:s	.s	s
	.d	d	.,d	:d	,d	.d	d	.d	:	.d	s,	.s,	:s,	.s,	d

To hear the wild birds sing-ing On a plea-sant sum-mer's day.

{	.s	d'	.d	:r	.m	f	.l	:	.l	,l	s	.t	:t	.t	d' :-
	.m	d	.d	:d	.d	d	.f	:	.f	,f	f	.f	:f	.f	m :-
	.d'	s	.m	:f	.s	l	.d'	:	.d'	,d'	t	.s	:s	.s	s :-
	.d	d	.d	:d	.d	f	.f	:	.f	,f	s	.s	:s,	.s,	d :-

Its ro-sy smiles ad-vanc-ing, Like a beau-ty from her bowers.

CHORUS.

I love,..... I love,..... I love the merry,merry sunshine,

The merry, merry sun, the mer-ry, merry sun, the merry,merry sun for me;

CHORUS.

{	.r	r	.s	:t	.,r	r	.l	:d'	.d'	r'	.,r'	:d',t	.l,s	t. l :
	.r	r	.r	:r	.r	d	.d	.d	.d	t,	t,	t,	t,	l, :
	.s	t	.t	:t	.,t	l	.l	.l	.l	s	.s	.s	.s	fe :
	.s,	s,	s,	s,	s,	r	.r	.r	.r	r	.r	:r	.r	r :

I love,..... I love,..... I love the merry, merry sunshine,
The merry,merry sun, the merry,merry sun for me;
The merry,merry sun, the merry,merry sun for me;

I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE—(continued).

It makes..... the heart..... It makes the heart so gay;

The merry, merry sun, the merry, merry sun, the merry, merry sun for me;

{	.,r	r	.s	:t	.,r	r	.l	:d'	.d'	r'	.,r'	:fe	.fe	s
	It	makes.....	the	heart.....	It	makes the	heart so	gay;						
	.,r	r,r,r,r	:r	.,r	d,d,d,d	.d	t,t,t,t	:d	.d	t,t,t,t	:d	.d	t	
	The	merry,merry sun,	the	merry,merry sun,	the	merry,merry sun for	me;							
	.,s	t,t,t,t	:t	.,t	l,l,l,l	:l	.l	s,s,s	:s	l	.l	s		
	.,s ₁	s ₁ ,s ₁ ,s ₁ ,s ₁	:s ₁	.,s ₁	r,r,r,r	:r	.,r	r,r,r	:r	.r	s			

Oh, the mer-ry sun-shine, the mer-ry sun-shine, the mer-ry, merry sun for me;

{	:d'	.,d'	t,t,t	:t	.,t	d',d'.s	:s	.,s	l,l	.s,s	:f	.m	r
	.,m	f,f,f	:f	.,f	m,m,m	:m	.,m	d,d,d,d	:t	.d	t		
	Oh, the	merry sunshine,	the	merry sun.	shine, the	merry, merry sun for	me;						
	.,s	s,s,s	:s	.,s	s,s	.d'	:d'	.,d'	d',d'.d',d':s	.s	s		
	:d	.,d	s,s,s	:s	.,s	d,d,d	:d	.,d	f,f	.m,m	:r	.d	s ₁

Oh, the merry sunshine, the merry sunshine, Oh, the mer-ry, merry sun for me.

{	:d'	.,d'	t,t,t	:t	.,t	d',d'.s	:s	.d',s	l,s	.f,m	:r	.s	d	:	.
	.,m	f,f,f	:f	.,f	m,m,m	:m	.,m	d,d,d,d	:t	.t	d	:	.		
	Oh, the	merry sunshine,	the	merry sunshine,	Oh, the	merry, merry sun for	me.								
	.,s	s,s,s	:s	.,s	s,s	.d'	:d'	.s,s	d',d'.l,l	:s	.f	m	:	.	
	:d	.,d	s,s,s	:s	.,s	d,d,d	:d	.d,m	f,f,f	:s	.s ₁	d	:	.	



THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT :

ITS PLACE IN CHURCH WORK.*

THE resolution which is embodied in the paper is as follows :—

“That, in view of the scientific evidence on the comparative uselessness of alcohol as a sustainer of life or a restorer to health, and in view of the evidence of our own observation and experience of its demoralizing and destructive effects upon society, it is our opinion that the Band of Hope claims a foremost place among the civilizing and Christianizing efforts of every church.”

My resolution is intended to direct particular attention to the altered position of the temperance question, consequent upon the remarkable scientific evidence bearing upon the subject with which we have been favoured of late years—evidence, the result of patient and independent investigation and experiment.

I wish you distinctly to bear in mind that there is a difference between the expression of an opinion, and the statement of a clearly defined scientific fact. So far as opinion is of value—and we know that it is valuable in proportion to the varied experiences, and the soundness of judgment out of which, and by which it has been formed—so far as opinion is of value, we can fairly claim a large preponderance of the opinions of the most learned and influential members of the medical profession in favour of the comparative uselessness of alcohol either in health or sickness. But we do sometimes hear from prominent members of the profession opinions which contradict this view so far as certain special cases are concerned. I may cite a case in point.

At one of our festivals in Manchester Sir Henry Thompson expressed an opinion something to this effect—that nineteen out of every twenty men would be better by entire abstinence from alcohol, either in health or sickness, than by even a moderate use of it under any circumstances. He would not say that in the case of the twentieth man it was valuable or injurious ; he put in the twentieth man, however, not because he had found him, but as a sort of saving clause in case he should at any time turn up.

A local physician of repute, a man of undoubted honour and honesty, and whose sincerity is unimpeachable, expressed an opinion to the effect that he was the twentieth man, and that Sir Henry had somewhat undervalued alcohol as a remedial agent.

Here we had before us a clear case in which two medical men of high standing in the profession differed in their opinion as to the comparative value of alcohol. As a matter of fact, the difference was very slight, and it may be formulated thus :—on our side, Sir Henry Thompson says in effect “There may be one man in twenty who under certain circumstances might derive some advantage from the administration of alcohol as a medicine ; but in the whole of my practice and experience as a medical man, having had to do not with scores but with hundreds of cases, I have myself not yet found this twentieth man.” Our local physician, on the other side, says in effect, “There not only may be, but there is, a twentieth man who may be benefited by alcohol and I know him.” The difference in fact, as I said, is very slight ; but the difference in principle is very great, involving as it does the whole question of the value of alcohol as a medicine. In plain English, Sir Henry Thompson’s statement amounts to this—“So far as my experience

* A paper read by Mr. Bateman, of Manchester, at Glossop, before the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union Conference, April, 1879.

has enabled me to form an opinion on the subject, my opinion is that alcohol has *no medicinal value*." In plain English, our local physician says—"So far as my experience has enabled me to form an opinion on the subject, that opinion is that alcohol has a medicinal value."

I take these two gentlemen as representing the opposite views of the medical profession on this subject, and you will observe that the terms of my resolution recognise the claims of the opposition, so to speak, since they do clearly assume that alcohol *has a value*. But although my resolution assumes that alcohol has a use, it very distinctly affirms that it is *comparatively useless*. And it will be necessary for me, in justice to this much-lauded, much-abused food, drink, and physic, to say that the fewness of the cases in which it is asserted to be of value is not in itself sufficient to justify us in pronouncing it *comparatively valueless*.

There are various drugs which are not administered to one person in a hundred possibly, and which yet justly claim a place among the most valuable known, because they have a specific action upon certain organs of the body when in a diseased condition; and in certain cases they are the only, or at any rate the best and most reliable agents known to science.

It is not enough to say that alcohol is highly dangerous, and may if administered produce most serious consequences; because there are other medicines of acknowledged value which cannot be employed without risk of serious consequences. A doctor may see that his patient has passed beyond the reach of ordinary remedies; there is yet another chance, but it is a desperate one. As he is, the patient *must* die; while the employment of a dangerous agent cannot make the case worse, but may in one case out of six or ten effect a cure. Of such a medicine it could not justly be said to be *comparatively valueless*.

What, then, are the grounds upon which we base the assertion that alcohol is *comparatively valueless* as a sustainer of life or a restorer to health? It is not a specific remedy for any known disease. There is

not a single form of disease, or any condition of the body known to science in which alcohol as an active agent has any discovered value. So far as its action on the various tissues and organs of the body has been subjected to close scrutiny, the result has invariably shown that it is in no case beneficial, and in but few cases harmless. Those apparent effects which follow its use, and form the foundation of the favourable opinion of some medical men are shown when scientifically examined to be entirely delusive.

While medical opinion on the subject is divided, every new discovery supplies additional evidence against it. While Dr. Richardson and others, who, like him have made alcohol a subject of special examination and experiment, clearly show that its supposed benefits are dangerous popular delusions, their conclusions have never been disproved by those who still persist in administering it. Those who claim for alcohol the position of great merit in certain cases, at the same time admit that it is injurious and dangerous in many if not in most cases.

Upon these grounds, then, amongst others, we venture to pronounce alcohol *comparatively valueless*. I would recommend those who have not already done so, to read Dr. Richardson's lectures on alcohol, delivered, if I mistake not, before the Society of Arts in Cambridge University.

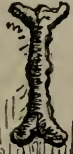
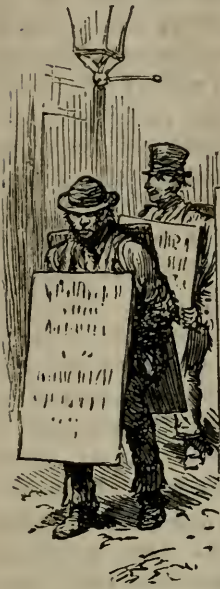
(*To be continued.*)

THE uncle of a Welsh minister being sorely offended, declared that he should never forgive the offender. The minister asked him if he knew what the Bible said. "No," said he; "what does it say?" "'Anger resteth in the bosom of fools.'" "Well, Thomas," said he, "go instantly and tell the man that I forgive him all. I will not be a fool to please him or anybody else."

"NOTHING can work me damage but myself," said St. Bernard; "the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault."

A TEAR FROM THE EYE OF A NEEDLE; OR, "WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH US?"

BY T. H. EVANS.



NSIGNIFI-
CANT as I
am—for my
name is not
"C l e o -
p a t r a"—

there may, perhaps, be a few who will not turn impatiently away from this humble recital of a chapter in my own history. Though fully conscious of my shortcomings as an "entertainer," I am proud of my character for usefulness, for I ever devote myself to the

task assigned me with a *single eye* to duty, and I am proud to confess that I have often been the sole means of support to a mother and her sorrowing little ones. But there—I have thrown myself upon your lenient consideration, so, without more ado, I will proceed at once with my story, weaving into the *thread* of the narrative a few reflections of my own from time to time.

It is the old tale of disease and want through drink. The husband of a patient and industrious wife spending all his earnings in dissipation. One pleasant summer evening the poor wife whose bread I helped to earn, having assured herself that her child was asleep, dropped her work, and thrusting me into the bosom of her tattered dress, went forth to seek her worthless, liquor-loving husband, thinking that if she could induce him to return home before all his money was spent, she might be able to coax him into buying something nice for their poor sick child, who was ill with fever. A very few minutes brought her to the door of her husband's favourite haunt. But the glaring light of the glitter-

ing gin palace, and the noisy voices within, made her heart sink within her, for she was a frail and meek-spirited creature; so, after waiting and watching, and furtively peeping in at the half-open door, without even catching a glimpse of him, she turned away with a heavy heart, and slowly wandered homewards. On she went like one in a dream. Not noticing, and apparently not caring whither she went, she unconsciously took the wrong turning, yet on she went, till a sudden feeling of dizziness brought her to a standstill against the garden gate of a wealthy resident of the district just outside the town from which she had so listlessly sauntered. Heart-sick and weary for want of proper rest and sufficient food, she felt too faint to go any further, so clung to the gate for support. The house and grounds adjacent were entirely sheltered from observation by the thick foliage of the hedge and trees that surrounded it; and in the quiet seclusion of their front garden the lady of the house and her only daughter, a child of ten years, were seated, and the poor weary wife clutching the gate post became an unintentional listener to the following conversation.

"No, Nelly; I certainly cannot allow you to go to this—what did you call it—'Band of Hope meeting'? I have no doubt there are no well-bred persons ever seen in any such a place; only common working people and low, vulgar children."

"But, mamma dear, I should be so glad to go, for the children sing such pretty songs."

"You cannot know anything about it, my child, for you have never been," said the lady.

"No, mamma, but I spoke to one of the little Band of Hope girls one evening at the church door. Governess left me a moment while she ran back for something. I asked her to come in, but she said she did not like to because she was not tidy enough, for her mother was too poor to buy her any Sunday clothes, but she told me that she went to the Band of Hope meeting every week, and asked me to go too."



"Oh, Nelly! it is perfectly dreadful to think that you should condescend to mix with such low, vulgar children as that; I'm ashamed of you. But go on—what else did the horrid little thing say?"

"Oh, mamma, how you talk so! I'm sure she seemed a very nice little girl, and I told her I would go to the meeting if you would only let me. Do you know, ma, I liked the little girl so much, I felt as if I must give her something; but I had nothing in my pocket except a Christmas card that grandma sent me—you know, the one with the angel leading the little child—so I gave her that, and she was so pleased, and wanted me to have her Band of Hope hymn-book, which she said was the only thing she had got in the world. She said her name was Fanny, and I told her mine was Nelly. Just then governess came back, so I said, 'Good bye; I shall see you again some day,' and left her standing at the gate."

"No, my dear, that you never shall," was the emphatic reply—"at least, not with *my* consent. You must remember that you are not simply a child, but a little *lady*. I cannot, therefore, allow you to have anything to say to common children."

"But, ma dear, governess said that Bands of Hope were doing a deal of good amongst the poor, so don't you think we ought to try and help them?"

"Certainly not, Nelly," said the haughty mother. "What has that to do with us? If people will be so wicked and ignorant as to get tipsy, they must expect to be poor and badly off. It is no business of ours. But come, dear, let us hasten indoors, it is getting late."

I heard no more; but the conversation had deeply interested me, for my affections and sympathies have ever been more strongly inclined towards the poor than the rich, for I could give instances of patience under affliction, self-denial for the sake of others, and heroic fortitude and endurance under the most trying circumstances, that put to shame the luxurious self-indulgence and apathetic indifference to others so often found amongst the wealthy. Just as we reached the door of our miserable dwelling, a young woman accosted us.

"Do you know a Miss Layson, a dress-maker, living near here?"

"I never heard the name," said the poor weak creature addressed.

"Oh dear! I don't know whatever I shall do if I can't find her, for I have some needlework for her to do that is rather important, for it must be sent home to-morrow. I have already so much in hand I cannot possibly do it, so I thought I would get her to help me."

"Can I be of any service to you, miss? I understand all kinds of needlework, and can do it at once if you will let me."

"Well, I don't mind, but you see I—I—" she hesitated to complete the sentence, but the poor seamstress, who saw what was passing in her mind, hastened to assure her that although very poor she was trustworthy and industrious, as the baker a few doors off could testify.

To the baker therefore she went, and the result was so far satisfactory that the work was entrusted to her with the strict injunction to have it ready by ten the next morning.

The poor mother ascended to her room with a lighter heart than she had known for many a day, for the work she had so fortunately obtained would enable her to purchase a few necessities for little Fanny. She forgot everything in that one thought of, how pleased the little dear would be to have a few of those aids to recovery of which she stood in need. But alas! all her hopes fled when she gazed upon the death-stricken face of the poor little sufferer, whose appearance betokened symptoms of the most serious kind.

Every hour all through that weary night seemed to confirm the conviction that her little life on earth would soon be at an end. But that cruel work had to be done; so the poor worn-out mother kept bravely on, working and watching, hoping and praying, all through the cheerless night. "Mother," said the patient little creature, opening her large blue eyes, "where is the pretty card that young lady gave me? Let me keep it in my hand to look at, I have seen some one just like the angel on that card. Perhaps it was Jesus. I shall not be here much longer, mother dear; Jesus is waiting for me." The busy hand that held me was stayed for a few moments, and those

poor wasted cheeks were once more wet with tears, as the broken-hearted mother leant over that flickering little human lamp, destined so soon to leap its last and go right out. "Don't weep, mother, for I'm so happy; I don't want for anything now. Yes, yes—there is just one little wish—I should like to see that little girl once more; I told her I should, but it is too late now. Can't you see that angel coming to fetch me? Good bye, mother, I'm going now." Throwing the little frock that she was making down on the bed, she caressed the dying child, imploring God to spare her; but the little head fell on one side, the card dropped from the wasted little fingers, then all was still. Fanny was dead. When the grey morning light streamed into that comfortless room, I was still toiling away, and, true to promise, at the appointed hour my task was done. With a sigh of relief the poor woman, hardly knowing what she did, fastened me into the frock, but what had become of the card which that poor mother treasured so much for her little one's sake? The most careful search failed to find it. I happened to have my eye just within peeping distance of a certain little pocket, so knew all about it, but did not betray the secret. My presence in the finished garment was quite forgotten, so, much to my surprise, I became the uninvited spectator of the last scene in this sad story, the particulars of which I will now relate.

The day following my arrival in my new home was a grand time of rejoicing. It was the tenth birthday of a rich man's only daughter, and judge of my surprise when I found that the wearer of the little dress that I had helped to make was none other than the little girl who spoke to Fanny at the church gate. I longed to tell her that the poor timid little waif of humanity who, from a sense of her own unworthiness, feared to enter into the earthly house of God had already found a welcome amongst the angels in that "house not made with hands," in a world where pain and want are never known. But did that petted and gaily-dressed child, amidst all the festivities of the day, bestow a single thought upon

that tattered little being who had never had life's commonest necessities? Yes; for when the fun and mirth was at its highest, out fell the lost card from Nellie's pocket as she drew forth her dainty little handkerchief. Unnoticed by all, off she flew to the nursery, and snatching up her favourite doll, she pressed it to her breast, then dropping into a little seat in the corner, burst into tears. Presently her sobs subsided, and she began to talk to the silent little playmate in her arms, for when very pleased or very sad she always told all her heart to Dolly.

"However did this get into my pocket? Poor little Fanny! Oh, Dolly! I feel so unhappy. I know it's very wicked of me to complain when I have such a kind papa and mamma, who give me everything I want, but that is just the very thing that makes me miserable. It doesn't seem right for me to have so much and poor little Fanny nothing at all. Oh, Dolly see how nicely you are dressed—quite like a lady,—but poor Fanny has hardly enough things to cover her, and they looked so—so—you know, Dolly—not at all bright and nice, like what we wear. And I'm certain she does not have enough to eat. Oh, it is wicked of me to have so much, when I know another little girl who has not near enough. I wish mamma would let me take her something nice to eat, and let me give her some of my clothes. I shall never be happy any more if she doesn't." And once again the little maiden sobbed as if her heart would break.

Just then, in came the governess in search of her.

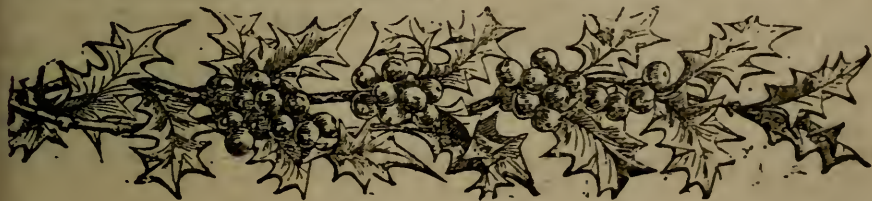
"What a strange child!" said her mother, as she received her with a loving kiss; or she was her only child, so the proud and haughty woman loved her with all the fondness of which her selfish nature was

capable. She stroked the beautiful tresses of her child, and kissed her anxious-looking little face with more than usual tenderness, for there was a flushed appearance about her face that slightly alarmed her. Little Nelly never recovered the wonted gaiety of her manner, much to the sorrow of all the guests, for she was loved by all who knew her, for her kind and amiable disposition; but a change seemed to have come over her, so the birthday party came to an abrupt and somewhat cheerless close. There was no mistaking the fact that Nelly was really very poorly, so her mamma insisted upon her going to bed early, which ended the day's pleasure in a manner no one had anticipated. The next morning found Nelly dangerously ill. After lingering for a few days the doctor shook his head, which said more plainly than the words he feared to speak, that he could do no more for her.

The fever that had carried off the poor little child of the drunkard was lurking in that fatal garment, and though love and money did their utmost to save her, another little grave had to be dug in the churchyard. Yes, before another week had passed away, two little glorified spirits were lovingly walking hand in hand in that "upper and better world," where there are neither rich nor poor, and where vanity and selfishness can never come.

And as the proud and wealthy woman, whose riches could not bribe away death, entered the *silent* nursery that could never again re-echo with the merry, silvery laugh of her only child—as she gazed till blind with tears at that little *empty* bed, o'er which she never more could bend to bless and kiss her Nelly's face, she found in the awful silence of her desolate heart and home an answer to the heartless question of her own unfeeling nature—

"What has that to do with us?"



WHAT THE POETS SAY.

COMPILED BY W. P. BUXTON.

"OH thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no other name to be known by, let us call thee DEVIL! Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

"Honest water never left any man in the mire."

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."

Shakespeare.

"Drink not the poison, which thou canst not tame

When once it is within thee, but before
Mayest rule it as thou list, and pour the shame

Which it would pour on thee upon the floor."

George Herbert.

"Late hours and wine, Castiglione—these
Will ruin thee! Thou art already altered—

Thy looks are haggard. Nothing so wears away

The constitution as late hours and wine."

Edgar A. Poe.

"When against reason riot shuts the door,
And gaiety supplies the place of sense,
Then foremost at the banquet and the ball,

Death leads the dance."

Edward Young.

"There is no disease, bodily or mental, which the adoption of vegetable diet and pure water has not infallibly mitigated, wherever the experiment has been fairly tried."

P. B. Shelley.

"In all the towns and countries in which I have been, I never saw a city or village yet, whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public houses."

Oliver Goldsmith.

"Men might live healthfully and happily without intoxicating liquors."

"O madness! to think the use of strongest wines

And strongest drink our chief supports of health."

John Milton.

"Is man, then, only for his torment placed
In th' centre of delights he may not taste?"

No, wrangler—destitute of shame and sense!

The precept that enjoins his abstinence
Forbids him none but the licentious joy
Whose fruit, though fair, tempts only to destroy."

William Cowper.

"Be ye sober! Cheeks grow haggard,
Eyes turn dim, and pulse-tide blood
Runs too fast, or crawleth laggard
When there's poison in the flood."

Eliza Cook.

"To the sewers and sinks with all such drinks,

And after them tumble the mixer;

For a poison malign is such Borgia wine,
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir."

H. W. Longfellow.

"All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

Dryden.

"Wine often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin."

Addison.

"Those who make a mistress of the bottle often cling to her mouth till they draw her whole spirit through it."

Tennyson.

"Here I abjure the bane whose power

Holds countless souls in shameful thrall;

Aroused to reason, from this hour

I shun, scorn, loathe it, once for all!"

J. Critchley Prince.

"Man yields to custom, as he bows to fate
In all things ruled—mind, body, and estate;

In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know no why."

Crabbe.

"There is a terrible evil in England—the number, to wit, of tippling houses, where the labourer, as a matter of course, spend the overplus of his earnings."

Sir Walter Scott.

BEER contains but one per cent. of nutritive matter, and is, therefore, not a thing to be taken for nutrition at all.—*Dr Lankester.*



"Where the white fall settled into still, dark pools."—p. 114.

ONE SUMMER'S DAY.

"I HOLD that there is no such thing as neutral ground in this movement—he that is not for us is against us, and responsible for the consequences of the side he has identified himself with," quoted Will, flourishing a stray "Banner of Temperance," that had somehow been brought up among the morning papers.

"That is the worst of those temperance fellows," commented Jack, crumpling the said "Banner" into a ball, and carefully depositing it in a deep crevice—"once get hold of a hobby they ride it to death; I certainly don't consider myself responsible for every reprobate that chooses to get screwed and batter his wife. Hallo! what is coming now?"

We three were lounging in more or less elegant positions on the grassy side of one of the loveliest Westmoreland "scars." On the left wound away a deep, shady glen, where the white fall settled into still, dark pools, over which we generally hovered through the long sunny mornings, watching hopefully and earnestly for fish we never caught; the path to the right skirted round the lake to the railway station. It was early in June; we had had the fall almost entirely to ourselves for three weeks, and after the hospitable custom of our country, had come to regard it as our exclusive right, and all newcomers as intruders and interlopers. Consequently there was great indignation when Jack, descending from the rock whence he had been taking a review, announced that there was a whole Sunday-school advancing upon us, flags, teachers, and scholars in full force.

We hurriedly retreated to our little cottage, where after an hour or two of dignified seclusion the sense of injury evaporated, and by noon we found ourselves taking a very lively interest in the strangers, and breathlessly speculating upon the result of their cricket matches.

Some of the elder ones were rowing about the lake, and, after the match was decided, we sat down on the bank to criticize their extraordinary method of navigation. Very few seemed to have any clear

idea which end of the boat ought to go first, and involuntarily we heaved a thankful sigh as each freight was safely dragged in, or pushed out, by the sturdy boatman.

One little party of three attracted our attention for a minute or two—a refined, gentlemanly boy, apparently a clerk, and two tall young men, not quite as sober as they might have been, judging by their loud voices and reckless way of plunging about the boat; we heard the man trying to dissuade them, and it crossed our minds that the "Banner" might possibly have found a mission here and waved a warning, if we had not condemned it so summarily to the crevice. Then the boat shot away, right end foremost, and we forgot them, till an hour later we caught a glimpse of it trying to turn sharply round just where we knew, by our three weeks' experience, that the undercurrents ran strongest, and they were standing up to change oars; it tilted up—over—and then a sudden shrill cry of terror rang out across the summer air.

It's not easy to talk afterwards of a time like that; there was a confused noise of hurrying crowds, and boats putting out from all sides of the lake, but the shadows were lengthening before they brought them back—three white faces that had gone out flushed with health and vigour, and now no summer sun would ever warm them into life any more.

"It's that cursed drink," said one of the boatmen, wringing out his dripping sleeves. "I told them as it was dangerous, they wasn't fit, but they wouldn't hearken; and the third seemed steady enough, poor laddie."

"That he was," answered an older man, whom we had taken for the superintendent; "the steadiest, finest boy we had. All those young men," he went on bitterly, "had given their word to take nothing intoxicating this one day for the sake of example to the younger ones, and this is how they kept it—the lad has been sacrificed to their selfish folly, and," he added, breaking unconsciously into the old pathos of the Bible story "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

* * * * *

"I don't believe that temperance fellow was so far out, after all," remarked Jack thoughtfully that night, as we stood at our cottage gate watching the starlight glimmer on the deep still waters where the three young lives had found a grave.

And in that quiet darkness I think we first came to understand something of the lesson, a lesson we are learning every day more clearly, that in this world no man can stand or fall alone ; that in a greater or lesser degree every one of us is his brother's keeper.

E. K. O.

A FRAGMENT.

I LIKE to hear of good deeds done,
I like to hear of victories won,

By those who love the right.
To see a foolish man grow wise,
To see a fallen brother rise,
Doth give me much delight.

Honour to those who turn aside
And leave the pathway, dark and wide,
That leads to sin and woe !
Honour to those who strive their best
To aid the wretched and oppress
While in this world below !

JOHN W. CLAY.

OLD JACK.

I KNEW an old hawker,
Jack Dennis by name ;
A wonderful talker
He was when he came
With his basket of dishes
And crock'ry for sale ;
For, knowing my wishes,
Whilst supping our ale
He'd tell me such stories
About the wide sea ;
Of war and its glories—
The life of the free.

And oh, how I listened !
Believing each word,
My boyish eyes glistened.
However absurd

The things he related,
I took them to be

All true as he stated—

They seemed true to me.

And often he boasted
Of how much he drank
Whenever he toasted
A person of rank.

Of course he was loyal,
As all sailors are ;
On all birthdays royal
He drank like a tar,

So deeply that often
His reason he lost :
His hot brain would soften,
And then to his cost

He found, when recovered,
His money all spent,
But never discovered
The way that it went.

Full well I remember
The death of Old Jack ;
One night in November
He took a wrong tack.

As homeward he staggered
And reeled through the street,
He blustered and swaggered,
Then fell in the sleet.

At daylight they found him
All stiffened and cold ;
The people stood round him,
And sadly they told

Each other that drinking
Had killed him at last ;
This set me a-thinking
About his strange past.

For now of his revels
I saw the sad fruits :
Dram-drinking e'er levels—
Makes men worse than brute.

Thus Old Jack's sad ending
First led me to think
Of danger attending
The use of strong drink.

From him I took warning,
Resolved to abstain ;
And spite of all scorning,
I sober remain.

DAVID LAWTON.



GEESE IN GENERAL, AND ONE GOOSE IN PARTICULAR.

BY UNCLE BEN.

I NEVER could quite understand why a goose has been the feathered representative of folly or stupidity. But since it has been proverbially considered an unwise bird by the learned, I will not dispute the wisdom of this opinion, lest, by my ignorance, I prove my resemblance to the bird in question, but take it for granted that the goose is less wise than other birds. Now, if the goose is a silly bird, it is not the only silly animal in creation; and of this I am sure, that if the goose with all its big white feathers, and its fine waddle, and its proud hiss, is not so wise as some birds are, then for any one to be afraid of a goose, or any number of geese, is to be more silly

than a whole flock of foolish geese put together.

There are a great many people that are always afraid of the people in this world who wear the fine feathers, and walk with a big swagger, and cackle or hiss at anything that either pleases or displeases them. *Conventional opinion* is a very foolish thing, but it frightens a great many very silly people. If the big goose of conventional opinion says "Wine and beer are good things to drink and are capital stimulants," then all the silly people are afraid to say, "No, they are bad things to drink at all, they are more or less an evil to any who touch them." This big goose of conventional opinion—and by that I mean the opinion of society that does not rest on reason and on evidence, but on custom and prejudice—is the worst foe of temperance,

and one of the greatest friends and helpers of intemperance. It has frightened many away from sobriety because it has said, "Oh! the proper thing to do whenever you meet a friend is to have a drink." Some people never pay a bill but what they want a glass of something over it. Others never scarcely do any business but what they "must wet it with a drop." And if I have said any word of reproof on the subject to such people, they say, "Oh, but if you were in our line you would have to do it—you must do it in our trade." *Must do it!* Why? I hope I would sooner see myself turned into a real goose stuffed and roasted, before I would be crammed with such rubbish as that and call myself a man.

The big goose of conventional opinion will always frighten little-minded people if it can. It will spread and flap its wings, and make a great noise, and it will drive them into a corner, so that they are almost afraid to do anything lest it should hurt them. But if they will only turn and face it, it will show its white feathers and fly from them. "Now, boys," said a teacher, "quadruped and biped are two kinds of animals. A quadruped is an animal with four legs—such as a cow, horse, or elephant. A biped is an animal with two legs—such as—well—yes, there's a biped," pointing to a picture of a goose on the wall, "and I am a biped, and you are all bipeds. Now, boys, what am I?" A short pause ensued, then one bright little lad answered—"A goose, please sir."

Yes, reader and fellow-biped, you too are a goose—or a gander, as the case may be—though you may be wise in some things, if you are afraid of what foolish people think and say about you.

If we are afraid to sign the pledge because other people will laugh at us, then we are more silly than the goose. And however foolish the goose may be, no one has ever seen one drunk. Therefore I ask, of these two bipeds which is the goose—the one who fears to become a drunkard, or the other who fears to sign the pledge? And I think we may say that the silliest goose of all is the one who lives in fear of other silly geese.

DIALOGUES ON TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE,

Author of "Our National Resources, and how they are wasted," &c.

NO. II.—HARD TIMES, AND HOW THEY ARE CAUSED.

Characters—THOMAS MELLOR, HENRY JONES, ROBERT JACKSON, and WALTER MORRIS.

Henry.—Good evening to you both.

Robert.—Good evening, Henry.

Thomas.—Good evening.

H.—Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Walter Morris. I've taken the liberty to ask him to join us to-night.

Walter.—Mr. Jones told me of the chat you had this morning, and that you were going to continue it to-night; so I said I should very much like to join you.

R.—We are very glad to have your company, and we shall be still better pleased to hear your views on the topics which may come up.

W.—I suppose the subject of your conversation is to be, "Hard Times," and how they are caused."

R.—Yes; but more especially with reference to the influence of the drinking customs of the country thereon. Henry says it is the drinking habits of the people that is the main cause of the present distress; but I don't think so.

H.—Come forward and sit down; the tea is quite ready, and we can finish the chat after we've replenished the inner man. You must make yourselves quite at home.

T.—We'll do that, thank you, Henry. It's quite a treat to get to a table where one can replenish his inner man.

H.—I hope you'll do it now, Tom.

R.—How is the distress to-day?

T.—Why, I think it's worse and worse; there have been more people applying for relief than ever!

W.—I'm sure that those who can get to the bottom of this distress, and show the cause which is producing it, will render good service to the nation.

T.—But those who can apply a remedy will do still better service.

H.—But it's not an easy task to remove an evil until you know the cause of it, Tom.

T.—No more it is, Henry.

R.—Some of the greatest writers of the day, and some of our great statesmen, say that the present bad times and distress arise from overproduction.

T. (Ironically.)—And they're right, too ; that's what makes so many folks clamouring and starving—because there's been so much stuff produced ! You might as well say that the reason why it's dark to-night is because there is too much light produced !

H.—You've hit the nail on the head again, Tom. When we were talking this morning, Robert said that times were hard because people had not enough to live upon ; but, according to these philosophers, times are hard because people have got too much to live upon.

W.—Or, as Tom said, it's dark because there's too much light.

R.—You are disposed to indulge in a little pleasantry, I see ; but facts are stubborn things, and when we see warehouses crowded with goods, and manufacturers and shopkeepers burdened with stocks, there's no gainsaying such facts ;—there must be overproduction.

T.—I wish, Robert, that you had gone with me at noon to-day, when I went for my soup.

R.—What makes you wish that, Tom ?

T.—Because you would have seen hundreds of people with bare backs and empty bellies, and nothing to take either.

R.—No doubt it is as you say, Tom, but what of that ?

T.—Well, I couldn't but think, when you were talking about over-stocked warehouses, &c., that it would have been better if these folks' bellies and backs and homes had been over-stocked.

H.—You've hit the nail on the head again, Tom.

W.—It is indeed the height of folly to talk of overproduction in the midst of universal distress.

R.—But it is so, nevertheless ; there are heavy stocks of goods in the warehouses,

and there is almost any quantity of grain in the granaries of the country.

T.—Yes ; and there are any quantity of bare backs and hungry bellies calling out for the goods that are in the warehouses, and for the food that is in the granaries.



W.—And this brings us to the real question.

H.—What is that, Walter ?

W.—It is this—How is it that the goods in the warehouses, and the food in the granaries, where they are not wanted, don't find their way to the backs and homes of the people, where they are wanted ?

T.—Your question, Mr. Walter, goes straight to the point, and it covers the whole matter.

H.—I dare say, Tom, you can tell us how it is that the goods and the food don't find their way to your house ?

T.—The reason of that is plain enough ; it's because we've got no money to buy them with.

H.—And how does it come to pass that you've no money ?

Tom is silent.

H.—I don't want to hurt your feelings, Tom, but I think that we shall do well to learn the lesson that these hard times teach us.

T.—You know, Henry, as well as I

an indulgence which always exacts a penalty in one form or another. Now, seeing that you cannot be injured, but may be benefited by the experiment, the test I propose to you is, that you should at once discontinue its use. If it has no power over you, it will be no inconvenience to you to do so. On the other hand, if it has already planted in you that liking for itself which makes you look for it at the accustomed time, and makes you uncomfortable if you do not get it, it is all the greater reason why you should check the longing before it becomes an ungovernable passion.

I do not ask you to appeal to history or tradition for evidence of the destructive or demoralizing effects of alcohol. I refer you to the evidence of your own observation and experience on the subject. You have seen the comfortable home of the industrious and hard-working couple, barely furnished, but enriched with mutual esteem and love, degraded to a wretched hovel, in which hate and cruelty daily contend with hunger and misery, and from which love, and virtue, and gladness have gone for ever. You have seen the stately mansion, the luxurious home of the wealthy, receiving the newly-married pair, who enter it with all things favourable to a life of peace, and plenty, and happiness; and you have seen them slowly but surely change, until at last, in the very prime of manhood, the husband has found refuge from a shameful life in a dishonoured grave; and the wife, once cradled in luxury, has starved in a garret, with a bed of straw for a resting-place, and only rags to protect her from a pitiless winter—her heart crushed almost to breaking, and only saved from breaking by those strange motherly instincts which give her almost unnatural strength to live for the protection of her babe. You have seen the young man, quick-witted, intelligent, and brimful of humour, the life and soul of his circle, develop into the boisterous blackguard and the shameless profligate, who has by his evil deeds robbed his father's life of all its light of hope. You have seen the fair young lady, whose beauty, amiability, and worth have exacted the tribute of admiration and love from ac-

quaintance and friend, sinking into utter degradation and wretchedness, a shame to her sex, an object of pity to the thoughtful, and of scorn and loathing to the thoughtless—a pest and a pestilence in the city—whose fair and lovely form has changed to the wretched carcase of a brute, and whose amiable and loving nature has been usurped by the spirit of a devil. You have seen the loving husband turned to a murderous demon, and the affectionate wife becoming the very incarnation of heartlessness and hate. You have seen the once tender father with every fatherly instinct in his nature destroyed; and the doting mother strangely changed into an unnatural monster. You have seen the philosopher, a far-sighted man, and a deep thinker, sunk to utter imbecility—a drivelling idiot. You have seen the Christian minister—the man of high attainments, unblemished reputation, and many virtues—his mind destroyed, his character ruined, his past good name and his acknowledged virtues helping to make him the laughing-stock of fools. You have seen helpless infants, and hunger-bitten children, huddling in rags. You have seen the murderer taken red-handed, and the suicide weltering in blood shed by his own hand. You have seen once promising sons and daughters lost to all sense of honour, and dead to every emotion of shame, and fathers and mothers weeping over their ruin with hearts bursting and breaking with the struggling emotions of love and grief. You have seen the young man, flushed with the pride of conscious manhood, leading to God's altar, and thence to his home, the lady of his heart's choice, and you have seen that fair lady, wasted and wan, flying in terror from the face of a fury, and glad to find safety and shelter in the cold and darkness of a winter's night.

I ask you, What is the cause of all this misery and ruin? and a hundred voices reply, "Drunkenness," and I venture to say that such an answer is erroneous and misleading. It is not drunkenness, it is *the drink*. Drunkenness—is itself an effect, and it becomes the secondary cause of many evils, but their first cause is the drink;

and as we face its appalling evils from day to day we cry out in mingled anger and horror, in the words of the poor befooled Casius, "Thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, I will call thee devil;" or with poor simple-minded, deluded Marguerite, in Faust, substituting alcohol for Mephistopheles, we may say, "'Tis written on his brow: he feels no love for any living soul."

But is there not another side to the question? We are not talking of drunkenness, but drink. Drunkenness has no apologist. But we have laid to the charge of *drink* all the evils of drunkenness, drunkenness itself included, and can nothing be said in favour of drink? Are there no lives which have been made happier by its use? Is there no young man you know whose character has been improved by his visits to the drink-shop and the taking of an occasional glass? Is there no young lady you have known who has become more amiable, more attractive, more loving and loveable, by the occasional use of wine? Is there no instance to be found in which alcohol has elevated into dignified manhood some wretched thing which without it was neither man or brute? Are there no well-clothed happy-faced children to be found who can stand up and say "Our home is improved, our comforts are increased, our life is more gladsome since father took to drink"? Are there no hospitals crowded with accident cases which are the results of temperance? no asylums whose wretched inmates are the victims of total abstinence?—no workhouses where the records testify to the pauperizing power of teetotalism?

It is useless to appeal for an answer to those interested in the manufacture and sale of drink, since on all such questions they wisely follow the example of the immortal Falstaff in refusing a reason to Prince Henry: "Give a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion." But have we not come across such cases in our own experience? If we have, let us as honest people, in dealing with this resolution, give to drink, in full measure, all the merit it can justly claim.

LIONS THAT NEVER ROAR. A BAND OF HOPE LESSON.

BY T. H. EVANS.



We commonly speak of Satan, the great tempter of mankind, as a roaring lion, ever going about seeking whom he may devour. But we wish to warn you, dear young friends, against even another enemy, a wild beast that never roars, namely, strong drink.

When a lion roars we have notice of his approach, and make for a place of safety at once. But the one great danger ever connected with that rapacious monster, drink, is its apparent harmlessness. Unlike the roaring lion of Southern Africa, it never comes to us in a way calculated to excite fear, but, on the contrary, appears before us in the most friendly and inviting form possible.

Herein lies its chief power to mislead and ensnare. Foes that wear the appearance of friends are the worst kind of enemies that can beset our path.

The wild beasts in king Alcohol's kingdom fascinate and entice all who come within the reach of their alluring influence.

The king of wild beasts is the lion; the king of evil is drink: the king of wild

beasts is a lion that roars ; strong drink, the king of evil, is full of the sport and playfulness of a kitten, and tries to appear as harmless. He has not the honesty of the shaggy monsters that roam the forests of far-off lands, for they roar out their approach before advancing upon their prey : they never by any deception or disguise profess to be the friends or companions of man. But that wild beast, strong drink, has a deceptive and ensnaring manner suited to every occasion and circumstance of life, and would have you believe that he is the greatest friend to health and happiness that man can ever know.

He is food to the weak, health to the sick, joy to the sorrowing, and rest to the weary, that is, if his word is worthy of belief, which it is not, for it would be difficult to tell from whence poverty, sickness, and sorrow could come, if this great disturber of the world's peace could be banished from our midst.

We have chosen to call the two chiefs of alcohol, that is, wine and beer, *Wild Beasts*, the better to warn you against them. Let us take each letter of which those two words are composed, and see if they do not utter a warning note respecting these two roarless lions, that roam so freely in among us.

W ine	B eer
I s	E xcites.
L iquid	A dds
D eath.	S trength
	T o
	S in.

Will you try to remember that little arrangement of the two words. We want you all to consider that wine and beer, and in fact all other kinds of intoxicating drink, are worse than wild beasts, that is to say, they are more dangerous, and therefore to be avoided, and this is not imagination merely. They may well be called *wild*, for they have made many become so : yes, wild with that unbearable despair that ends in self-destruction, wild with that frenzy of passion which transforms the peaceable citizen into the maddened assassin, wild with that frantic delirium of the brain that racks the mind with imaginary terrors of the most appalling

kind. And they may well be called *beasts*, for they drag down those who use them to a more degraded level than that of the dumb animals that perish, investing them with all the worst and lowest features of the brute creation, without any of their redeeming attributes.

Strong Drink is the greatest deceiver the world has ever known. People of all ranks and all ages are deluded by it, at the wedding feast, and all other times of social festivity. If you can only make sure of avoiding these bad but fascinating companions, which you can by ever being true to your pledge, you will have taken the first great step towards health and happiness.

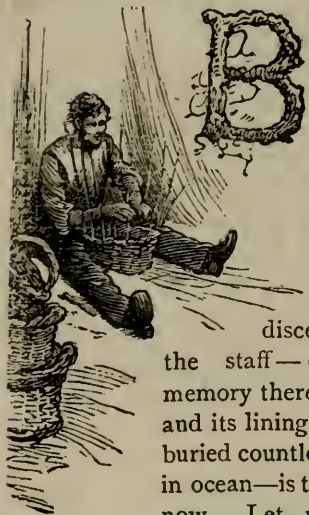
The evil spirit, alcohol, in its purest and therefore most deadly form, wears the pure,



white garb of innocent, life-giving water. Then beware of it, for it has not the honesty of an open enemy, but will come upon you at unexpected times as you journey through life, not like a "roaring lion," but arrayed as an angel of light.

A WALKING-STICK WITH GOLDEN LINING.

BY REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.



BEFORE we look at this stick which was so exceedingly valuable, it may be necessary to moralize a little in order that we may

discern to what use the staff—or rather the memory thereof, for the stick and its lining have been long buried countless fathoms deep in ocean—is to be applied just now. Let us, then, place

distinctly before our minds that a man may be ruined, body and soul, in this life and in the unseen life, by one vice. In many other respects the man may appear for a season to be worthy of commendation. But if he yield to one evil propensity, he may eventually sink into utter shame and wretchedness. If passionate, indolent, heedless, pilfering, unchaste, or intemperate, it will be utterly in vain that he has been a cheerful associate with many, and the benefactor of a few—the man may have to spend the close of life in destitution, disgrace, or even penal servitude; and enter into the unseen world unprepared to meet the All-knowing and Almighty Judge.

During the lamentable war between the Northern and Southern States of America the troops of General Jackson were greatly prized by their friends, both for their courage and vigour. Many of them possessed considerable strength, and were quite ready to use that, and risk their lives as well as their property in what they regarded as a righteous cause. Among these, however, there was one man who had come from Mississippi, who was conspicuous because of his great height and strength. He was really a giant in dimensions, yet exceedingly active. In Homeric ages he would have

been admired beyond measure by his comrades, and have been the terror of his foes. But his career as a soldier was very brief. A newspaper correspondent had been much impressed by the stalwart hero's appearance. Wearing a vest of bearskin, he looked like some giant of pre-historic times. With a club of suitable size he might have belaboured his foes, Trojans or Grecians, as though men of ordinary size were but pigmies. But soon after the writer joined that portion of the army there was a fierce conflict, and many were killed or wounded. The war correspondent walked the next morning across the fatal fields that he might narrate what had occurred. There he saw the bearskin vest. Its wearer lay motionless and dead! At the first glance it seemed as though the stalwart man must only be asleep, resting after the toils of the preceding day. His limbs appeared uninjured, and his features had no mark of a wound. But the man was dead! On careful examination the occasion of death might be seen. There was in that bearskin vest one small hole, concealed by the fur. Through that hole a bullet had entered the man's breast. That one bullet, though the aperture it made in the vest could scarcely be found, made an end of the man's energy, daring, and life. Thus one evil propensity, if yielded to, will ruin a man in soul, body, and estate.

The reference we are about to make to the golden-lined walking-stick is intended to illustrate a kindred lesson. When, unhappily, any person has so far indulged an evil propensity that an inveterate habit has been formed, the evil must be got rid of at any price. It will not in such a case be wise to stand on terms or count the cost. There are cases in which, for instance, a confirmed drunkard must resolve that, by the grace of God, he will never taste strong drink again. It is nothing to him that others declare that they use it safely and advantageously. It is not enough in his case that a medical man affirm that a glass of port wine, or of bitter beer, or a little brandy-and-water is essential to his health. The man will, most likely, if he adhere to his pledge, prove that such stimulant was

not essential. But he had better even remain in feeble health than sink once again into the horrible drunkenness from which he has emerged. Indeed, there are cases in which it is so clear that the man or woman must either be a total abstainer or a drunkard, that if the doctor asserted, "You will die if you do not drink some sort of alcoholic liquor," it would be wise for the man to reply, "Then I will die!"

A ship was on its way to America. Among the emigrant passengers was one man who seemed a little peculiar. He did not associate much with his fellow-passengers. When on deck, he sometimes carried a walking-stick of extraordinary thickness. He could scarcely have thus armed himself from fear of an assault while on board. Possibly he had had perilous journeys in former days, or anticipated such in the country to which they were voyaging. The real state of the case was this: The man trusted himself more than he trusted in bank remittances or fellow-passengers. He had saved up money with which to enter trade or buy a farm in America. To keep the money safe, he had ingeniously hollowed the thick staff and filled it with sovereigns. This he seldom lost sight of. Unfortunately a storm arose. The ship sprung a leak, and all efforts at the pumps proved insufficient. The ship would certainly founder. By the time the last boat was ready the vessel was on the point of going down. The passengers got in quickly. Some called to him, "Jump in—it's your last chance!" He replied, "I'm coming; but I must have my staff." Few knew why he so prized the stick. The sailors shouted, "We must cast off this moment, or we shall all go down together. Jump!" He, however, hurried down to his berth. Those in the boat cast off, and only just in time. They felt the eddy as the ship went down; and saw the unhappy man on the deck, holding the gold-lined stick in his hand!

DR. CARPENTER says, out of the 1,500 annual London inquests more than half are through drink.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A SPIRIT merchant in Dublin announced in an Irish paper that he had a small quantity of the whisky on hand which was drunk by George IV. when in Dublin.

"GENERAL," said an American mayor, "I always observe that those persons who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazing partic'lar about the first drop."

"BREDREN," said a darkey, "I feels if I could talk more good in five minutes than I could *do* in a year."

"JAMES," said a clergyman in announcing his text, in an earnest and affectionate tone of voice, as he looked across to the gallery where the Sunday-school children sat—"James five and thirteen." To which a ready youth instantly responded, "Eighteen, sir."

A NON-ABSTAINER was urging to a temperance friend the advantage of the enormous revenue from the liquor traffic, because it was such an easy way of paying for our wars and national expenditure. "Ah! but," replied the ready abstainer, "if you only *liquefy* enough you will be sure to *liquidate* in time;" and this is true of states as well as of individuals.

IN William Ball's "Slight Memorials of Hannah More" is this remark:—"I dined last week at the Bishop of Chester's; Dr. Johnson was there. In the middle of dinner I urged Dr. Johnson to take a *little* wine; he replied, 'I can't drink a *little*, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult.'"

POWER, fame, wealth—these are not success. There is a success which abides, and one which vanishes; a success which contributes to manhood, and one which only gilds its shell. To blow brilliant bubbles that burst at the first breath of death, this is not success. He only succeeds who leaves the world in some sense richer, wiser, better, or happier than he found it.—*American.*

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

IN the Royal Academy this year there is a striking picture by Mr. A. Dixon, which is cleverly drawn and certainly very suggestive.

There is a well-furnished and handsome dining-room, on the rich carpet of which lies a well-dressed man, drunk; and beside him sits, on the floor, a noble mastiff dog. The dignity and power of the fine large animal forms a strong contrast to the degraded and disgraceful position of the man. The dog is an intelligent creature, watching his unworthy master with a magnificent air of surprise; and there is the human being, endowed with reason, surrounded by every comfort and even luxury—evidently when sober accustomed to move in highly respectable, if not the most refined society—but there he is, below the position of the animal creation, sunk morally to a lower level than the very brutes. The painting tells its own story; our readers can easily tell which is the beauty of the picture and which the beast.

We welcome this temperance lesson on the walls of the Royal Academy, and rejoice to see art dealing faithfully with the question of intemperance. For the wine-cup has been too often praised both by poets and painters. In fact, a halo of artistic glory has been flung around scenes of revelry that has tended to glorify vice instead of revealing it in the true light and exposing its corruption and its sin.

"Handsome is as handsome does," is a wise and true saying, and those who are most beautiful in character are the most beautiful in life. It is not artificial flowers and many-coloured ribbons, or "the latest thing in hats or bonnets," that make young women beautiful and beloved; nor is it Madame Rachel's "aids to complexion," or S. A. Allen's "hair restorer" that will keep them fresh, fair, and lovely. The only beauty that can last is that which is real and natural, that is not put on and therefore cannot be taken off. A kind heart, a pure mind, makes the life good and sweet to all. I have known many girls with turn-up noses, or a squint, or with red

hair, far more loved and cared for than many dressed-up dolls who have thought themselves quite beauties.

The other day I saw a little girl, not grandly dressed, with a very old, worn-out dolly, walking along a dirty road, and I heard the child say, "No! dolly mustn't walk, she'll get her feet so wet." And I once saw a well-dressed, grown-up woman giving a little baby in her arms some gin out of a bottle, saying, "There, you young varmint—that'll keep you quiet," and soon after that little baby went off into a drunken sleep. Why! was not that mother worse than a brute? Was there not far more motherly care and tenderness with the little girl and her doll than with that grown woman and her living, loving baby? The one picture was so beautiful that it made me glad and happy as I went along life's journey; the other so sad and wicked that it made my heart ache and my blood boil.

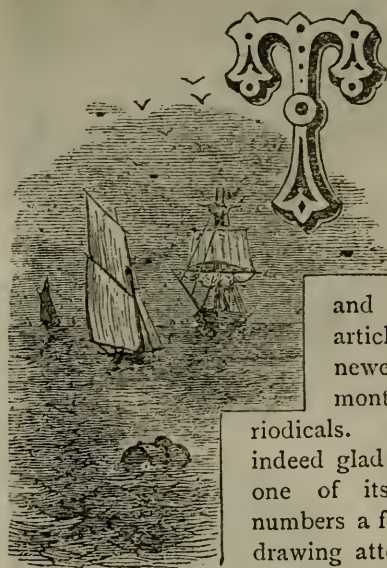
Beauty is as beauty does. Do beautiful deeds and your life will be beautiful for ever; do bad things and you will spoil the best home and the prettiest face. It is not handsome features, good figures, and fine dressing wherein true beauty is, either with children or with men and women; but in the character we have, the life we live, and the work we do. "Even a child is known by his doings;" if we do beautiful acts we are beautiful, but if we do evil and ugly actions we are evil and ugly in spite of silks and satins.

God has given us all, young and old, a life to make beautiful for Him, and He will help us if we try; and the more beautiful things are the more easily do we see ugly spots or that which soils and mars their beauty. The best picture could be spoiled by a smear, and the cleanest copy defaced by a blot. So one sin may mar a beautiful life; one act of folly ruin a successful career. Many a fair fame has been stained with the evil and curse of drink; many a beautiful life has been dragged down below the level of the beasts. By it honour and happiness have been debased and degraded, and lives of beauty have become worse than beastly.



"Miss Lucy May, Miss Lucy May,
How very diligent you look,"—p. 133.

MR. GOUGH IN "TIME."



H E
well-
known
orator
has
written
a very
able,
timely,

and striking
article in the
newest of our
monthly pe-
riodicals. We are
indeed glad to see in
one of its earliest
numbers a few pages
drawing attention to
the question of

"Drunkenness in England," by John B. Gough.

The writer puts very forcibly this fact, that while drunkenness may be said to be decreasing in the "so-called upper classes (and this to some great extent because drink so rapidly drags down men and women from the highest to lowest position), yet after every ameliorating circumstance has been taken into account, drunkenness is still the curse of England, and the cause of the curse is the drink. Therefore the great curse of England is the drink. And the sole and only cure for this gigantic evil is in total abstinence. The theory is that the only way to remove the evil is to remove its cause. We do not wage war against moderate drinkers nor against any class or condition of men, but simply against the thing itself.

"Last year there was drunk in England 72,000,000 gallons of pure alcohol at a cost of 120 millions of money. Probably half this money is spent by the working classes. If the working people have spent £60,000,000 in a cheap form of intoxicating drink they have got more for their money, and as far as quantity is concerned they may be debited with 50,000,000 gallons out of the entire 72,000,000 of the year.

Mr. Gough's appeal is then made, especially to the principle of the *moderate drinker*. He says:—"If none drank but sots, it would not take long to close the drink-shops in England. Only cut off the supply of moderate drinkers, and the drunkard would soon vanish. It is the example of moderation which is so harmful, but we do not even seek to deprive them of the drink, we seek chiefly to induce them to give it up of themselves. It is a question of influence.

"The influence of the brewing interest is enormous. Beer is said to be king here, just as they used to say in America, cotton is king, and bid us keep our hands off the divine institution of human slavery, or we should ruin the country. Well, what happened? Slavery is dead, and I say the time will come when Great Britain will be free from the slavery of drink."

Speaking of the influence that emanates from beer, he says:—"Burton-on-Trent is a town almost wholly given up to the manufacture of beer. The big beer-mills of Bass cover a hundred acres of ground, and use two or three hundred quarters of malt a day, and every year the hops grown on some two thousand acres of English land. The result of this is that nearly a million barrels of beer are rolled forth to the public from this one business. Mr. Bass owns five miles of private railway in Burton, and pays out £2,000 every week in wages. It is impossible to underrate the influence and power these facts bespeak."

In closing, Mr. Gough draws attention to the Beer Act of 1830, which was said would decrease the consumption of spirit and lessen intemperance. What was the result? An increase of the sale of spirit, plus an enormous increase in beer. Sydney Smith wrote thus:—"The new Beer Bill has begun its operations. Everybody is drunk. Those who are not singing are sprawling. The sovereign people are in a beastly state." The lesson is this: Increase the facilities for drinking, and drunkenness will be sure to increase; lessen the opportunity to drink, and drunkenness decreases.

INFLUENCE.

BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

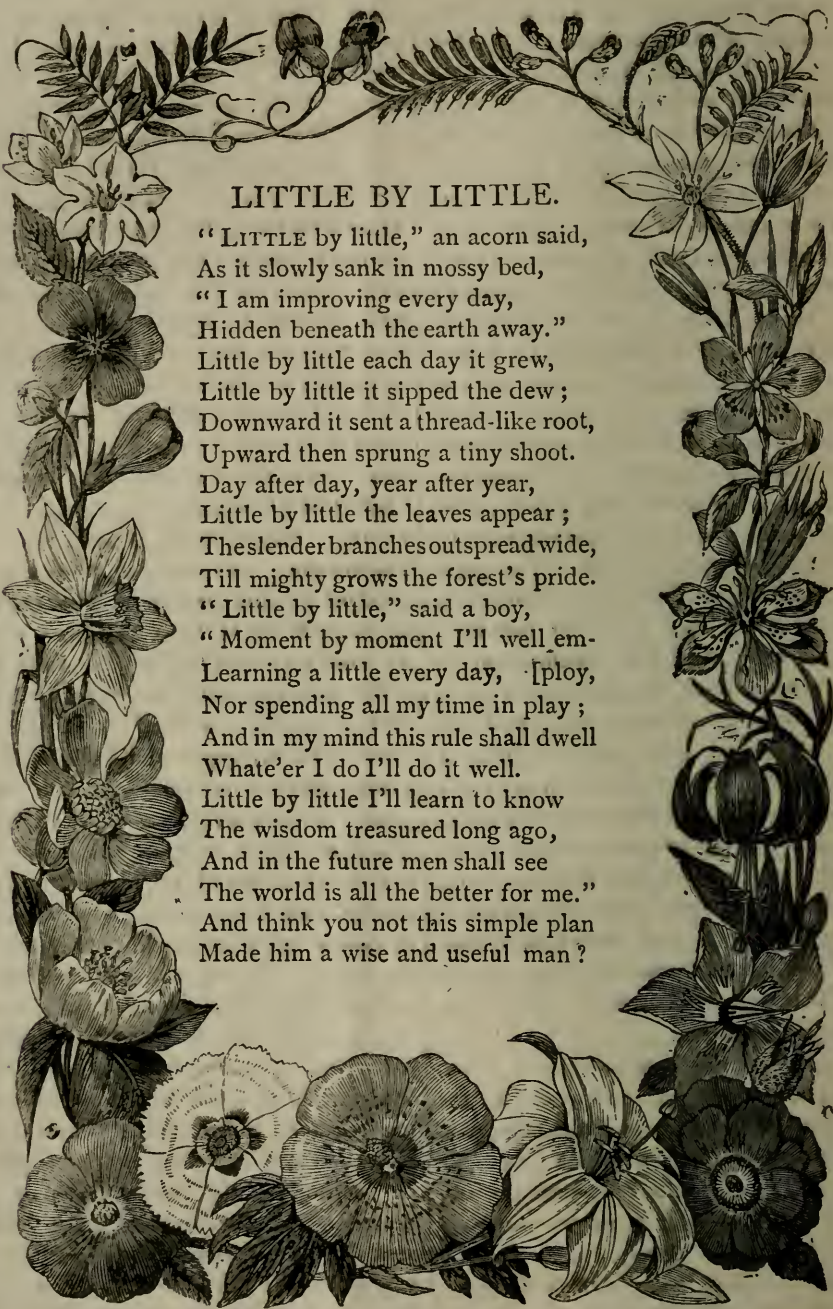
BY DAVID LAWTON.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I daresay many of you boys have seen a magnet, and perhaps some of you may have managed to rub your pocket-knife against one till it was sufficiently magnetized to draw pens or bits of steel after it on the table, or even hold them up in the air by its mysterious power of attraction, which is sometimes called the magnetic influence. You cannot see this influence itself, you can only see its effects; but you know that it exists by what it does. Now, I want to speak to you about another magnetism, or rather another influence, which every one of you possesses in a greater or lesser degree, according to your dispositions and circumstances. Every boy and every girl exercises a drawing power, as we may call it, over some one, and every day each of you is using this power for good or evil. The great Apostle Paul says: "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself" (Rom. xiv. 7). And this declaration is quite as true of boys and girls as it is of men and women. Whether we purpose it or not, we cannot help influencing those about us, and I want you every one to ask yourselves how you are using your influence. If you are trying to be good children, then your influence upon others will be good, and we may expect and hope that you will grow up into good and useful men and women, and help to make the future of our country brighter, better, and purer than ever the past has been.

This may sound strange to you now. Perhaps you may wonder how you who are so little can ever be able to make any great difference to the place in which you live. But in a few years you will be quite grown-up people, and as you grow in years, so you will grow in influence; if you are good now, your goodness will grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength, all your influence will be felt by all who are brought into contact with you—in fact, you will all be living sermons seen and read of men, and therefore it is very important

that you should begin at once to try to make your lives good and beautiful, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of all whom you may be able to influence for good. Very likely some of you may wonder how you are to begin to use your influence aright; and, in the first place, you must ask God to give you grace and strength to do right, and to help you not to be ashamed of your principles. Whenever anybody laughs at you for going to the Band of Hope and being teetotal, never mind their scornful words; just ask God quietly in your hearts for help to keep your pledges, and He will be sure to hear and answer your prayers; and your steadfast adherence to principle will not be lost upon others, and if you are frank and fearless in the avowal of what you feel and know to be right, you will be sure to command the respect of all whose good opinion is worth having. Begin, then, at once to try what you can do. Be obedient, loving, and respectful to your parents and teachers, and others will try to be so because you are. Be kind and obliging to your brothers and sisters and playmates, and others will follow your example. Always speak the truth, avoid bad company and bad habits, and others will do the same, because they see your life is worthy, and they wish to be like you. Stick to your pledge, for what a sad thing it would be if you broke your pledge, and some one of your friends was to follow your example and grow up a drunkard! If you had managed to keep yourself from falling, would you like to feel that another had been lost through your example? I know you would not, and so I hope that you will always keep true to the Band of Hope, and endeavour to influence others to join it, and thus you will be helping on the temperance cause, and hastening the glorious time when drunkenness with all its untold woes shall be swept into oblivion. Try to remember always that what you do does not end with yourself, whether it be good or bad—some one will follow your example; and endeavour so to live that all who know you shall be made better for your INFLUENCE.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.



"LITTLE by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in mossy bed,
"I am improving every day,
Hidden beneath the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew ;
Downward it sent a thread-like root,
Upward then sprung a tiny shoot.
Day after day, year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear ;
Theslender branchesoutspread wide,
Till mighty grows the forest's pride.
"Little by little," said a boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well em-
Learning a little every day, [ploy,
Nor spending all my time in play ;
And in my mind this rule shall dwell
Whate'er I do I'll do it well.
Little by little I'll learn to know
The wisdom treasured long ago,
And in the future men shall see
The world is all the better for me."
And think you not this simple plan
Made him a wise and useful man ?

STRONG DRINK.

I SAW a little girl,
 With half-uncovered form,
 And wondered why she wandered thus,
 Amid the winter's storm ;
 They said her mother drank of that
 Which took her sense away,
 And so she let her children go
 Hungry and cold all day.
 I saw them lead a man
 To prison for his crime,
 Where solitude, and punishment,
 And toil divide the time ;
 And as they forced him through its gate
 Unwillingly along,
 They told me 'twas intemperance
 That made him do the wrong.
 I saw a woman weep
 As if her heart would break ;
 They said her husband drank too much
 Of what he should not take.
 I saw an unfrequented mound,
 Where weeds and brambles wave ;
 They said no tear had fallen there—
 It was a drunkard's grave.
 They said these were not all
 The risks the intemperate run,
 For there was danger lest the soul
 Be fearfully undone.
 Since water, then, is pure and sweet,
 And beautiful to see,
 And since it cannot do us harm,
 It is the drink for me !

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

LUCY MAY.

MISS Lucy May, Miss Lucy May,
 How very diligent you look,
 Within your home this summer-day,
 So busy at your copy-book !
 If I were you I'd skip about,
 And gather roses in the lane ;
 I'm sure 'tis better to be out,
 Than sitting near a window-pane.
 The birds are singing songs of joy,
 The bees are humming as they pass ;
 They seem to say to girl and boy—
 Come out and play upon the grass.

W. HOYLE.

DIALOGUES
 ON TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

*Author of "Our National Resources, and
 How they are Wasted," &c.*

NO. III.—HARD TIMES, AND
 EXCESS.

Characters—THOMAS MELLOR, HENRY JONES, ROBERT JACKSON, and WALTER MORRIS.

Henry.—Good evening to you all. I suppose to-night we are to have a chat about excess ?

Walter.—Yes. There are people who say that large as the drink bill is, it is not excessive when we take into account the number of the population who are at the drinking of it.

H.—And thus they try to prove that there is no waste !

Robert.—On the other hand, a lot of your people jump to the conclusion that because the drink bill is such a big one, it must be waste. You never look at the number of people among whom it is divided. This is very poor logic, though.

W.—What is waste ?

H.—I call a thing wasted in proportion as it fails to yield a return equal to the sum which it itself costs.

Thomas.—That is, if a man spends his money on anything, and is no better for it, that money is wasted.

H.—Exactly so.

T.—And what do you call it when he is the worse for what he spends ?

H.—Why, then, that money would be worse than wasted.

W.—But a very large number of those who spend their money in drink are worse than they would be if they did not buy the drink.

T.—You are right, Walter, and, therefore, their money is not simply wasted—it is worse than wasted.

H.—If these drinks be good, they must be good for something. What is it that they are good for ?

R.—They are good because they afford nourishment, and impart warmth to the

body ; they also quench thirst, and promote digestion.

T.—I don't know as to quenching thirst, Robert ; it's not so with me. They always make me more thirsty.

W.—Your experience is the same as other people's, Tom. These drinks inflame the appetite, and create thirst instead of quenching it.

H.—So it is. What Robert says is entirely contrary both to science and experience ; for nothing can nourish the body which does not contain the elements or substances needed to build up the same.

W.—That is plain enough, Henry ; if nourishment is not in, it cannot be got out.

H.—Well, chemists universally assert that in alcohol there is not a particle of nourishment. You might drink a sea of it, and you would not get the size of a pea ; indeed, you would not get a grain.

R.—I did not say that alcohol contained nourishment, but that alcoholic drinks did.

H.—You are greatly in error in that statement, Robert. Of all kinds of intoxicating liquors, beer is the one which contains the most nourishment ; and yet the great German chemist, Baron Liebig, states that if a man drinks a gallon of Bavarian beer daily, for twelve months, he will get no more nutriment from it in the course of the year than he would from a four-pound loaf of bread.

W.—I suppose he would have to pay about £37 for the beer, whilst he might have the bread for ninepence.

T.—If that be not waste, I do not know what is.

H.—If time permitted, I might go on to prove that alcohol does not give heat to the body, but diminishes it ; that it does not promote digestion, but retards it : and that its influence is to injure the body, and not to benefit it.

T.—If a man pays money for that which is no use to him, that money is wasted.

W.—But if a man pays money for what does him harm, his money is worse than wasted.

H.—Sir William Gull, Sir Henry Thomp-

son, Dr. Richardson, and others, who recently gave evidence before the House of Lords' Committee upon Intemperance, stated that even the moderate use of intoxicating liquors were calculated to be hurtful.

R.—But other medical men state the contrary.

H.—There is scarcely a medical man of position in the country who does not admit that people in health can live as well, or better, without alcoholic drinks, as they can with them.

W.—And, of course, if they can, to pay £140,000,000 a-year for what the nation can do without, is waste.

H.—But, then, whilst people can do better without these drinks, even when used in moderation, when they come to be used in excess they are very mischievous, for they rob man of his senses, and lead to accidents, disease, and premature death.

W.—Dr. Richardson states that if the people of this country universally abstained from alcoholic liquors, the length of their lives would be increased by one-third.

H.—And then there is all the pauperism, crime, social and domestic misery, immorality, political corruption, &c., which flows from it.

T.—Nobody can tell the misery resulting from drinking, except those who have endured it.

H.—It is sad ! and the misfortune is, that the innocent suffer with the guilty—poor little children, innocent wives, and, indeed, all the friends and relatives of those who are addicted to drink.

W.—Yes, and all who live near them, and all who pay taxes—which means everybody !

H.—'Tis true all suffer !

W.—And we pay £140,000,000 per annum for the suffering.

T.—You may well say that the money is worse than wasted.

H.—But even if drink were as good as some people believe it to be, no one can deny that there is fearful excess ; at least £100,000,000 a year is spent in simple tippling, which even you, Robert, must admit to be bad.

R.—No one can deny that there is a great deal of tippling, all of which is bad.

W.—I think we are all agreed as to the waste!

T.—I think so, Walter.

W.—I should like to have a chat as to the influence of this wasteful expenditure upon trade!

H.—We will take up this point in our next conversation. [*Exeunt.*]

WHAT EMINENT MEN SAY.

COMPILED BY W. P. BUXTON.

WINE is neither food nor drink, but a stimulant.—*Dr. Abernethy.*

If all men could be persuaded from the use of intoxicating drinks, the office of judge would be a sinecure.—*Judge Alderson.*

Above all things known to mankind, wine is the most powerful and efficient agent in stirring up and inflaming passions of every kind, and it is of the nature of a common fuel to sensuous desires.—*Bacon.*

Albeit there is in every town and district in England some tough dram-drinker set up as the devil's decoy to draw on proselytes.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

In new colonies the Spaniards begin by building a church, the French a ball-room, and the English a tavern.—*Chateaubriand.*

Wine produces disorder of mind, and where it does not cause drunkenness, it destroys the energies and relaxes the faculties of the soul.—*Chrysostom.*

I admire those who desire no other beverage than water, avoiding wine as they would fire. Hence arise irregular desires and licentious conduct. The circulation is hastened. The body inflames the soul.—*Clement of Alexandria* (A.D. 180).

To compliment vice is but one remove from worshipping the devil.—*Collier.*

It is remarkable that all the diseases that spring from drinking spirituous and malt liquors are liable to become hereditary even to the third generation, gradually increasing if the cause be continued, till the cause becomes extinct.—*Dr. Darwin, F.R.S.*

Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the back, and vigour in the body.—*Dr. Franklin.*

I kept an account of the causes of disease for twelve months. Nearly three-fourths were found to be strictly attributable to intoxicating drinks. After every possible allowance had been made the result was sixty-five per cent. upon some thousands.—*Dr. Gordon, Physician to the London Hospital: DISEASE.*

I impeach intemperance; and I accuse it of the murder of millions of souls.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Beer contains but one per cent. of nutritive matter, and is therefore not a thing to be taken for nutrition at all.—*Dr. Lankester.*

I have prayed to God that he might destroy the whole beer-brewery business; and the first beer-brewer I have often cursed. There is enough barley destroyed in the breweries to feed all Germany.—*Martin Luther.*

Physical health is the harmonious action of every member according to its natural law; and religion is the true health of our whole being—the sanctification of body, soul, and spirit.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

It is a mistaken notion that ale, wine, or spirits communicate strength; and it is disgraceful to see medical men propagate the error. Intoxicating liquors are neither necessary nor useful as a beverage.—*Dr. O'Sullivan: The Medical Times*, vol. x. p. 280.

Profligacy, vice, and immorality are not thundering at our gates, like a besieging army; but they are undermining the very ground on which we stand.—*Lord Palmerston.*

It takes 1,666 parts of ordinary beer or porter to obtain one part of nourishing matter.—*Dr. L. Playfair.*

The first duty of the nation is to get the nation sober.—*Gerritt Smith.*

Gin may be thought the best friend I have; it causes me to hold annually 1,000 inquests more than I should otherwise hold.—*Mr. Wakley, when Coroner in Middlesex.*

BROTHER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Words and Music by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

1. Bro-ther, what are you do-ing to stay the tide of sin That

KEY G.

{	:s ₁	:s ₁	d	:d	.d	d	.d	:-	.r	m	.f	:m	.r	d	:	.r
	2. Bro-ther,	are	you	still	drink-	ing	the		druukard's	cup--oh,	say,		Though			
{	:s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	:l ₁	.l ₁	s ₁	.d	:-	.d	d	.r	:d	.t ₁	d	:	.t ₁
	3. Bro-ther,	why	are	you	wait-	ing?	the		Master	on	you	calls,		"Go		
{	:s ₁	:s ₁	d	:d	.d	d	.d	:-	.l	s	.s	:s	.f	m	:	.s
	s ₁	s ₁	m ₁	:f ₁	.f ₁	m ₁	.m ₁	:-	.f ₁	s ₁	.s ₁	:s ₁	.s ₁	d	:	.s ₁

flows thro' our land ev-'ry day? Is there not some poor bro-ther that

{	m	:m	.m	s	:s	.m	r	:-	:r	.r	f	:f	.f	m	.m	:-	.m
	you	may	be	fear	-	less	and	strong.		Shall	the	power	of	ex-	am-	ple	lead
{	d	:d	.d	d	:d	.d	t ₁	:-	:t ₁	.t ₁	r	:r	.r	d	.d	:-	.d
	s	:s	.s	s	:s	.s	s	:-	:s	.s	s	:s	.s	s	.s	:-	.s
{	work	in	my	vine	-	yard	to-	day,"		Would	you	la-	bour	for	Je-	sus	till
	d	:d	.d	m	:m	.d	s ₁	:-	:s ₁	.s ₁	s ₁	:l ₁	.t ₁	d	.d	:-	.d

you may try to win? And lead in-to the shin-ing nar-row way?

{	m	.r	:r	.d	l ₁	:	.l ₁	s ₁	.d	:m	.i	s	.m	:f	.r	d	:-
	lit-	tle	ones	a-	stray?	-	Have	pi-	ty	on	the	help-	less	and	the	young.	
{	l ₁	.l ₁	:l ₁	.l ₁	l ₁	:	.l ₁	s ₁	.s ₁	:d	.d	d	.d	:r	.t ₁	d	:-
	f	.f	:f	.f	f	:	.f	m	.m	:s	.f	m	.s	:l	.f	m	:-
{	Sa-	tan's	king-	dom	falls?		Then	help-	us	now	to	cast	the	drink	a-	way.	
	f ₁	.f ₁	:f ₁	.f ₁	f ₁	:	.f ₁	d	.d	:d	.f ₁	s ₁	.s ₁	:s ₁	.s ₁	d	:-

BROTHER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?—(continued.)

See the friend-less and fall-en that wan-der in the street, No

KEY D. t.

t	f	s	:s	.s	s	.s	:-	.s	l	.l	:l	.l	s	:	.s
In	His	arms,	gen	-tly	press-ing,	these			lamb	the	Sa-viour	took,			How
s	d	r	m	:f	.f	s	.s	:-	m	f	.f	:f	.f	m	:m
s	d'	d'	d'	:d'	.d'	d'	.d'	:-	d'	d'	.t	:l	.t	d'	:d'
'Tis	the	Sa	-	viour	who	lead	-eth	un-	seen	a-	mid	our	host,		And
s	d	d	d	:r	.r	m	.m	:-	d	f	.f	:f	.f	d	:d

hope and no com-fort have they; Shall their sad words of plead-ing no

f. KEY G.

t	:t	.t	t	:l	.s	d'	:-		:ta	f	f	m	:m	.m	m	.m	:-	.m
full	of	com-pas	-sion	is		He,			And	how	sweet	is	the	mes-sage	with-			
f	:f	.f	f	:f	.f	m	:-		m	t	.t	d	:r	.r	d	.d	:-	.d
r'	:r'	.r'	r'	:d'	.t	d'	:-		:d'	s	.s	s	:se	.se	l	.l	:-	.l
strong	is	the	arm	of	our	Lord,			Every	true	Chris-tian	he	-ro	will				
s	:s	.s	s	:s	.s	d	:-		:d	s	.s	d	:t	.t	l	.l	:-	.l

ear of pi-ty meet? Would Je-sus send them sor-rowing a-way, a-way?

m	.m	:r	.r	d	:	.l	s	.d	:m	.l	s	.m	:f	.r	d	:-		-
in	His	ho	-ly	book:		"Let			lit	-tle	ones	come	fre	-ly	un	-to	Me,	to
t	.t	:t	.t	d	:	.l	s	.s	.d	.d	d	.d	:r	.t	d	:l	s	
se	.se	:se	.se	l	:	.d	m	.m	:s	.f	m	.s	:l	.f	m	:f	m	
bat	-tle	at	his	post,		And			reach	at	last	the	vic	-tor's	sure	re	ward,	re
m	.m	:m	.m	l	:	.f	d	.d	.d	.f	s	.s	:s	.s	d	:-		-



THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT :

ITS PLACE IN CHURCH WORK.

BY W. BATEMAN. THIRD PAPER.

MY resolution asks you to say that in view of the comparative uselessness of alcohol, and its demoralising and destructive effects upon society, the Band of Hope claims a foremost place among the civilising and Christianising agencies of the Church. It is but recently that the Band of Hope has come to be fairly recognised as a Church agency at all, and even now, with very rare exceptions, you always find it in the background, the last and least esteemed of all the Church's efforts. Where it exists in connection with the school, the church in the majority of cases ignores it.

Do you ask for proof of my statement? I will try to show you what I mean. We have our collections for the support of the ministry ; for repairing the rectory, or furnishing the minister's house ; we have our anniversary sermons, and our charity sermons ; our collections for the day-school, and the college ; for the education of ministers' sons, and for worn-out ministers.

In some country districts, and among the Methodist churches, the spirit of charity even goes so far as to provide a horse-hire fund for the benefit of local preachers. We have our collections for foreign missions ; for the conversion of the Jews, and for hospitals and public charities at home. And these are all deserving objects. But who ever heard of a man so daring as to risk a snubbing by suggesting that there should be a collection for the Band of Hope ? At the best, all the Band of Hope can say is, that it has the sympathies of the Church ; instead of which it ought to be able to say that it is an integral and essential part of the Church.

An objection is urged by some against the Band of Hope on the ground that it is a movement dealing with only one particular evil, leaving all the rest untouched. Well when you teach people to speak the truth, you are dealing with one particular sin, the sin of lying ; when you teach people to be honest, you are dealing with one particular sin, the sin of dishonesty ; and I cannot but think that direct and specific teaching on any of these subjects is better and more effective than mere vague generalities. The idea some people seem to have of mixing

every form of evil together, and dealing with them in the lump, reminds me of what one of my young friends, the son of an African chief, tells me about his father. He has all sorts of medicine sent out from England to cure all sorts of diseases; but as he has no means of knowing which is the right medicine for any particular ailment, he mixes them all together, and doses all his patients alike, for he says they are all sure then to get some of the right stuff.

I claim for the Band of Hope a foremost place among the agencies and efforts of the Church, because it is our first duty to protect and to guard from danger those who are nearest to us. The members of our families, the scholars of our Sabbath-schools, the youthful portion of our congregation, have the first claim upon our thought, solicitude, and endeavour. I would not say one word to lessen your zeal in any work for the benefit or others, however far removed from us they may be, or however slender comparatively may be the ties which bind them to us. But I should like to impress upon you the importance of caring for those of our own households, and those whom we can reach by our own individual efforts. It is in harmony with the natural instincts which God has implanted within us, that our children, and friends, and daily companions should be nearer to us, and objects of greater solicitude to us than Jews or heathens.

The voice of the Church has been heard crying out against those cruel practices of heathen worship which give so many victims to Juggernaut. And is it not time that the voice of the Church should be heard against those cruel customs of society which give so many victims to Bacchus? It is to the Church that we look for those moral influences which are necessary to check the growth of evil in all its forms; and if the Church neglects to bring her influence to bear upon that form of evil which is most ruinous to the bodies and souls of men, is she fulfilling her mission, do you think? If the Church is pre-eminently the guardian and shepherd of the lambs of Christ's fold, is she not called upon to put forth every

effort to prevent them from falling into the cruel fangs of that one blood-thirsty brute of the wilderness which is mangling and destroying day by day in our very midst some of the fairest and best and most promising of the fold?

It may be said, as it has already often been said before, that on this temperance question some of us have gone off our heads and are mad. Let me, in reply to that, quote you, as my concluding words, a sentiment from one of the grand old Greek philosophers of twenty-two centuries ago: "There are two kinds of madness—one arising from human diseases, the other from an inspired deviation from established customs."

STOP THE TAP.

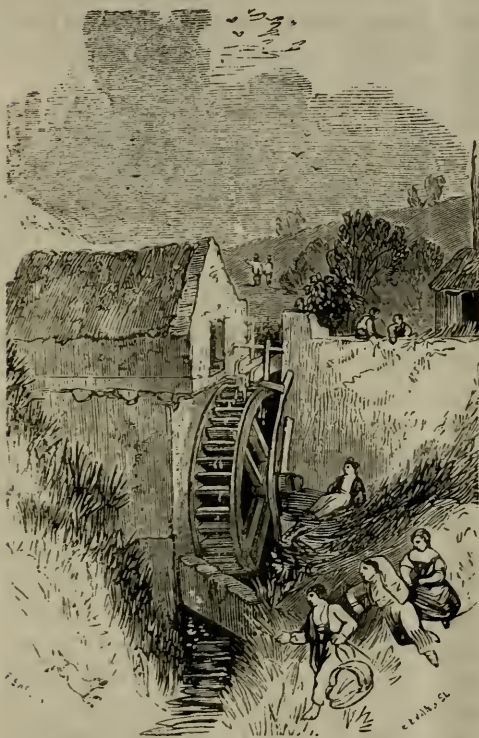
SIR WILFRID LAWSON contributed an article to the March issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. In it he praises the work of the Irish Sunday Closers, and explains, what after all, does not need much explanation—his attitude towards the liquor traffic. He concludes the article with this pithy story of a Northern meeting, at which three clergymen were present:—

"They set up Timothy as their model man morally, lauding and magnifying sobriety, but commending the temperate consumption of alcohol. When they had concluded, an elderly farmer rose and said: 'I've heard that kind of talk for the last forty years, and I can't see that people are a bit more sober now than when it commenced. It reminds me of what I once saw take place at a retreat for imbeciles. It is the custom there, after the patients have been in residence for a certain time, to put them to a kind of test to see whether they are fit to leave the asylum or not. They are taken to a trough full of water with a small pipe continually running into it and supplying it. They are given a ladle and told to empty it. Those who have not regained their senses keep ladling away, while the water flows in as fast as they ladle out, but them as *isn't* idiots *stop the tap*.'"

Please note the moral.

OUR HOLIDAY.

ROUND and round with a rumbling sound
Merrily goes the wheel around ;
The waters sparkle in the sun,
And tumble and toss as if in fun,
Then hasten on their winding way
Beneath our feet as we sit at play ;
Up these sunny slopes we go,
For now's our holiday time, you know.
Our lessons and books aside are laid,
And we to this lovely spot have strayed,
Like this bright mill-stream glad and free,
As wind from off the summer's sea.



And while we here ourselves enjoy,
We think of many a girl and boy
In yonder wicked town away,
Who might have been with us to-day
But for the drink which mars their life,
And fills their homes with woe and strife.
And we in our young hearts rejoice
That temperance is our parent's choice ;
Fain would we help those lost ones' need :
To this we each and all agreed—
Some drunkard's child we'll bring away
Next time we have our holiday.

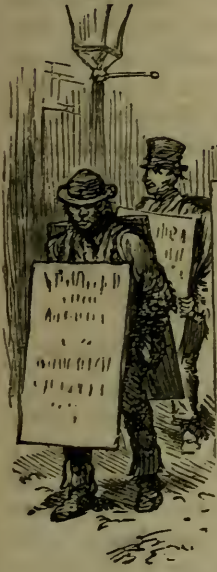
DAVID LAWTON.

GOOD MAXIMS.

NEVER be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Keep good company or none. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Never listen to loose or idle conversation. You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day. Never speak lightly of religion. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear that you may not withstand it. Earn your money before you spend it. Owe no man anything. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Be just before you are generous. Read some portion of the Bible every day. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

ROBERT NICOLL, in a letter to his mother, says :—"I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is a gate. . . . If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ill of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and Mammon-worship on earth than there is. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent ; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man."

JOSH BILLINGS ON BEER.



HAV finally cum to the conclusion that lager beer, as a beverage,

is not intoxicating.

I have been told by a German, who said he had drunk it all nite long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home entirely sober in the morning. I have seen this man drinkeightenglasses, and if he was drunk it was in German,

an' nobody could understand it.

It is proper enuff to state that this man kept a lager-beer saloon, and could have no object in stating what was not strictly true.

I believe him to the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, and that made my head ontwist as though it was hung on the end of a string; but I was told that it was owing to my bile being out of place; and I guess that it was so, for I never biled over wus than I did when I got home that nite. My wife thot I was going to die, and I was afraid that I shouldn't, for it seemed as tho' everything I had ever eaten in my life was coming to the surface. O, how sick I was, fourteen years ago! I never had such experience in so short a time.

If any man shud tell me that lager beer was not intoxicating, I shud believe him; but if he should tell me that I wasn't drunk that nite, but that my stummick was out of order, I shud ask him to state over a few words just how a man felt and acted when he was set up.

If I warn't drunk that nite, I had some ov the most natural simtums that a man ever had and kept sober.

In the first place it was about eighty rods from where I drank the lager beer to mi

house, and I was jest over two hours on the road, and a hole busted through each one of my pantaloons neez, and didn't hav any hat, and tried to open the door by the bell-pull, and saw everything in the room trying to get round on the back side of me, and, when I wuz going round, I set down too soon and missed the chair, and couldn't get up soon enough to take the next one that come along; and that ain't awl, my wife said I waz as drunk as a beest, and, as I sed before, I began to spin up things freely.

If lager beer is not intoxicating, it used me most mighty mean, that I know.—
American Paper.

THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT.

THE committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union have just announced the result of a competitive examination of Band of Hope members, which took place some time since, and in connection with which about £150 will be awarded by the parent society and its various branches. The examination took place at 217 different places in various parts of England, Ireland, and Wales, and was participated in by 2,959 young people from nine to twenty-one years of age. The questions, which were founded on a work entitled "The Worship of Bacchus a Great Delusion," by Mr. Ebenezer Clarke, F.S.S., had not been previously seen by the competitors, and it appears that the answers exhibit a high degree of merit. 207 prizes have been awarded, and honourable mention made of 247 additional competitors. A handsome certificate has been presented to each deserving competitor. The object sought by the committee in arranging for this examination has been largely attained—viz., the imparting of sound temperance teaching to young people. We are informed that throughout the United Kingdom there are now nearly 4,000 Bands of Hope, or juvenile temperance societies, with an estimated membership of nearly half a million of persons from seven to twenty-one years of age.

THE LITTLE SHOES DID IT.



A YOUNG man, who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance, was called upon to tell how he was led to give up drinking. He arose, but looked for a moment very confused. All he could say was, "The little shoes, they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare

of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash; he drew himself up and addressed the audience; the choking went from his throat.

"Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered—I deserved to suffer; but I did not suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes I saw one night when I was all but done for—the saloon-keeper's child holding out her feet to her father to look at her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing, but, my friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little new shoes. They kicked reason into me. What reason had I to clothe others with fineries, and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare? And there outside was my shivering wife, and blue, chilled child on a bitter cold night. I took hold of my little one with a grip and saw her feet! Men! fathers! if the little shoes smote me, how

must the feet have smote me? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart, and away walked my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf of bread, and then a pair of shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of bread all the Sabbath day, and went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public-house. That's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes that did it!"

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

ERNEST GILMORE, before he left home for a distant city where he was to enter in business with his uncle, made a parting call on good old Dr. Howitt. He found him as usual in his library, where Ernest had spent so many happy hours reading the books which the doctor had so kindly placed at his disposal.

Ernest and the doctor were strong friends, and this last talk Ernest always remembered. The doctor urged him to seek at once some good church, and also identify himself with Sabbath-school work, which Ernest readily promised to do. He also warned him against the bad habits so many young men form, of keeping late hours, drinking, and theatre-going.

"I know they will do me no good," said Ernest, "and I shall try to remember all your good advice; but I shall hardly expect to look as hale and hearty as you do if I live to be your age. Tell me the secret—is it because you have always been such a decided temperance man?"

Said the doctor: "I am a temperance man because I have seen and felt the need of it. If I had lived as many literary men do—kept late hours, passed evening after evening in hot, crowded rooms, sat over the bottle at late suppers—in short, had 'jollified,' as they call it, I should have been dead long ago. For my part, seeing the victims to 'fast life' daily falling around me, I willingly abandoned the temporary advantages of such a life, preferring the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, and the blessings of a quiet domestic life.

"I am now nearly seventy years old, and cannot indeed say I have reached this period, active and vigorous as I am, without the aid of doctors. I have the constant attendance of these four famous ones: *temperance, exercise, good air, and good hours*. Often in early years I have laboured with my pen for sixteen hours a day. I never omit walking three or four miles or more, in all weathers, and I work considerably in my garden. During my two years in Australia, when I was about sixty, I walked, under a burning sun of one hundred and thirty degrees at noon, my twenty miles a day for days and weeks together; worked at digging gold, in great heat and against young, active men, my twelve hours a day, sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers—for neither man nor nature had made any bridges—and let my clothes dry on my back; washed my own linen, and made and baked my own bread; slept occasionally under a forest-tree; and through it all was as hearty as a roach. And how did I manage all this, not only with ease, but with enjoyment? Simply because I avoided alcoholic liquors as I would avoid the poison of an asp. The horrors I saw there from the drinking of spirits were enough to make a man of the least sense an abstainer for the rest of his life.

"So you see I have a right to recommend total abstinence from all intoxicants. They are all poisoners of the blood, they are all destroyers of the bottom of the pocket, and—what is worse—destroyers of the peace of families and the constitutions of men. They strip those who take them of health, clothes, morals, and mind—they convert them into madmen. The great bulk of the crimes and calamities of society flow from the *tap* and the *spigot*."

"I believe you," said Ernest; "and I mean always to be just as decided on this point as you are."

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come from caring much about our own narrow pleasures.—*George Eliot*.

NELL AND GRANDMA.

THEY stand upon the two extremes of life—grandma is eighty and Nell is eight years old. All grandma's life has been spent in good works, and now, when she expects soon to leave this world, she desires to do one work more, in which Nell may have a share. So grandma has furnished a pretty little room, and has bought a little library, and has subscribed for "Banners," and has made a flag and some badges, and put a little fund in the bank, that expenses may be met, and two or three pleasant talkers may come each year with temperance speeches; and she has sent for pledges, and Nell has been around to talk the matter over with her friends and to get members, boys and girls, for the new temperance society. The subject now under discussion is, the *baby*, the only brother; Nell wants him to sign the pledge and be in the society.

"Only six months old!" laughs grandma. "He is too little—you know he cannot sign."

"But, grandma, I can sign for him, and take his little hand to make his mark. And I will see to it that he keeps his pledge, and when he can go to the meetings I will lead him there, and I will tell him stories and talk to him until he gets real old,—as old as I am!"

Grandma at that laughs softly—old at eight! She is eighty.

"And *then*, grandma," says Nell, "I shall say to baby—'Billy, you are so big now I cannot be you any longer; you must be you now, Billy; and if you want to be a temperance boy you must write a pledge all in your own hand, Billy,'—for *then*, grandma, Billy will know how to write."

"I think," said grandma, "we must let baby belong to the society."

And so grandma, ending her life-work, and Nell beginning, stand both at the same place.

DR. RICHARDSON says if drink were not known, it would save us 230,000 lives per annum.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

Is there any deed of darkness to be done ; only let a man swallow a portion of ardent spirits, and he is as well prepared to do it as if he had swallowed a legion of devils.—*John Wesley.*

ALCOHOL will clean silver ? Yes, it has cleaned the silver out of many a pocket, and even dissolved the plate out of many a rich man's mansion.

CICERO, who lived between the years 106 and 43 B.C., in speaking of temperance, says :—"Temperance is the unyielding control of reason over lust, and over all wrong tendencies of the mind. Frugality is not so extensive as temperance. Temperance means not only frugality, but also modesty and self-government. It means abstinence from all things not good, and entire innocence of character."

JONES' friends visited the artist to see Jones' portrait. They were welcome ; but the artist said, "Don't touch it ; it ain't dry." "No use looking at it, then," replied an old gentleman ; "it can't be Jones."

I DO not like to decline bearing my share of the odium, thinking that what many men call "caution" in such matters is too often merely a selfish fear of getting oneself into trouble or ill-will. I am quite sure that I would never gratuitously court odium or controversy, but I must beware also of too much dreading it ; and the love of ease is likely to be a more growing temptation than the love of notoriety or the pleasure of argument.—*Dr. Arnold.*

BRAIN-WORK costs more food than hand-work. According to careful estimates and analyses of the secretions, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labour. Another evidence of the cost of brain-work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body, it receives about one-fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain-workers, therefore, require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual labourers.

IN a Devonshire village, during service, on a recent Sabbath morning, the pastor's little girl, of nearly three summers, became somewhat wearied at the extreme length of the sermon, and in rather a low tone of voice, but very earnestly, to the great amusement of those who sat near her, said—"Come, papa, that's enough ; let's go home."

A MAN who had lost a valuable rooster, went to a neighbour's to ask if the fowl had been seen in that quarter. "No," said the neighbour ; "I never had a rooster on my premises." Just then the rooster gave a rousing crow. "Why, there he is now !" exclaimed his owner. "Oh, well," indignantly responded the neighbour, "if you choose to take the crow of a rooster against my word, it's time our acquaintance came to an end !" And it did.

IF the revenue returns do not prove bad trade, the returns of the bankrupts during the year certainly do. Two thousand one hundred and seventy-two wholesale houses went in 1877, 2,643 went in 1878 ; 8,850 retailers were bankrupt in 1877, 12,416 were bankrupt in 1878.

ONE fact is remarkable in our history, that no great agitation has proved successful unless founded on a good cause, and then backed by a Parliamentary party and by a large measure of public opinion.—*The Times.*

THEY, therefore, make a miserable compromise between their interests and their consciences, and put aside sanitary [or temperance] reform as a thing of which it is not safe to think too much lest it should compel them to say something which might be "personal" and "offensive" to those of their respectable hearers whose incomes are derived from the filth, disease, and brutality of the lower classes.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

THE total gross proceeds to the revenue from the liquor traffic for the past five years is as follows :—1874, £32,299,062 ; 1875, £33,252,568 ; 1876, £33,712,964 ; 1877, £33,447,282 ; 1878, £33,044,323.

A
VICTIM OF INTEMPERANCE;
OR, THE STORY OF A GREAT MUSICIAN.
BY UNCLE BEN.



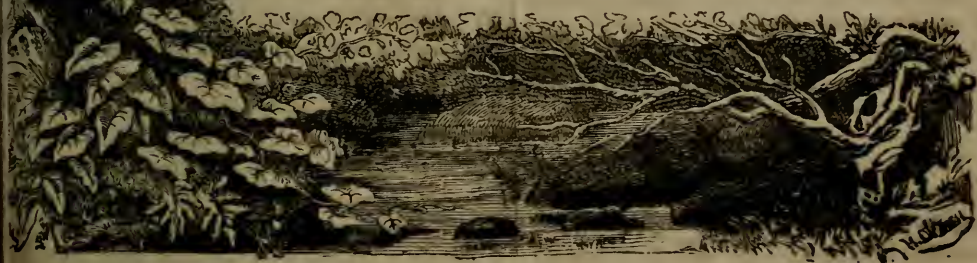
ENGLAND is the great stage where strong drink plays the drama of most fearful tragedies. Comparatively speaking, there is little or no drunkenness on the Continent. And it seems a most terrible thing, when people from sober and temperate communities come to our country, and learn in Christian England habits that lead to drunkenness and to madness or ruin.

If England has been notorious for intemperance, Germany has been famous for its musicians. And sad indeed have been the baneful influences that this land has exercised over the members of the musical profession which have been drawn hither. With her gold and fame England has wooed and won to her shores the men of genius and skill in art and culture, and then beset them with her national vice, and too

often they have been unable to withstand her many temptations, and have gone down the vortex of intemperance to dishonoured graves.

One of these victims to drink was the German composer, Gluck. He was almost the first of a great school of musicians that have filled the world with sweet sounds; he was the founder of the German opera. His father was a gamekeeper in the service of a prince. In the summer of 1714 he first saw the light and heard the sounds of this world. As a boy he learnt choir-singing and to play the organ, and at the age of eighteen left the Jesuit college where he had received his education with a proficient knowledge of music. He went to Prague, and then, to complete his musical training under the great masters, to Vienna. The prince did not forget his gamekeeper's son, and gave him a helping hand before success began to crown his efforts. At eighteen he began composing, and at twenty-two he was called to London; there he met with Handel, by whom he was humbled but inspired. His aim in music was to express feeling in sound; or, as he said, his purpose was to minister to the expression of emotion. He travelled much and composed largely, learning from all sources, and gathering knowledge and help from England, France, Germany and Italy.

When he was forty-two, circumstances helped his genius and industry, and he rose rapidly to great fame. In Paris he became very popular, he was a favourite in the Court and with the people; admirers followed him in the streets and at public assemblies; the people shouted when they saw him. But his triumph caused rivalry, and public opinion became divided.



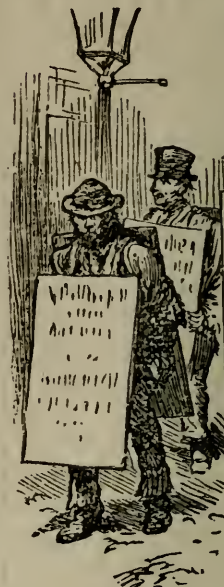
The wheel of fortune seemed to stand still; then reverses set in, and disappointments fell thick. So fickle is the smile of this world's favour that the most gifted cannot depend on it. Old age began to come on, and the evil habit of drinking grew stronger. He sought to drown his fretful grief, but to no purpose. He had amassed great wealth, but this could give him no happiness. A nervous malady, aggravated if not caused by his love of the wine-cup, rapidly grew worse. With his fast-failing health he took to drinking spirits; he relinquished work, but could find no rest for his distracted life. It was a sad and terrible thing to see reason and moral power and genius give way before the appetite for drink. "His wife, who was always on the watch, succeeded," we are told, "in keeping stimulants away from him for weeks together. But it was kept in the house, and given to others. One day a friend came to dine. After dinner, coffee was handed round, and spirits were placed on the table. The temptation was too strong—Gluck seized the bottle of brandy, and before his wife could stop him, he had drained its contents. That night he fell down in a fit of apoplexy and died." There is no need to comment on this story. In many a life has genius and beauty, education and culture bowed itself down to degradation and death upon the shrine that desecrates our fair land.

Reader, what will you do that England may be a power to save and bless, and not a spell to lure and curse the noble sons and daughters of other climes, whose blood some day may be upon our heads?

PRIDE is one of the seven deadly sins, but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues, Faith and Hope.—*Charles Dickens.*

EVERY man in every condition is great: a man is great as a man. The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution.—*H. W. E. Canning.*

A QUIET WATERING-PLACE.



It was only ten miles away, but of course there was no railway, and we did not quite see our way clear to getting there.

There were seven of us, and each of the seven held a separate theory on the subject, all more or less feasible, chiefly more. It was an easy matter to hold them up to scorn and derision, but a whole cabstand would not have conveyed the pyramid of luggage that was steadily collecting in the hall from all parts of the house—town, indeed—for this quiet watering place was beyond the region of shops, provision or otherwise, and the wants of a family of seven are apt to be of an extensive character.

It was our father who found the way out of the difficulty—he generally acted whilst we theorized. In one of his rambles he discovered and chartered an ancient, roomy travelling chariot that boasted a rumble behind and a hammer-cloth in front, a coat of arms on the door, and a long flight of stairs up to it; the whole painted a cheerful yellow, lined with drab, and drawn by a pair of piebald horses.

The pyramid of trunks and baskets was transferred to the roof and tied in position; and into the venerable vehicle we ascended one showery afternoon, trying to feel like the ancient and honourable owners going down to their country seat, and to believe that the faces of the neighbours, flattened against the windows, expressed only envy and admiration. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." We were no exception. The rain presently descended in torrents, and open

umbrellas had to be inserted over the more perishable portions of the baggage, whence they were constantly detaching themselves and having to be recaptured from neighbouring fields and gardens. Every mile or two some fugitive basket contrived to elude the vigilance of its keeper, and discharge its contents in the deepest puddle, and indeed the progress generally was one series of losses and misfortunes.

It ended at last, and the chariot lumbered slowly up the one tiny street with the pump at one end and the public-house at the other, up to two old-fashioned, grey stone houses facing the rainy sea. One gate admitted to both, and as we drew up before it a clergyman came down the walk from the second house. We looked at him with much interest; he was the only stranger we saw for nearly a week.

Truly it was a quiet place—very quiet, and for the first three days we had incessant rain, with a sense of damp chilliness pervading everything. The third evening it cleared up a little, and Will, who was prowling about the garden, cheerfully announced that there was some excitement going on in the village—he had seen two men talking at the door of the public-house, towards which, even in that quiet place, all the inhabitants seemed to gravitate. We laughed a little about it then—we see it in a different light now.

The dwellers in the next house came out and introduced themselves: a clergyman—the same we had seen the night of our arrival, his wife, son and daughter; they gave us some valuable local information and in return we lent them yesterday's papers. We learned that there was a croquet set attached to the house, and looking it up, diligently plied ourselves to attaining perfection in that line. Morning, noon and night the bells were rolling, till our very dreams were haunted by the sound.

It was a happy time—we shall remember and talk of it long after busier, more fashionable places have been forgotten. Still summer evenings, when we climbed to the top of the one hill to watch the sunset over the

sea. One special night, when it went down in such radiance that a sudden poetical spirit descended even upon our practical young minds (only after a lifetime of neglect, inspiration does not come at command—at least, to the majority of mankind—and we failed utterly to remember anything bearing upon the subject. Dick, indeed, had some vague idea about "cloud-capp'd towers," but after it had been several times repeated, the audience demanded more, and he collapsed; and when Will, drawing upon his early recollections of an ancient nursery oracle, began "How doth the little busy bee," his ungrateful hearers decided it was time to go home). Then the distant lighthouses would gleam redly through the dusk—it was a dangerous coast, and there were three visible from our vantage-ground, and we would walk quietly home, down the ferny hillside and the waving cornfield, through the garden where, catching a glimpse of a stray mallet, the opposing armies were generally unable to resist the temptation to take a last skirmish.

And the Sundays—the services in the little old-fashioned church, with the sound of the plashing waves outside running like an undercurrent through them; the stray sheep in the churchyard placidly nibbling the grass round the green graves that told, so many of them, the same story—wrecked at sea, men from all lands, nameless many, who had sailed the wide seas in safety and died in sight of home. We saw two waifs laid amongst them one sunny afternoon—two that the waves had drifted up after one stormy night, two that mothers or wives would watch for in vain through the long years, never, perhaps, to know if in any corner of God's green earth they had found a resting-place. And the hymn for those in peril on the sea has had a sadder meaning for us since.

At our quiet watering-place we had one adventure—only one; it befell on this wise. Passing the little inn one afternoon, a stalwart fisherman, who was sitting on a bench before the door, proffered the use of his boat to take us for a fishing excursion, and we instantly and joyfully accepted it without even delaying to go home and announce



our intentions. The man went on to suggest that we ought to have a supply of whisky with us—"fishing was dry work without." We agreed to that also, and a few minutes later we and the fishing-smack were scudding round the point with the breeze, congratulating ourselves upon the good time we were going to have.

And we had it for the first two hours; then a dark suspicion began to grow upon us that our fisherman was fast becoming incapable of managing the boat. He must have taken far more than he should before we started, and afterwards, in the excitement of our first mackerel, the whisky had been left entirely at his discretion. We were driving faster and faster out to sea in the freshening wind, and he obstinately refused to alter the sail or to allow us—though if he had, not one of us knew how to do it.

Even now I don't like to think of that evening—the sick terror that crept over us as the September twilight darkened down. The man seemed to have taken complete leave of his senses, and we, shivering under the drenching spray, crouched at the other end and watched him fearfully. We could do nothing else in that frail boat, where

one lurch meant death. A struggle would have been madness. As the hours went by we lost all count of time, but it must have been near midnight when the tiller slipped at last from his grasp and he rolled to our feet in a heavy drunken sleep, still clutching that fatal stone jar.

The danger did not end then, but it was comparative peace and happiness; we drifted up and down the tossing waves till daybreak, and then help came. A passing schooner took us on board, where, I remember, some of us broke down and sobbed like little children.

We reached home late that night, haggard and weary, with a general sense of having come back from the gates of death, and of seeing all things in a new light from that standpoint. It was the first time the drink question had ever come so closely home to us, and gathering round the blazing fireside that we had never thought to see again, we talked of it long and earnestly. By a little chance, indeed, we had been saved, but thinking of the many who have "gone down at sea" long before their appointed time for that same cause; of the desolate homes and aching hearts, of the lost lives and broken hopes, we resolved

as far as in us lay, to stand by the temperance flag for all the days to come.

And the next day, our visit being ended and the lesson learned, we quitted that quiet watering-place and went home.

E. K. O.

DIALOGUES ON TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

Author of "Our National Resources, and How they are Wasted," &c.

NO. IV.—HARD TIMES CAUSED BY DRINKING.

Characters—THOMAS MELLOR, HENRY JONES, ROBERT JACKSON, and WALTER MORRIS.

Henry.—Good evening to you all, again.

All.—Good evening.

H.—How is trade with you yet, Tom?

Thomas.—Trade! There is no trade. I have not had a stroke of work this year, yet.

Walter.—People say that trade's to be better soon.

Robert.—On what grounds did they base their opinion?

W.—Why, they say that it's so bad that if it alters at all it must be better.

T.—That's very poor consolation for somebody that's been out of work three or four months.

W.—It is; but it's all the consolation there is.

R.—Trade ought to be better.

T.—What makes you say that, Robert?

R.—I say it because all the economic conditions are in existence which lead to good trade.

W.—What are those conditions?

R.—Well, we've cheap food, cheap money, and, until very lately, people have been getting good wages. These are the three things which lead to good trade.

H.—And yet we never had trade so bad as it is now.

R.—That's the puzzle.

H.—I don't think there's much puzzle about it.

R.—How do you come to that conclusion?

H.—Because it's not the amount of money which people get, but the way they spend it which makes trade good or bad.

T.—That is perfectly true, Henry. If I spend 10s. a week on drink, I cannot have it also to buy my family clothing, &c.; some of them have to go short.

W.—And the shopkeeper has 10s. less of demand for his goods than he should have.

H.—Yes; and so has the manufacturer.

W.—In an article which was published in the *Economist* newspaper a short time ago, the editor showed that the bad trade arose from the fact that the means of consumers from some cause had become lessened.

H.—And what is there so much lessens the means of the people as habits of drinking?



W.—As Tom has just said, people cannot both spend their money in drink and have it to buy goods with also.

H.—Hence, when we as a nation spend £142,000,000 in drink, we rob the trade of the country to that extent.

R.—You support the publican's trade?

W.—Yes; but that trade, as we have seen, is all loss.

H.—And worse than loss; that has been clearly shown.

T.—And you say that there is £142,000,000 spent every year?

H.—There has been more than that the last three years.

W.—And then there is the taxation which results from the drink traffic, at least another £20,000,000 a year.

H.—And there is the loss of labour, the deterioration of the workman, the trouble to the employer through habits of intemperance, losses through sickness and premature death, losses through accidents when people are intoxicated; indeed, it is impossible to tell where the mischief of drinking ends.

W.—I have heard people say that the cost and loss resulting from drinking is as great as the cost of the drink itself.

T.—That is, double £140,000,000, or £280,000,000.

W.—Yes.

H.—And so I believe it is. But if we knock off the odd £80,000,000 for revenue, &c., it still leaves us £200,000,000 as the yearly cost to us of our habits of drinking.

R.—What was the total value of our foreign trade last year? Do you remember?

H.—The total value of all the goods which we exported to foreign countries in 1878 was exactly £192,804,334; or in round numbers, say, £193,000,000.

W.—So that, directly or indirectly, we wasted more money through our drinking habits than the entire value of all our foreign trade.

H.—Yes, and £7,000,000 more at the least.

R.—It's enough to make one vow that they will never touch another drop.

H.—That is what you ought to do.

W.—But to come to the question of trade again. Here we are, hunting up markets all the world over—in Africa, in China, in South America, and yet we are

wasting in drink more than all our trade with all the world.

T.—And we are wondering how it is that trade is so bad.

W.—Exactly so, Tom:

T.—What fools we are!

W.—At the present time great efforts are being made to form a company to open up Africa. It is said that in a dozen years or so we could have £20,000,000 worth of trade from Africa if it were done.

H.—Why, if we gave up the drinking at home, in twelve months we should have about ten times £20,000,000 of a home trade.

T.—That would open itself up.

W.—Yes, and there would be none of the risks and uncertainties which there would be about the other.

H.—And then, too, we should get rid of nearly all the pauperism, crime, and social misery that exists.

R.—That would be worth a decent sum.

H.—Yes, but instead of paying we should get the £200,000,000.

W.—What happiness, peace, and plenty there would be; there would be plenty of work, and good wages for all!

T.—Don't you think it would help wages to keep up?

W.—No doubt of it.

H.—Shall we have a chat about wages when we meet again?

T.—I should like.

H.—Agreed. Good night all.

All.—Good night.

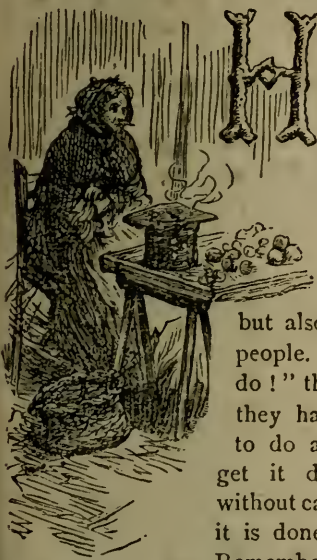
WHATEVER you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick—
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

EVIL thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

"THAT'LL DO!"

BY THE REV. F. WAGSTAFF, F.R.H.S.



HOW often do we hear this foolish speech. And that not merely from children who do not know any better, but also from older people. "That'll do!" they say, when they have anything to do and want to get it done quickly, without caring whether it is done well or not.

Remember, that if a thing is not done well, it is not done at all.

Young people need above most things to learn the lesson of thoroughness; and one of the lessons of the Band of Hope is, that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Many a man of great pretensions in the world has been thought little of because, while putting his hands to many things, he has been able to do nothing thoroughly. "A Jack-of-all-trades is master of none," was a common saying when I was a boy; and somehow I believe it is as true now as it was then. It may be a capital thing for one to be able to turn his hand to any useful thing that may be required of him, but it is far better to be thorough master of some one pursuit—to have a calling, and to know it well. There was once a goose who boasted that she was more favoured than either beast, bird, or fish, since she could either walk, fly, or swim. "True," said some one who heard her foolish boast; "but you are only a dabbler at either."

"That man a vain babbler
Will always be thought,
Who, in all things a dabbler,
Is skilful in nothing."

Some one has well said that the best and quickest way for any man to get out of a lowly position into something higher, is to

display surpassing excellence in the post he at present fills. "I knew you when you blacked my father's shoes!" was the contemptuous remark of a purse-proud man to one who had raised himself to a position of influence by the blessing of God on a life of industry and integrity. "And didn't I black them well?" was the brief but telling retort. The old rhymester must have had some such feeling when he penned those lines—

"If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me."

The boys of our Band of Hope are I hope, learning a great many things besides temperance. They have taken the pledge, and they mean to stick to it, as they say sometimes, "like bricks." But if I understand it aright, a "brick" is a fellow who throws his whole heart into anything—one who is thorough and earnest. You have to learn your trade as an apprentice—learn it thoroughly. You have to sweep out the shop as errand-boy, or carry parcels—do your work thoroughly. *Sweep the corners.* Don't scamp your work, or shuffle over it as fast as you can, and then try to excuse yourself by saying, "Oh! that'll do." I tell you, my boy, with all seriousness—"That'll *not* do!"

THE WINE-CUP.

WELL might the thoughtful race of old
With ivy twine the head
Of him they hailed their god of wine—
Thank God! the lie is dead.
For ivy climbs the crumbling hall
To decorate decay;
And spreads its dark, deceitful pall
To hide what wastes away.
And wine will circle round the brain,
As ivy o'er the brow,
Till what could once see far as stars
Is dark as Death's eye now.
Then dash the cup down! 'tis not worth
A soul's great sacrifice;
The wine will sink into the earth,
The soul, the soul must rise.

BAILEY.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Words and Music by JAMES M'GRANAHAN.

1. Praise ye the Lord, all ye meor-lands and moun-tains, Praise Him a -

KEY C. *f*

d' :d' „d'	d' :t .l	s „l :s „f	m :d	d' :d' „d'
2. Praise ye the Lord, all ye	winds of the	cor - ners,	Up	from the
d' :d' „d'	d' :t .l	s „l :s „f	m :d	m :m „m
d' :d' „d'	d' :t .l	s „l :s „f	m :d	s :s „s
3. Sing to the Lord, all ye	kin - dred and	na - tions,	Tribes	and do -
d' :d' „d'	d' :t .l	s „l :s „f	m :d	d :d „d

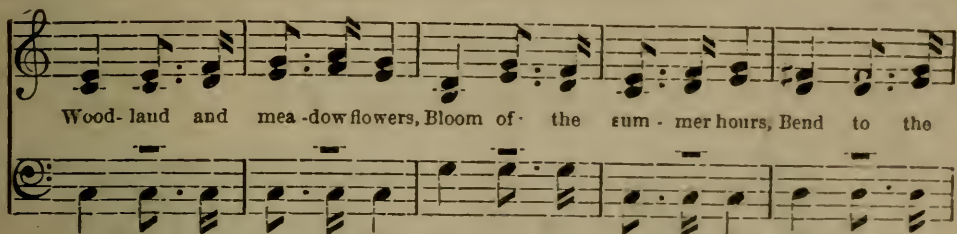
- lone, all ye ev - er - green hills; Glo - ry to God, shout, ye

d' :t „d'	r' .r' :r' „r'	r' :—	m' :m' „r'	d' :t .l
glen peal the	notes of your	song;	Praise Him who	cheer - eth the
s :f „m	s .s :s „s	s :—	s :s „f	m :f .f
s :s „s	t .t :t „t	t :—	d' :d' „d'	d' :d' „d'
min - ions that	peo - ple the	world;	Wher - e'er the	sun sheds his
m :r „d	s .s :s „s	s :—	d :d „d	d :d „d

bright, flow-ing foun - tains, Till all the earth with your me - lo - dy fills!

s „l :s „f	m :s	l :l „l	s :d' „d'	t :l „t	d' :—
hearts of ear-th's	mourners,	Sing	to the Lord, in His	praise be ye	strong!
m „f :m „r	d :m	f :f „f	s :m „m	r :f „f	m :—
d' :d' „s	na - tions	d' :d' „d'	d' :s „s	s :s „s	s :—
glow - ing ear -	There let your	stan - dards of	praise be un -	furled.	d :—
d :d „d	d :d	f :f „f	m :d „d	s :s „s	d :—

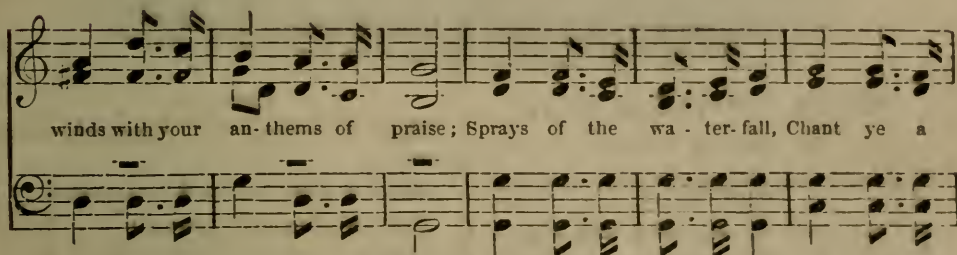
PRAISE YE THE LORD—(continued).



Wood-land and mea-dow flowers, Bloom of the sum-mer hours, Bend to the

KEY G. t.

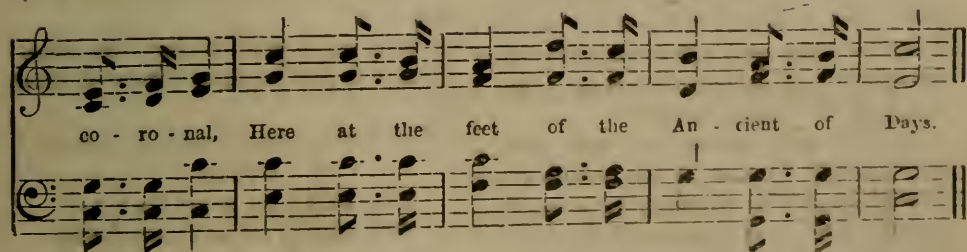
m	:m	..f	s	..l	:s	r	:s	..f	m	..f	:s	f	t ₁	:t ₁	..d
Praise	Him	each	boun-	d	ing wave,	De	-	sert	and	cliff	and	cave,	Rock	and	ra
d	:d	..r	m	..f	:m	t ₁	:m	..r	d	..r	:m	r	s ₁	:s ₁	..l ₁
Shout	till	the	bend-	ing	sky,	Ring	-	ing,	shall	send	re-	ply	Back	from	the
d	:d	..d	d	..d	:d	s	:s	..s	d	..d	:d	r	s ₁	:s ₁	..s ₁



winds with your an-thems of praise; Sprays of the wa-ter-fall, Chant ye a

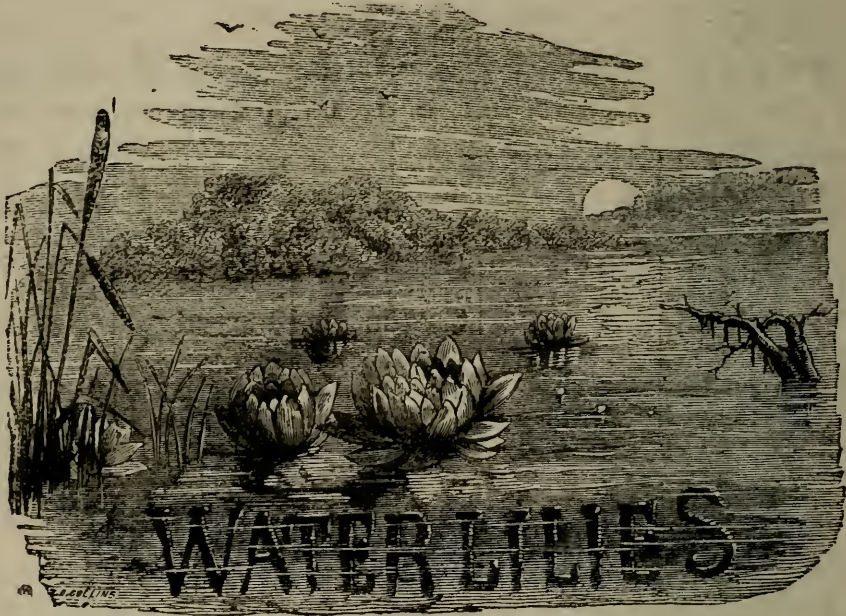
f. KEY C.

r	:s	..f	m	:r	..r	d	s	—	f	:f	..m	r	..m	:f	s	:s	..f	
vine	where	the	sha-	d	ows are	dim;	Wake	from	you	si-	lence	ness,	Sing	to	the			
t ₁	:t ₁	..t ₁	d	..s ₁	:s ₁	..f ₁	m	t ₁	—	r	:r	..d	t ₁	..d	:r	m	:m	..r
far	-	ther	most	wan	-	der	ing	star;	Shout	till	the	sons	of	love	Peal	thro'	the	
s ₁	:s ₁	..s ₁	d	:s ₁	..s ₁	d	s ₁	—	s ₁	:s ₁	..s ₁	s ₁	..s ₁	:s ₁	d	:d	..d	



co-ro-nal, Here at the feet of the An-cient of Days.

m	..f	:s	d'	:d'	..t	l	:r'	..d'	t	:l	..t	d'	:—				
will	-	der	-	ness,	Praise	ye	the	Lord,	lay	your	hom	-	age	to	him.		
d	..r	:m	s	:s	..s	f	:f	..f	r	:f	..f	m	:—				
s	..s	:d'	d'	:d'	..d'	d'	:l	..l	s	:s	..s	s	:—				
air	-	a	-	bove,	Bear	-	ing	your	lay	to	the	moun	-	tains	a	-	far.
d	..d	:d	m	:m	..m	f	:f	..f	s	:s ₁	..s ₁	d	:—				



WHAT PROVERBS SAY.

BY GEORGE WILSON.

"Proverbs are the daughters of daily experience."
—*Dutch Proverb.*

IN the study of proverbial lore there is much to interest and instruct the lover of those quaint and wise sayings of our forefathers, and for the advocates of temperance and sobriety there is matter for thought and reflection.

Amongst the nations of Europe, those people inhabiting the northern and colder regions are richer in proverbs relating to drunkenness than the peoples of the south.

In France, Italy, Spain, and other countries of the south of Europe, wines are cheap, and in France brandy too; yet the people are generally sober compared with the people of England, Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, and Russia.

A great many proverbs on temperance are met with in most of the countries of Europe similar in meaning; for example, take the first of the Italian, which has its counterpart in the Dutch and German.

ITALIAN.

When the wine is in, the wit is out.
Thirst comes from drinking.
Beware of vinegar made of sweet wine.
He is not a man who cannot say, No.

FRENCH.

There are more old drunkards than doctors.

Bread at pleasure, drink by measure.

The following are GERMAN:—

Thousands drink themselves to death before one dies of thirst.

Good wine ruins the purse, and bad the stomach.

More are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.

In the looking-glass we see our form, in wine the heart.

When one goose drinks, all drink.

The wise drunkard is a sober fool.

The drunken mouth reveals the heart's secret.

Intemperance is the doctor's wet-nurse.

Water is the strongest drink—it drives mills.

Where wine goes in, modesty goes out.

DUTCH.

Who weds a sot to get his cot,

Will lose the cot and keep the sot.

When the wine is in the man, the wit is in the can.

What the sober man thinks the drunkard tells.

DANISH.

A drunken man may soon be made to dance,

What the sober man has in his heart, the drunken man has on his lips.

The drunken man's joy is often the sober man's sorrow.

Abstinence and fasting cure many a complaint.

A joyous evening often leads to a sorrowful morning.

Deep draughts and long morning slumbers soon make a man poor.

LATIN.

There is truth in wine.

Let the appetite obey reason.

To what does inebriety not point? It discloses every secret—it ratifies every hope, and pushes even the unarmed man to battle.

ENGLISH.

A drunken night makes a cloudy morning.

A mad beast must have a sober driver.

A sober man, a soft answer.

As drunk as a beggar. As drunk as a lord.

As drunk as a tinker.

As I brew so I must drink.

Bacchus hath drowned more men than Neptune.

Better gude sale nor gude ale.

Counsel over cups is crazy.

Drink washes off the daub, and discovers the man.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.

Drinking kindness is drunken friendship.

Drunkards have a fool's tongue and a knave's heart.

Drunken wife gat ay the drunken penny.

Drunkenness is a pair of spectacles to see the devil and all his works.

Drunkenness is an egg from which all vices are hatched.

Drunkenness is nothing but voluntary madness.

Drunkenness makes some men fools, some beasts, and some devils.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself and leaves a beast in his room.

Every one hath a penny for a new ale-house.

He is not drunk gratis who pays his reason for his shot.

He that drinks and is not dry shall want money as well as I.

If you make Bacchus your god, Apollo will not keep you company.

In settling an island, the first building erected by a Spaniard would be a church; by a Frenchman, a fort; by a Dutchman, a warehouse; and by an Englishman, an ale-house.

Laith to the drink, laith frae 't.

Let the drunkard alone, and he will fall of himself.

No relying on wine, women, and fortune.

Sir John Barleycorn's the strongest knight.

Temperance is the best physic.

The ass that carrieth wine drinketh water.

The drunkard continually assaults his own life.

The smaller the drink the cooler the blood and the clearer the head.

What soberness conceals, drunkenness reveals.

What you do when you are drunk you must pay for when you are sober.

When wine sinks words swim.

Wine is a turncoat; first a friend then an enemy.

Wine neither keeps secrets nor fulfils promises.

A CERTAIN Dutch statesman, who drank deeply, was nevertheless very attentive to business, and always the first at the Council board. The Prince of Orange, who esteemed him very highly, said to him one day, that excess of every kind was dangerous, and that he feared that over-work and the pleasures of the table would soon carry him to the grave. "Remember, my friend," said the prince, "that the pitcher that goes oftenest to the well may be broken at last." "Never fear, your Highness," replied the other, "there is no risk; my pitcher never goes to the well, but only to the wine cask." "Then," responded the ready Prince, "I fear you will go to the bad."



“The sun shone on Smith, but it blinded his eyes.

MAY'S MISSION.

"Good day, Mr. Smith," said bright little May,

Looking over the gate on her way to the school ;

But Smith was too surly to answer to-day,
Though he liked little May very much
as a rule.

Little May went to school as bright as a bee,

And forgot surly Smith—much the best thing to do.

The sun shone so clearly, the birds sang so free,

The bells rang for church, and her lesson she knew.

The sun shone on Smith, but it blinded his eyes ;

He went in the shade, but the wind blew too cold ;

He goes in the house, and the newspaper tries,

But it makes his head ache and there's no one to scold.

No one to scold but yourself, Mr. Smith,
And no one but you, Mr. Smith, is to blame ;

For your headache this morning you well might expect,

When you think how last night home you staggering came.

You say it is jolly to meet with your friends
At the old "Pig and Whistle," or some other name ;

But is it so jolly this morning to feel
Your pockets all empty, your heart full of shame ?

The text that May learnt this morning at school

Was, "God is not mocked ; what man sows shall he reap."

Learn the lesson, too, Smith, while you've strength to say

That the pledge you will take and the pledge you will keep.

Then the Sunday shall come as freshly to you

As to bright little May on her way to the school ;

And experience will tell you 'tis nobler to be
A self-controlled *man* instead of a fool.

O. A. R. S.

INGRATITUDE.

INGRATITUDE, with us a common crime,
Through which the good we have we little heed,

Paint darkly in distrust our coming time,
And murmur most when least of all we need.

Some fancied good we long for and pursue,
And if we fail to gain it, we repine ;

When, were we to our God and manhood true,

We cheerfully the object should resign.

But, like some thoughtless, spoilt, and fretful child,

Which in its passion throws its toys away,
Because its parent, with compulsion mild,
In love restrains it from some dangerous play,

We let ingratitude our bosoms fill,
Rebel against our Parent's wiser will.

Forget we in our folly that our lot

Is wisely ordered by a loving Friend,
Whose heart is e'er the same, and changes not—

Whose hand will keep us safely to the end.

Oh, if we kept the good we have in sight,
Unselfishly enjoyed it as we ought,

Instead of mourning on from morn till night,

And counting all our greatest blessings nought,

We cheerfully should sing our song of praise
To God for all His mercies and His care—

With thankful hearts our gladsome voices raise,

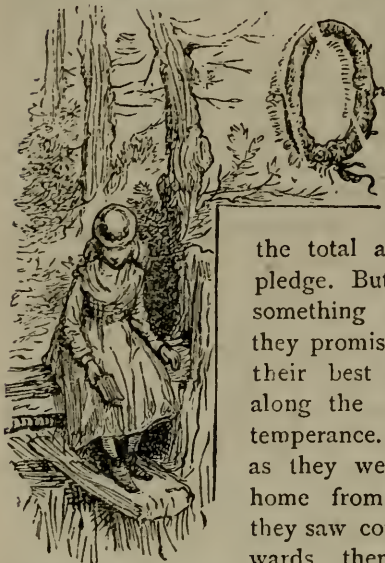
Well pleased that He our worthless lives should spare—

Resolve to love Him more in coming time,
And count our past ingratitude a crime.

DAVID LAWTON.

TIM AND THE TEMPERANCE GIRLS.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.



N C E
t h e r e
w e r e
t h r e e
l i t t l e
g i r l s
w h o
s i g n e d

the total abstinence pledge. But they did something more—they promised to do their best to help along the cause of temperance. Oneday, as they were going home from school, they saw coming towards them, with

crooked steps, poor Tim, the worst drunkard in the village. They were afraid and hid themselves in a corner of the fence. But the tallest little girl of the three said to the others, "It don't seem right to do this way, for we promised to try to help people like Tim." In a minute she said again, "Let's sing him some of our temperance songs." So they took hold of hands, and stood up and sang—

"Sparkling and bright
In its liquid light
Is the water in our glasses;
'Twill give you health,
'Twill give you wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses."

Well, Tim thought it was very queer. He knew they meant him, no matter whom they sang about, and he stopped and leaned up against a tree, and listened and liked the little song. So, when they had finished, he looked down at them and said, "Girls, sing—sing some more for a fellow."

And the next time they chose the nice old song about—

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well."

It was pretty long, but they knew it all, and their fresh, sweet voices were very

pleasant to the ears of Tim. The words touched his heart greatly, for they made him remember the old well at his dear boyhood's home, and he wished more than words can tell that he had never tasted anything stronger than good cold water; so, when the little girls finished, he said again, and this time with a voice full of earnestness—

"Won't you sing me another?"

They sang "Father don't drink any now," and his tears began to fall. You see they were regular little temperance lecturers, though they didn't dream of such a thing. After the third song, the oldest girl said—

"Mr. Brown, we wanted to please you, and so when you asked us to keep on singing, we did. Now we want you to do just one thing to please us—won't you?"

"Well," he said, "that seems sort o' fair. I guess I'll have to—what is it?"

"Why," said she, speaking very fast, and frightened at her own boldness, "won't you please sign the pledge?"

Tim was astonished. He did not answer for a minute, and then he said—

"But there han't been no temperance meetin'; no reformed man has told his experience; there's no pledge here, even if I wanted to sign."

But the little girl wasn't a bit set back by this droll reply. What do you think she did? Why, she took off her little straw hat, and on its round, white, paper lining she wrote, with her stub of a school pencil, the iron-clad pledge; and going up to Tim, she offered the pledge and the pencil, with her primary geography to write upon. What could he do when she was so kind and bright—what but sign the pledge then and there? And when he had done this the three little girls wrote down their names as witnesses. Tim started off towards home. He was almost sober now, so much had happened to help bring him to his senses. He went into his house and handed the little pledge on the round piece of paper to his wife.

"Oh, Tim! to think you've signed the pledge," she said, and began to cry. So

did Tim's little children, who heard and understood what their mother had said. "Let us ask God to give you strength to keep it," she added in a moment, taking both his great hands in hers. So they all knelt, and the poor man prayed to God with strong crying and tears.

The dear little school-girls had not laboured in vain. From that day Tim was a sober man, and his home was bright and his wife and children happy. Every time he prays he thanks our Father in heaven that the little temperance girls remembered their promise, and tried to "help the cause."

Children who read this story, is there nobody you can help? Ask God to make you willing, if you are not already.

AN HONEST PUBLICAN'S ADVERTISEMENT.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS,—Grateful for the liberal encouragement received from you, and having supplied my shop and tavern with a new and ample stock of choice wines, spirits, and malt liquors, I thankfully inform you that I continue to make drunkards, paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious, and respectable community to support. My liquors may excite you to riot, robbery, and blood, and will certainly diminish your comforts, augment your expenses, and shorten your lives. I confidently recommend them as sure to multiply fatal accidents and distressing diseases, and likely to render these incurable. They will agreeably deprive some of life, some of reason, many of character, and all of peace—will make fathers fiends, wives widows, mothers cruel, children orphans, and all poor. I will train the young to ignorance, dissipation, infidelity, lewdness, and every vice; corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the Gospel, defile the church, and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can.

I will thus "accommodate the public." I have a family to support—the trade pays, and the public encourage it. I have a character from my minister, and a license from the magistrate; my traffic is lawful; CHRISTIANS COUNTENANCE it; and if I do

not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will. I know the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill," pronounces a "woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink," and enjoins me not to "put a stumbling-block in a brother's way." I also read that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," and I cannot expect the drunkard-maker, without repentance, to share a better fate; but I wish a lazy living, and have deliberately resolved to gather the wages of iniquity, and fatten on the ruin of my species. I shall therefore carry on my trade with energy, and do my best to diminish the wealth of the nation, impair the health of the people, and endanger the safety of the State. As my traffic flourishes in proportion to your ignorance and sensuality, I will do my utmost to prevent your intellectual elevation, moral purity, social happiness, and eternal welfare.

Should you doubt my ability, I refer you to the pawn-shop, the poor-house, the police-office, the hospital, the gaol, and the gallows, where so many of my customers have gone. The sight of them will satisfy you that I do what I promise.

JUDAS HEARTLESS.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BIRDS are singing blithe and gay,
Lambs are frolicking at play,
Ploughmen whistle o'er the lea—
Every one is gay but me.
I've an aching heart and brain,
I've a sense of ceaseless pain.
Here I cry in my despair,
"'Tis a weary world of care!"
I care not to see the sky,
And the white-flecked clouds that fly.
Songs of birds in vain I hear;
No relief to me they bear.
I am tired of all around,
For my heart is 'neath the mound
Where my little darling lies,
With no love-light in her eyes.
Ah! my darling's voice is gone,
She is singing near the throne;
Soon my pilgrimage shall end,
Then I shall to her ascend.

W. A. EATON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

“THE old superstition that grog is a good thing for men before, during, or after a march, has been proved by the scientific men of all nations to be a fallacy, and is still only maintained by men who mistake the cravings arising solely from habit for the prompting of nature herself. Our armies in Kaffraria had no spirits issued to them, as a rule, and no army in the field was ever more healthy (if ever any other was as free from sickness). Our experience in the Indian Mutiny also carries out this theory. For months, in some places, our men were entirely cut off from all liquor, and they were healthier than when it was subsequently issued to them as a ration. No men have ever done harder work than was performed by the men employed upon the Red River Expedition. No spirits of any sort were issued to them, but they had practically as much good tea as they could drink. Illness was, I may say, unknown amongst them.”—*Sir Garnet Wolseley.*

THE fact that strong drink is not necessary in the endurance of hard work or intense cold is well illustrated in the life of a lumberman. There cannot be much harder work than his, the cutting down of giant trees in the far distant forests, and hewing and sawing them into shape for the market. Cold work, too; for the men who engage in it are hired in the fall of the year, and go up in strong squads hundreds of miles away to spend the winter in the woods; and the snows and frosts of a winter in Canada, which furnishes so large a supply of the lumber trade, are generally very severe.

Their only shelter is the log-houses which they build. Their food must be the best and most strengthening. No strong drink is allowed, nor is within reach of the men. With no grog-shop near, sobriety is an enforced virtue, and so much is this considered by the masters and understood by the men, that very little contraband work is done in the way of taking spirits to them,—a prohibitory law enforced, the reason for which speaks for itself.—*N. T. A.*

ONE shilling a week—not a very large sum, only twopence a day without Sunday. Take the money regularly to the savings bank, and in ten years you will have saved £30.

Many a mechanic earning twenty-five or thirty shillings a week can readily save five. Put five shillings a week in the savings bank from the time you are twenty years of age till you are fifty, and you will have saved £626. If a young man of eighteen saves two shillings per week, he will be worth at sixty years of age the sum of £400.

The following table will show the very important results that follow upon small savings:—

Weekly Deposits of	5 Years	10 Years
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1s.	13 19 5	30 4 5
2s.	27 19 2	60 7 2
3s.	41 18 11	90 11 6
	20 Years	30 Years.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1s.	70 16 2	125 6 10
2s.	141 9 6	250 9 11
3s.	212 6 0	375 17 4

“I HAVE just lately come from several months' travel through the State of Maine. There is no such temptation there as is exposed to the people of England, where a man, if he be of weak mind and weak resolution, can go into one public-house after another, spending sixpence here and a shilling there, until he goes out of the last one either to sleep in a kennel or die in a ditch.”—*The late Bishop of Lichfield.*

IN Liverpool, the number of drunken cases has risen from 15,763 in 1877, to 16,859 in 1878. An analysis of the returns shows that the greatest amount of intoxication takes place on Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays, and the least on Fridays. Among the persons apprehended for drunkenness were one clergyman, eleven surgeons, nine artists, four architects, and eighteen musicians.



"The old abbey church."—p. 162.

THE DEVIL'S MILL.



N eerie, ghostly place it is, grinding rocks under a deep churning pool, shut in among steep black cliffs where the sunshine never reaches. Generation after generation have crossed the narrow bridge and gazed fearfully into the seething gulf on their way up to the old abbey church on the heights above, and the legend

told among them was of two brothers : one the prior of the old church, a wise and gentle man, who lifted holy hands without doubting to God in heaven ; the other a knight, a man of rapine, bloodshed and cruelty, and always when he came that way the good prior gathered his frightened people into the abbey to protect them from his brother's violence.

One bitter winter day at sundown, the wicked knight came by stealth and found the gates undefended, and entering in he dragged them all forth and drowned them one by one in the Devil's Pool between the setting and rising of the sun.

Henceforth he abode in the abbey, and the sacred walls echoed to the clash of spears and mocking laughter. But just one year and a day after, as he rode across the narrow bridge at sundown, something met him, and his horse leaped aside with a great cry, and together they went crashing down into the still, inky pool below ; and as his soldiers looked into the abyss, a great company of white shadows flitted by, and from the pool rose a sudden grinding roaring noise terrible to hear. And to this day the villagers cross hurriedly after sundown, for ever since, in storm or shine, summer or winter, the rocks grind on, and they say with bated breath that it is a doorway into his kingdom.

An imposing building at the corner of a busy city street : glittering brass, coloured windows, and swing-doors, and a dingy stream has passed through them steadily since early morning ; but at sundown it wakens up, the lighted barrel shines out bravely, the gas flares across the pavement, and the crowd grows thicker and more eager—men, women and children. Babies in their mothers' arms, drinking in the poison with their milk, for whom the only hope in this life seems to be that they may slip out of it babies still ; children with old and young faces, watching for the chance of somebody's dregs, and sowing the seed for a woeful harvest ; women from whose loveless faces all heart and hope had long since died out ; men degraded and haggard, still bearing some of the traces of a lost "might have been," of a bygone youth bright with promise—all ended in one common ruin.

And good men looking pitifully down into the dark gulf say sorrowfully that the devil's mill is grinding surely, and that truly it is a doorway, a wide doorway, into his kingdom.

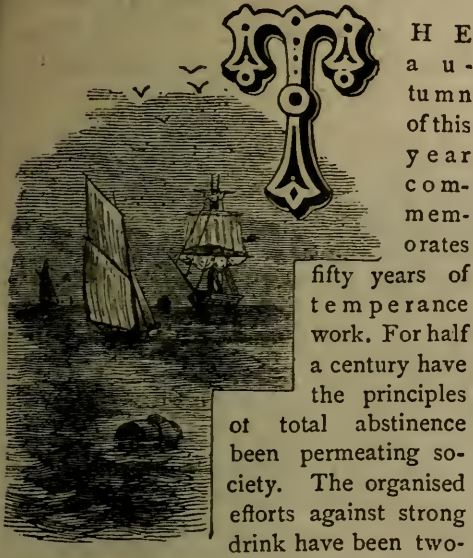
E. K. O.

As there is a parity of guilt between the thief and the receiver, so there seems to be the like between the teller and the hearer of a malicious report ; and that upon very great reason. For who would knock where he despaired of entrance ? or what husbandman would cast his seed but into an open and a prepared furrow ? so it is most certain that ill tongues would be idle if ill ears were not open. And therefore it was an apposite saying of one of the ancients that both the teller and hearer of false stories ought equally to be hanged, but one by the tongue, the other by the ears ; and were every one of them so served, I suppose nobody would be so fond of those many mischiefs brought by such persons upon the peace of the world as to be concerned to cut them down, unless, perhaps, by cutting off the fore-mentioned parts by which they hung.—

Dr. South.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

BY REV. JOSEPH JOHNSON.



H E
a u -
tumn
of this
year
com-
mem-
orates

fifty years of
temperance
work. For half
a century have
the principles
of total abstinence
been permeating so-
ciety. The organised
efforts against strong
drink have been two-

fold—first to restore the drunkard and heal those already injured by the evil, and also to prevent the mischief and cure the cause. And foremost among the preventive corps stand the Band of Hope companies. Reclaimed drunkards by hundreds bring honours to this year of jubilee, but the uninjured thousands, together with the hosts of little children daily swelling the unwavering ranks of abstainers, are the truest glories which crown this year of jubilee with the laurels of immortal service.

It must be borne in mind that it is not the origin of the principles that is commemorated now, because that runs back to the most ancient Jewish times; nor yet the beginning of temperance organisations, for such methods of doing good existed in Germany in the seventeenth century, and in America much earlier in the beginning of the present century—but the rise and commencements of temperance societies in the United Kingdom.

Ireland has the distinguished honour of being the first to practically begin the good work, for on August 20th, 1829, by the Rev. G. W. Carr, in conjunction with Mr. Edgar, the first society was founded at New Ross, in County Wexford. Almost simultaneously Scotland took up the cause under

the active influence of John Dunlop. The ladies were ready at once to co-operate, and on October 1st a female anti-spirit society was formed by Miss Allen and Miss Graham at Maryhill, where the Dunlops were “superiors of the manor.”

Mr. Collins, an elder in Dr. Chalmers’ church, a friend and fellow-helper of Mr. Dunlop’s, was the first to introduce the subject into England. He started giving publicity to the movement by lecturing and writing. To his addresses the inaugural society at Bradford owes its birth. He made speeches at the first meetings held in Liverpool and Manchester. The formation of the first English temperance society took place in Bradford, February 2nd, 1830, under the superintendence of Henry Forbes. In June of the same year the *Temperance Record* was issued from the press, under the care of Mr. Collins, who was the father of the present Lord Provost of Glasgow. Before the end of the year the initial work had been established by wonderful energy and labour. Not only was the spark kindled but the fire was lighted and the influence was felt far and wide. The following year the “London Temperance Society” developed into the “British and Foreign Temperance Society.” In 1832 Joseph Livesey and his friends at Preston signed the total abstinence pledge, and the word “Teetotal” came into existence. In 1834 no less than 18,000 youths in Preston were enrolled as abstainers for one year. From that year the movement spread rapidly, gaining in strength and usefulness.

We have neither time nor space to trace the development of the work in detail until the Band of Hope Union was formed in 1855. But we cannot look over these past fifty years without feelings of reverent gratitude and affection for those heroic men who so bravely and well laid the foundation of the temperance reformation in the days of sore rebuke and scorn.

Great as are the evils of strong drink to-day, these bygone efforts have been crowned with glorious success. When we think of the hundreds that have been rescued, together with the thousands that

have been saved and prevented from falling into the snares of drink, our hearts should be filled with praise. We ought indeed, as we review the past and watch the humble and obscure rise, and follow the growing and glowing history up to the present time, to

take fresh heart and courage, that we in the coming year and in the days that lie before us be no less earnest and victorious in carrying on and completing the great work which the first reformers began so faithfully and fearlessly fifty years ago.



AUTUMN LEAVES.

AUTUMN hath painted the woodlands
brown, [wide:

Made sober the tints of the meadows
The faded leaves come fluttering down
And gather in heaps on every side ;
And as they crackle beneath my feet,
Or whisper softly over my head,
They seem to ask me if I am meet
To mingle, as they do, with the dead.

I pause and listen to what they say ;
I know that no idle words they speak—
“ We have done our work, and sink away
To rest on the earth so bare and bleak.
We have helped to purify the air, [bright,
We have nursed the buds and blossoms
The fruits have had our sheltering care
From the chilly winds and frosts of night.

“ And now they are safely gathered in,
And we have answered a useful end ;
To live for nothing, we think, is sin,
And in death new life to earth we send,

So gladly we pass to our decay
Since e'en in that we are useful still ;
Our one desire is to obey
Our wise and loving Maker's will.

“ Oh ! life, is a sweet and precious loan,
To be wisely used, and rightly spent ;
It has heights and depths of joy unknown,
When made to answer its high intent :
And no truer bliss we here may know
Than the joy which a task completed
gives.

And now away on the winds we go—
We die, as everything else that lives.”

Wisely and well ye speak, oh leaves—
Your words are a strong reproach to me :
The lessons you give my heart receives
And longingly prays, like you to be
Content with work God hath assigned,
With which He giveth His peaceful rest ;
And at last, like you, oh ! may I find
My labours with goodly fruitage blest.

DAVID LAWTON.

BLACKBOARD LESSON.

BY W. P. W. BUXTON.

[At the close of the lesson the blackboard will appear as under.]

SAND.

S TRONG DRINK IS INJURIOUS. IT
A CTUATES MEN TO EVIL.
N ATIONS SUFFER FROM ITS USE. IT
D ECOYS MEN TO DESTRUCTION.

I HAVE no doubt many of you have been to the sea-side on a fine summer day, and seen numbers of young people with spades and buckets working in good earnest at building castles in the sand. You may have been struck with the beauty of some of those sand castles, but the tide has come up slowly, just a little wave at a time, and those castles have crumbled away and vanished from sight. If you look at the board you will see that I have written the word SAND as the subject of our present lesson. Now what does that word teach?

Our first letter is **S**, which reminds us that STRONG DRINK IS INJURIOUS.—It is injurious to the individual, for it contains no nourishment, it impedes the action of the heart, prevents the proper circulation of the blood, and is a more fruitful source of pauperism, disease and crime than any other known evil. It is injurious to the social happiness of the community, and only God knows the number of widows and orphans it has made. The man who drinks what should be spent in food and clothing is selfish in the extreme. A pint a-day at threepence is £4 11s. 3d. a-year; and three pints a-day, which some would consider a moderate dose, would amount in twenty years, without interest, to £273 15s., or sufficient to buy a good freehold house. The drink is injurious to the moral nature, as the records of our police and assize-courts abundantly testify; and it is no wonder with the home influence which the drunkard exerts, that his children should grow up in

every species of vice and trickery. Drink is also injurious to the spiritual nature. It is a monster stumblingblock in the way of all good, and yet many defend this soul-destroying agent by misquoting Scripture to serve their own ends. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" therefore, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Our next letter is **A**.—Drink ACTUATES MEN TO EVIL, by leading them to desecrate the Sabbath, which God commands shall be kept holy. The judges of our land, too, declare that nine-tenths of our prisons might be closed but for drink, which robs the man of his character, and binds him in a slavery of sin and evil habit. It makes him vicious, indolent and deceitful. A foreman once said to his master, "I've got a suitable boy for you, sir." "I'm glad of that," replied the master. "Who is he?" The man told the boy's name. "Don't want *him*," said the master; "he has got a black mark!" "A black mark, sir?" "Yes, he smokes and he drinks, and I don't want such a boy as that, the world is too full already." Glass by glass, and habit by habit, the links in the chain of ruin and death are forged. Drink sinks humanity lower and lower day by day, but total abstinence lifts it up; fills the breast with truth, love and purity. Strong drink brutalises the body, debases the mind, and corrupts the heart. It leads not only to evil but to drunkenness, and the Bible declares, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

We now come to the letter **N**.—NATIONS SUFFER FROM ITS USE—the use of strong drink. Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome fell because of the licentiousness and selfishness of their peoples. Our own nation must need beware, for to-day the liquor traffic is sapping our national life and destroying our commercial vitality. We spend about 150 millions a-year on drink, and what loss and misery we get in return neither tongue can tell nor figures compute.

We must, by vote, speech and pen, daily strive to stamp out this vile demon—this great traffic in human flesh and blood; and if we do our duty it must and shall fall, notwithstanding its colossal wealth and myriads of supporters. "Every one who wishes to preserve our national status," says Mr. Hoyle, "will be anxious to help all efforts for redeeming the country from the foul blot of intemperance, which paralyzes its trade, corrupts its morals, and degrades the population beyond conception."

We now come to the letter **D**.—Drink DECOYS MEN TO DESTRUCTION.—We destroy eighty millions of bushels of grain every year to produce the drink for Britain alone. Strong drink leads to a fabulous destruction of property and home-happiness. Like a decoy-duck, it lures men to destruction just as stealthily as the will-o'-the-wisp lures the unsuspecting traveller into the marshy bog. It is calculated that there are no less than six hundred thousand drunkards in our land at the present moment, and that about one hundred thousand are annually slain through drink. The more we look at this drink question the more gigantic and terrible it appears. Is it not our duty to assist in crushing this great evil? It is hard work to reform an old toper, but we can train and prune the younger saplings in our Bands of Hope and Juvenile Temples by teaching them to abstain, and thus save future generations from the poverty, misery and crime engendered by the use of strong drink. May we each be faithful to the vows we have taken, and "The Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." They that hope to build up the body on strong drink are like those who build castles in the sand, for the tide of death will speedily come to prove that "wine is a mocker" indeed. Ever let your motto be, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

"Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt it."—*Shakespeare*.

UNFERMENTED WINE.

BY REV. J. G. D. STEARNS.

WE are sometimes told that all the wine ever known to the ancients was fermented and therefore intoxicating wine. The use which is made of this opinion is so adverse to the temperance cause that the truth on this subject ought to be often and fully presented. There is good and conclusive evidence that there were two kinds of wine, fermented and unfermented. This truth is well maintained in the writings of the advocates of temperance. Some testimony of eminent scholars, well versed in Hebrew, Greek, and Roman antiquities, will here be adduced in proof of the existence in ancient times of unfermented wine.

E. A. Andrews, in his "Latin-English Lexicon," founded on the larger "Latin-German Lexicon" of Dr. William Freund, defines *mustum*, *new or unfermented wine*, *must*. Some of his examples in illustration of this definition are selected from the writings of Cato and Virgil on agriculture, which indicate a common use of unfermented wine.

In Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," third American edition, by Charles Anthon, LL.D., he says: "The sweet, unfermented juice of the grape was termed *gleukos* by the Greeks, and *mustum* by the Romans, the latter word being properly an adjective, signifying *new*, or *fresh*. Of this there were several kinds, distinguished according to the manner in which each was originally obtained and subsequently treated" (p. 1051).

F. P. Leverett, in his "Lexicon of the Latin Language," after defining the adjective *mustum*, *fresh*, *new*, quotes the expression *mustum vinum* from Latin authors, and defines it *must*, *new wine*, *gleukos*. The word *vinum* was thus sometimes applied by Latin writers to the unfermented juice of the grape.

In Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Prof. H. B. Hackett, under the

article "Wine," the writer says: "The Hebrew terms translated 'wine' refer occasionally to an unfermented liquor." He adds: "Fermented liquors were also in common use." He says the "sweet wine," *gleukos*, in Acts ii. 13, "might have been applied just as *mustum* was by the Romans—to wine that had been preserved for about a year in an unfermented state."

Unfermented wine was in common use as a beverage in Palestine and other Oriental countries. It was prepared by boiling and in other ways, and preserved with care for this purpose.

Smith, in his "Greek and Roman Antiquities," says: "A portion of the must was used at once, being drunk fresh, after it had been clarified with vinegar. When it was desired to preserve a quantity in the sweet state, an amphora was taken and coated with pitch within and without; it was filled with *mustum lixivium*, and corked so as to be perfectly air-tight. It was then immersed in a tank of cold, fresh water, or buried in wet sand, and allowed to remain for six weeks or two months. The contents after this process were found to remain unchanged for a year. . . . A considerable quantity of must from the oldest and best vines was inspissated by boiling, being then distinguished by various terms by the Greeks and by the Latin writers" (p. 1051).

Cato the elder, born 234 B.C., in his treatise on agriculture ("De Re Rusticâ"), speaks of the wine as preserved a year in an unfermented state.

The Greek word *oinos*, as well as the corresponding Latin word *vinum*, was sometimes applied to the unfermented juice of the grape. In Isa. xxiv. 7, Judges ix. 13—where the Hebrew word is *tiros*, evidently denoting unfermented wine—the Septuagint uses the Greek word *oinos*. The Septuagint employs the word *oinos* in composition to denote the office of the chief butler (one who pours out wine). The wine was the fresh juice of the grape which the chief butler pressed into Pharaoh's cup. Bishop Lowth, speaking of this, says that "the fresh juice pressed from the grapes

was called *oinos ampelinos*—i.e., wine of the vineyards."

In Matt. xi. 19, Luke vii. 34, the word *oinos* is used in composition in the term of reproach, "wine-bibber," which the Jews applied to our Saviour. Dr. J. J. Owen, in his commentary on Matthew, p. 128, says:

"This charge was false and malicious. . . . As wine was a common beverage in that land of vineyards in its unfermented state, our Lord most likely drank it; but that He did so in its intoxicating forms was a false and malicious libel upon His character."

In his comment on the miracle at the marriage in Cana, Dr. Owen says:

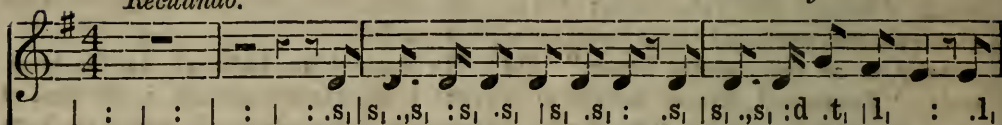
"On such occasions the wines of the country, which, as we have before remarked, were wholly free from the alcoholic stimulant which forms an ingredient of our imported wines, were freely and harmlessly drunk. Their wine, which was the pure juice of the grape, had failed." To supply this failure our Saviour wrought the miracle. There is no reason for the opinion that the wine made by our Lord on this occasion was intoxicating. We have good and sufficient reasons for rejecting this opinion. Having proved that unfermented wine was in common use as a beverage, we have every reason to believe that the wine on this occasion was not fermented. It is *incredible* and *unreasonable* to suppose that the wine which Jesus made was alcoholic and intoxicating. There were two kinds of wine. Of one of these, the unfermented, the Bible speaks in terms of approval; of the other it speaks in terms of disapproval and condemnation.

UNWISE and unpatriotic are any who would rather have a few prime scholars sitting about the wells of learning than see those fountains flow freely for the poor, who are yet the strength of the country. It is better to have many upon the high road of learning than a few even at its goal, if that were possible.—From "Sir Gibbie," by George Macdonald.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

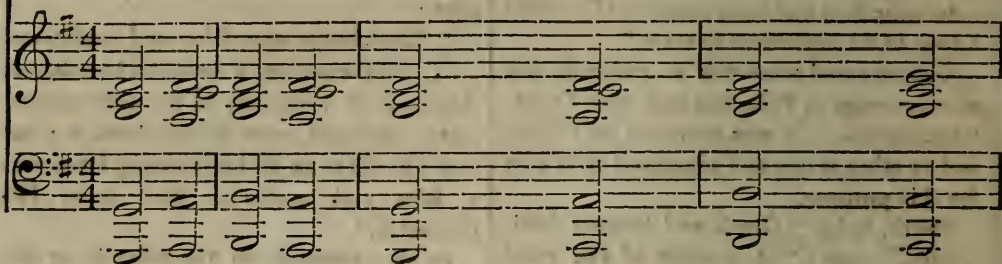
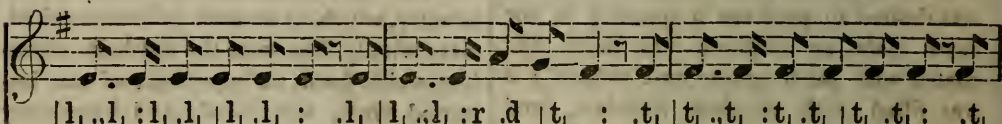
Recitando.

Words and Music by G. F. Root.



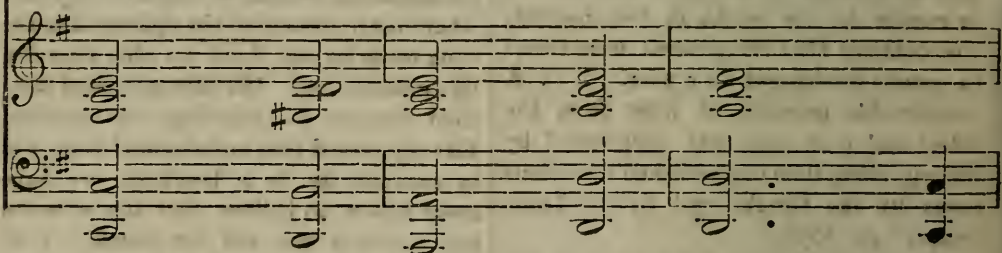
| : | : | : | : s, | s, , s, : s, . s, | s, . s, : . s, | s, , s, : d . t, | l, : . l,

1. We passed poor Johnny's cab-in, The ev'ning sun was low, And
2. His old and well-worn Bi-ble Was close be-side his bed, The
3. But when we came to leave him, And held his slen-der hand, We

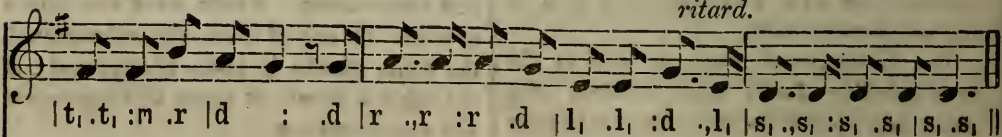



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thro' the lit-tle win-dow It sent its part-ing glow; His pa-tient eyes were rest-ing Up-
gold-en hues of sun-set Were play-ing round his head; A radiance more than earthly Beamed
knew he had a com-fort We could not un-derstand; And as be-neath the ma-ple We

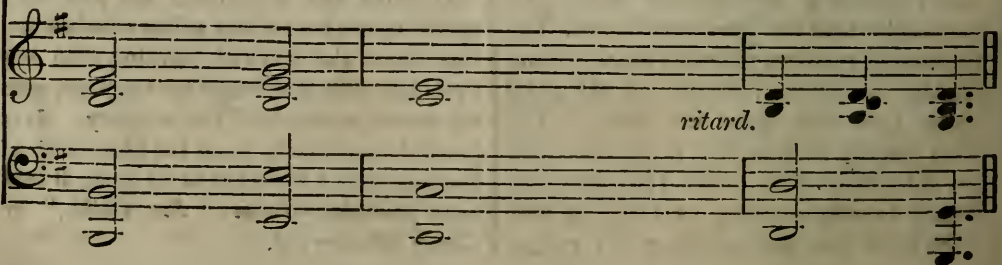


ritard.



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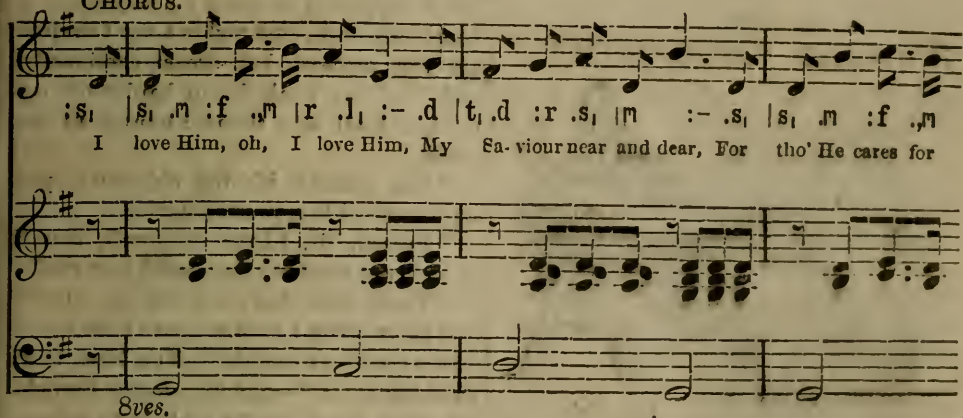
on the o - pen door, And, while we lis-tened, sweetly came This bur-den o'er and o'er:
from his fea-tures thin— We paused to hear his song a - gain, Be - fore we en-tered in.
stopped a - gain to hear, There seemed a sound of an - gels in The song 'so heavenly clear.



ritard.

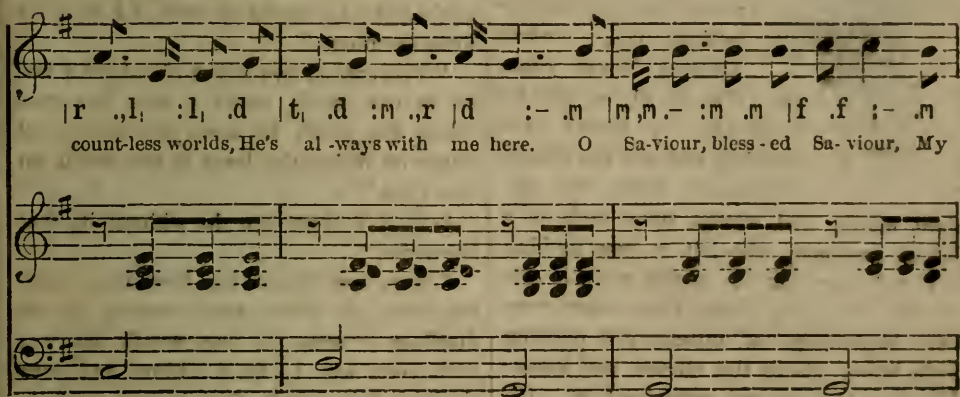
THE LITTLE CRIPPLE—(continued).

CHORUS.

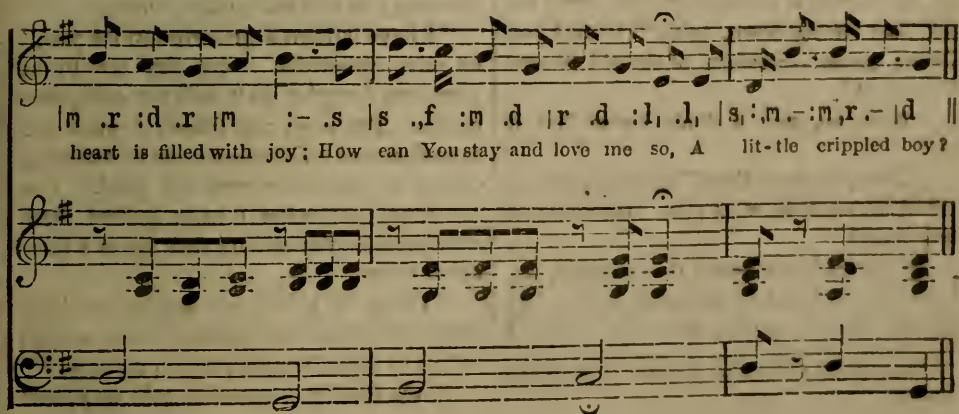


:s₁ | s₁ m :f ,m | r .l₁ :- d | t₁ d :r s₁ | m :- s₁ | s₁ m :f ,m
 I love Him, oh, I love Him, My Sa-viour near and dear, For tho' He cares for

8ves.

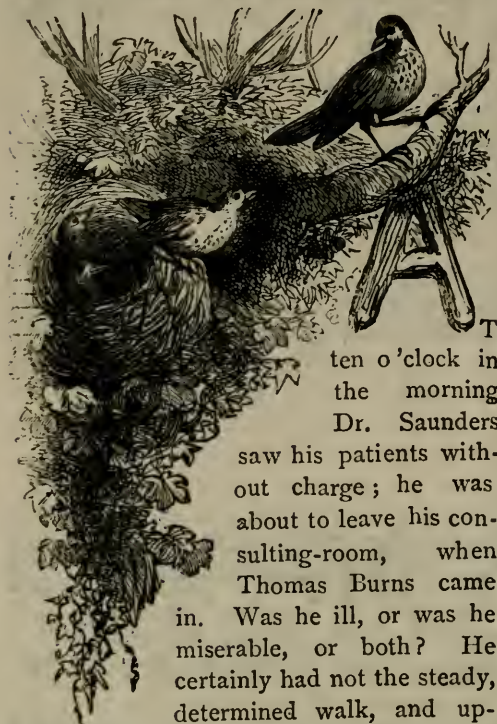


| r .l₁ :l₁ .d | t₁ .d :m ,r | d :- m | m,m :- m m | f f :- m
 count-less worlds, He's al-ways with me here. O Sa-viour, bless-ed Sa-viour, My



| m r :d r | m :- s | s ,f :m d | r d :l₁ .l₁ | s₁ :m :- m r .- | d ||
 heart is filled with joy; How can You stay and love me so, A lit-tle crippled boy?

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.*



T
ten o'clock in
the morning
Dr. Saunders

saw his patients without charge; he was about to leave his consulting-room, when Thomas Burns came in. Was he ill, or was he miserable, or both? He certainly had not the steady, determined walk, and up-

right figure, and manly, open look of a British workman who felt at ease in himself and comfortable in the world. His clothes were dirty; why, there were even some beginnings of tatters, just peeping little holes, above the elbows and knees. His face, too, was not quite inviting. He must have lost his razor, mislaid his soap, and, above all, quarrelled with water—clean and cleansing, fresh and refreshing, WATER.

Dr. Saunders, seeing him, laid down his hat, and sitting down, said, "What! you again, Burns!—a return of the old illness, I'm afraid."

"Well, no, sir. I don't know that it is."

"Come, sit down then," he added kindly, "and let me hear what it is. How do you complain?"

"I hardly know how I do complain, sir, but that I feel bad all over and almost like to die. As to appetite, I've none at all. I

don't suppose I've eaten a pennyworth of bread this week, and nights I can't sleep to get rest anyhow, but dream continually, and I'm that weak I can hardly lift my tools, and all of a tremble almost all the while."

"Oh, Burns! it's the old story—you have been killing yourself again."

"Indeed, sir, I have not—well, that is to say, not anything that could hurt me."

"Tush, man, don't tell me so. Don't you know when I look at a man I see inside him as well as outside? You have been drinking again"—and the doctor brought his hand down on the table with an emphatic thump—"rum, gin, and the like."

"But I've not had too much, sir," persisted Burns. "I could not live if I had not a little sometimes. Many is the day I could not do a stroke of work if I hadn't a drop mornings."

"You cannot live if you *do* take it; and as to too much, when a man has once taken too much he must not talk about much or little—the least is too much for him then."

"Well, I never can do without it, that is certain."

"Man," exclaimed Dr. Saunders, starting from his chair, and standing at the fireplace—"man, in one month do you wish your wife to be a widow and your children fatherless? One month more as you are going now and that will be a fact."

He looked bewildered, but did not answer.

Again Dr. Saunders sat down, and drawing pen and ink to him, wrote.

"I have written a prescription for you," he said, cheerfully, "and you are to be your own druggist, so it will not cost you a penny. But now, my friend, I want you to understand a little how these intoxicating drinks do you harm and not good. You see in my profession I have studied these wonderful bodies of ours and know a little about them."

"Then, sir, if it is not making too bold to ask, why do the doctors almost always tell us to take them, if they do no good?"

"Ah, that is a question you may well

* From No. 2 Church of England Temperance Tracts.

ask, though it is hard for me to answer it. You see the idea has taken hold of everybody that these drinks give strength, and somehow we medical men have fallen in with the popular idea, though it is certainly quite contrary to our knowledge of their effects, which are those of narcotic poisoning. I suppose we sucked it with our mother's milk. Now sit down there, opposite, and I'll look into you and tell you what is going on. You had a dram this morning—poured it down as if your body was made to be a spirit bottle. Well, first it went into your stomach and made some inflamed places there, rendering it unfit to do its proper work of digesting your food. Then you get a foul tongue, no appetite, and grow lean."

"That is what I do, true enough."

"Next, this fiery spirit is in such hot haste that it cannot wait like food in the stomach to be digested, but makes its way out on all sides through the stomach into the blood at once. And now it goes away like an express train through the blood-pipes, right up for your head, and when it has reached that terminus you know it, don't you?"

"Yes, times enough I've felt it there."

"And what does it do there? First it makes you sing and shout and feel merry, forget your cares—not lose one whit of them—only forget, mind that. Well, this may be pleasant enough. But what more? While it adds to your mirth, it lessens the strength of your will. Now a man's will is his power. Lessen this power, and you so much exactly lessen his self-control. That is the reason why when you go in for only a pint and mean to come home sober, you cannot stop at the pint, and come home drunk instead."

"I never understood the reason of that before."

"And as you go on drinking, and the brain gets fuller of it, it acts next on your spine, on which the lower part of the brain rests. Then your nerves tremble, your muscles grow weak, your limbs get unsteady under you, and next you are down in the gutter."

"I *have* been there, but for the last time I hope, sir."

"Again, this fiery spirit finds its way in the blood to your lungs; what does it do there? I must explain a little to you first. Your heart is the fountain of the blood, which it sends into and receives back again from all parts of the body at every beat, or on an average seventy times in a minute; thus, it goes out of the right side of the heart by the blood-pipes, which are called arteries, to all parts of the body, mending and replacing the muscle and nerve which you wear away at your work. The man whose hands work most wears away most muscle, and he whose head works most, thinking, wears away most nerve. Now, when the blood has done this useful work for us, what then? It returns back to the heart by other blood-pipes, called veins. But it does not come alone; it brings back along with it all the waste, worn-out muscle and nerve. Laden with this burden it enters the heart, from whence it is conveyed by another set of blood-pipes into the lungs. You know we are constantly drawing fresh air into the lungs as we breathe. What does this air do? A certain part of it, called oxygen, consumes or burns up the waste muscle in the blood, and in doing so helps to warm us, as you burn your waste chips and get heat from them. Now this spirit, that has also travelled to the lungs in the blood, is consumed much faster than the waste, and so the waste remains in the blood and is carried back to the heart, and goes out again by the arteries, the blood being thus rendered impure and quite unfit for its work of repairing the used-up muscle and nerve; and this waste with which it is loaded it is apt to deposit in the body, so producing in some persons the unhealthy fat which the advocates of strong drink ignorantly covet; while others, and more particularly spirit drinkers, grow lean."

"I have only told you now a part of the harm it does. It has a great love for the liver as well as the brain, and hinders it in its proper work of pouring out bile, which mixes with the food as it passes out of the stomach and helps to fit it for going into

the blood, to keep up a supply of food of a good quality. I could tell you much more if I had time; but enough to show you that this spirit, which is in all intoxicating drinks, in beer as well as in brandy—the same thing, only differing in quantity—does you harm and not good.”

“Indeed, sir, you have. I know a little more than I did when I came in this morning, and I am thankful to you for it.”

“And now I must be off to my patients. Here, my good man, take my prescription and mind you follow it; and let me see you again this day month and hear how it has agreed with you.”

The prescription was as follows:—

“Take NOT

Ale, Porter, Cider, Brandy, Gin, Rum;
BUT TAKE

*A sufficient quantity of water, tea, milk,
or other Unintoxicating drink when
necessary.”*

Burns folded his doctor's prescription, and putting it in his pocket, walked away, a more resolute and a happier man.

That evening as he was returning from work, Bill Myers met him. “I say, Burns, let us turn in and have a pint together.”

“No, I thank you. I am going home.”

“Oh! come along, man; don't be unsocial.”

“No, not to-night. I've been ailing rather lately, and I'm going to try if I'm better without it.”

“Better without it! Why you'll get as weak as a robin, and as thin as a lamp-post.”

“And the doctor says I shall die with it—told me so only this morning; so of two evils I mean to choose the *lesser*.” And away he walked.

Yes, he was resolute. Still, it had been a hard struggle, but he had his reward in a quiet night and fewer dreams. Next morning the struggle was harder still. He craved his accustomed dram; but he took out his prescription and read it, and then Dr. Saunders's prayer with him the day before came into his mind, and he thought, why should not I pray too? Why, what an atheist I must be, living as if there were

no God! for I've never bowed my knee in prayer these many years; and so kneeling down, he tried to pray, but no words came. What ought he to pray for? He did not know. He half wished his wife was awake and would come down. He knew she prayed; perhaps she could help him; and yet he would not like for her to find him on his knees. It seemed strange to him to be kneeling down for such a purpose. And then again there came over him the raging thirst for his usual dram, and he groaned aloud. And now this thought rose in his heart, Why should not I ask God for just what I want now? If He is God, and if He hears when I speak, He is able to do it for me, and perhaps He will. “He will have mercy”—yes, I remember those are the very words. “O God! take away from me this accursed thirst, and have mercy on my soul.” And again he prayed it; and this time the words came more earnestly, and the thirst for mercy and help seemed to become stronger than his evil thirst. His heart felt lighter, and rising up, he opened the door and went away to his work.

He got on comfortably till eleven o'clock. Then came a rub. All the men, twenty in number, at the carpenter's shop where he worked, adjourned every day at this hour for ten minutes to the public-house near for a pint. He went along with them. It would look so remarkable to remain back. Ah, Burns, beware! In this world we must often be content to be alone in doing what is right. Walking with the many is oftentimes walking to destruction; still, he kept behind, hoping to avoid going in. He had just, however, reached the door of the “Man of Mischief,” when who should come up but his friend, Dr. Saunders.

“Burns, Burns, man! where is my prescription? Out of sight, out of mind, I perceive—go back, go back. God says, ‘Look not thou upon it.’”

When his shopmates returned they found Burns there before them, quietly at work, and it began to be whispered that he had not gone in with them.

But at the dinner-hour the whisper rose



to positive certainty. He was actually going to drink nothing better than water! He had turned teetotaler for certain, that he had, and no teetotaler should work in that shop. They would soon teach him better manners than to come water-drinking amongst them. All this was very hard to bear, and yet Burns felt happier than he had done a long time, and he certainly had a better appetite for his dinner. For the rest of the day his fellow-workmen avoided speaking to him, only now and then raising a laugh at his expense.

Directly work was over, he went home. Johnny, the youngest, spied him coming, and ran in to tell mother, who could hardly believe such good news, for she had long left off looking for the comfort of his company in the evening. However, she made haste now to give him such a smiling welcome as made him feel there was something in home after all, and during the evening there came into his heart a feeling of rest and shelter there after the toils and jeers of the day. As for his supper, he thought it the best his wife had ever cooked, and she thought he did justice to it.

Next morning he was going away to work, his hand was on the door, when a voice seemed to say, "Don't live without God in the world—pray." And he knelt down at the same place as yesterday. And again with a lighter heart he set off.

But soon his troubles began. If he was to be sober—and this, unless he abstained totally, past experience had taught him he could not be—he would have to fight every inch of his way. Bob Sawyer sometimes swore at him, sometimes jeered. On one occasion he found one of his most expensive tools so injured that he could not use it, and was thereby prevented finishing the work he had in hand at the time his master expected it. He told his master the simple truth.

"Hold on as you have begun, Burns," he replied; "I have noticed it all. I only wish all my men were of your mind." This was quite a word in season to him, and cheered him greatly.

We cannot stay to follow him every day.

The month soon passed by, and on the appointed morning he presented himself in Dr. Saunders's consulting-room. Look close; where are those little elbow-holes? They have all disappeared in a new suit of clothes. Instead of swallowing his money he has put it on him. What a fine manly face! It does one good to look at it. The quarrel between it and water has evidently been made up too.

"Why, Burns, what's the matter? How changed you look! Has my prescription been a failure?"

"Indeed, sir, I can never thank you

enough for what you did for me that morning. I am not the same man."

"So I see. Now tell me a little about it."

"Well, sir, I am ready for my day's work with any man now, and I sleep without so much as a turn at night, and as to appetite, I am as hungry for my meals as even the children are; I have paid up my rent I had fallen behind with, and now this week my wife is getting new boots for Bob, and next week Jim is to have them also."

"Then I suppose your wife does not quarrel with my prescription?" asked the doctor.

"She blesses God that you ever gave it me, sir; and for that matter we have begun family prayer, and Sundays I could not stay away from church—it's like music from heaven all the while there. Oh, sir, I do hope, by God's grace, I shall henceforth live like a man who has found his Saviour."

"Amen, God grant it! And now go, Burns, and tell others what a precious Saviour you have found."

"I do try, sir. I signed the pledge last night, and mean to try and get others to sign it; for I know well myself that there is no greater hindrance to seeking Him than the love of strong drink."

"Ay, that is right. It may be if we roll this stone away, the voice of the Lord Jesus will sound in the depths of their sepulchre, and bid some of the dead souls 'come forth' to a new life."

"Good morning, sir, and I shall ever have reason to thank you for your prescription." E. A.

HOW PETER BECAME ONE.

BY KRUNA.

OLD Peter Vogle almost idolized his little four-year-old Pauline, and yet Peter was awfully cruel to her. How could that be? Because Peter was two men—at least, two in *mind*; and we were told long ago that "double-minded men are unstable in all their ways." When he was Peter Vogle (sober), he had a warm, big, loving heart, and all its kind words and generous acts were showered on Pauline; and a double

share often fell upon her because of the mother of Pauline, whom, too, Peter had loved and killed. When he was Peter Vogle (drunk), it was quite another story. Often the neighbours, seeing Peter (drunk) coming home, would slip away Pauline and keep her till he was his other self again. But one bitter, stormy day the neighbours had enough to do to look after their own children and firesides, and nobody knew poor little Pauline had been enticed by the promise of a peppermint kiss to stay alone while Peter went for it to the nearest candy-shop; and nobody heard her crying at the little dim window-pane when it grew late, and she was tired of watching and wondering. And *she* would never have watched and wondered any more if good Silas Bennett had not noticed a little, still bundle in his path, on his way home from work that piercing day. "Little Pauline, as I'm alive!" he exclaimed, as he caught up the stiffening child, who had at last started out to meet its father, and been bewildered and overcome in the storm. A warm fire and a good rubbing made Pauline ready at last for a bowl of bread and milk, and she was too sleepy to cry long for her father after Silas Bennett's warm-hearted wife had put her into comfortable blankets in the little trundle-bed.

"I wish she was *ours*," she said, as she stroked the brown curly hair, after Pauline was sound asleep.

"Peter will never part with Pauline," said Silas; "but we may be able to give him a little fright if we can coax the child and keep her out of sight a few days."

But Pauline was not to be "coaxed," or "kept." Next morning her father was "Peter, sober," and before her eyes were opened he had been to two or three houses, and now came to Silas Bennett's.

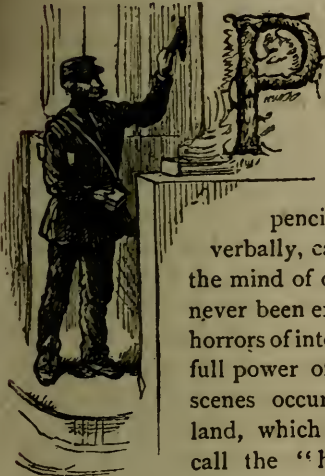
"You can have her alive or *dead*," said Silas, "for it was I that brought her in."

Peter eyed Silas keenly. "I'll have her *alive*," he said; "and if I *do*, God helping me, I'll be a father to her *all* days after this."

And *that* is how Peter became *one* man.
—*National Temperance Almanac.*

"W E G E."

BY ERNEST GILMORE.



PROBABLY no description, however vivid, whether of pencil or given verbally, can convey to the mind of one who has never been exposed to the horrors of intoxication the full power of the terrible scenes occurring in our land, which we proudly call the "home of the free."

Home of the free! Oh! what mockery when we sit down calmly and think of the great demon of drink, who rules with strong and cruel power, causing "men, created in God's image," to fall like brutes in the streets of seething cities, to drag on a weary and disgusting existence in cavernous, filthy, unventilated tenements, packed like cattle in a car, to reel and fight, and curse and swear in alleys reeking with the atmosphere of pestilence, and to bruise, beat, and starve, as well as clothe in rags, their trembling, helpless little ones, and their pale, broken-hearted wives.

I must tell the story of a little street waif, perhaps not unlike hundreds of other despairing, ill-used little ones, wandering forlornly about city docks, searching for fuel to put in the dilapidated baskets on their arms to carry to their wretched places of abode.

Louise Cameron my little waif had been named; but that was six years ago, when she had been a smiling, plump baby girl, clad in snowy white dress and pink kid baby shoes—when "ole Bill Cam'ron" had been "Mr. William Cameron," a respectable, industrious man, loving his wife and doting on his blue-eyed girl, the only one who had ever lisped in baby, winning tones, "papa."

And well it was that no more branches grew from such a hideous tree, for the moderate glass had speedily changed into the immoderate one, and the blue-eyed, clinging, broken-hearted wife had closed her weary eyes in a bare, cold room, up wearisome flights of stairs, far away from Louise's birthplace, the sweet cottage home where the roses and lilies had bloomed, the many-hued birds chanted and trilled, and the gladdening sunshine bathed them in warmth and cheeriness.

"Wege" the little one was called now, and perhaps it was just as well, for "Louise Cameron" would have sounded inappropriate if attached to the pinched, white-faced child, whose dress was a filthy rag, and whose red, bruised, and aching toes peeped forth from toeless shoes.

It was a cold, dreary night in November when Wege built up a faint, flickering fire in the wheezy old stove in their one close room, from bits of chips and cinders which she had picked up on the docks. She was trying to warm her little aching feet when her father came stumbling in.

"Gi'e me some grub, Wege," he growled.

"I can't, father. I haven't had a crust to-day." And the wistful old face of the little six-year-old looked up into the bloated, savage face looming over her. But her sad, white face provoked anger, not sympathy, and, with the words "Take that, then," the grimy big hand descended with a thud upon the defenceless head of one of Christ's little ones, and then pushed the helpless form out of doors, with the words, "Never let me see you again."

Wege fell outside by the door, and, being stunned, she lay unconscious for hours in the cold and darkness, while her drunken father within lay outstretched before the fire which the blue, thin hands outside had kindled.

Wege awoke with a look of terror, shivering with cold and fright, and with a queer, dreadful feeling in her head just where the cruel hand had hit her. Still the words of her father pierced her injured brain like a sharp sword-thrust—"Never

let me see you again—never let me see you again."

What should she do—her mother in heaven, and she, poor little thing, discarded by her father? She dared not go into any of the neighbouring tenement rooms, for well she knew that the demon Drink ruled over that horrible house, that oaths and quarrels and fights were continually going on. So, with noiseless feet and cold, blue hand held pitifully upon her aching head, she went down the rickety stairs and out into the alley.

Her heavy eyes peered into the darkness—no light to be seen; and then the weary baby knees dropped down, the little hands clasped, the poor little face looked up, looked up, and oh! what joy—there was a light way up where the tottering old tenement roofs seemed almost to meet, and the light was a star—a bright and gleaming star.

It seemed to the desolate child as if it was God's eye, and, still looking up, she murmured the only prayer her baby lips had ever learned, the beautiful prayer her loving, beautiful young mother had taught her—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The little head grew drowsy, the eyes would close, and down in the mud little Wege rested. The cold winds blew over her, the rags fluttered unheeded, the blue hands grew white, the pale little face grew more ghastly, and the weary little life had passed away, while up in heaven's book another soul found record.

Out of her shadowed life of pain and sorrow into the Saviour's loving bosom went little Wege; and yet the child was murdered. The father's hand dealt the death-blow to the baby girl, his only child. And still the murders are continued. Little eyes close in their long, last sleep; little lips close and tell no tales. The vile traffic goes on night and day; and still look about and see the mighty hosts standing idle outside of the temperance vineyard. Idle, when there is a great work waiting to be

done; idle, when great hearts are longing for encouragement and true sympathy; idle, when wails and broken hearts are on every side; idle, when countless bodies are suffering unutterable misery and when countless souls are drifting in the demon's current, past wharf and boat, and slip—
down, down, down!

UPWARDS of a quarter of a century ago, the Hudson's Bay Company excluded spirits from the use of their *employés* in the fur countries of the North, as lessening their power to resist extreme cold. The Rev. R. Knill, for many years missionary at St. Petersburg, stated at a public meeting, with reference to the illusion that taking spirits keeps out the cold, that when a Russian regiment was about to march in the winter, "orders were issued over-night that no spirits were to be taken on the following morning; and to ascertain as far as possible that the order had been complied with, it was the practice of their officials—answering to our corporals—carefully to smell the breath of every man when assembled in the morning before marching." Those who had taken spirits were sent on next day, it being found that men who had taken spirits were peculiarly liable to be frostbitten and otherwise injured by the cold. Dr. J. D. Hooker, medical officer in Sir James Ross's Antarctic expedition, says of a dose of spirit in the winter of such regions, that "the spirit does harm, for then you are colder or more fatigued a quarter of an hour after it, than you would have been without it."

IN the newspapers of about two years since, a report was published of a temperance meeting held at Portsmouth, at which three sailors, teetotalers, were present, who were described as the "only men (common sailors) of those who were employed on active service in the fearful and now celebrated sledge journey of the last Arctic expedition who were not attacked by scurvy.